

The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern consisting of horizontal rows of small, overlapping, multi-colored crescent shapes in shades of blue, green, yellow, and red. The cover shows signs of age and wear, with large areas of the marbled paper missing, particularly along the left edge and in the lower half, revealing a light-colored, possibly white or cream, underlayer. A rectangular red label with a gold border is centered on the upper half of the cover. The label features ornate, symmetrical scrollwork in gold on its left and right sides. The name "SARAH CROSBY." is printed in gold capital letters in the center of the label.

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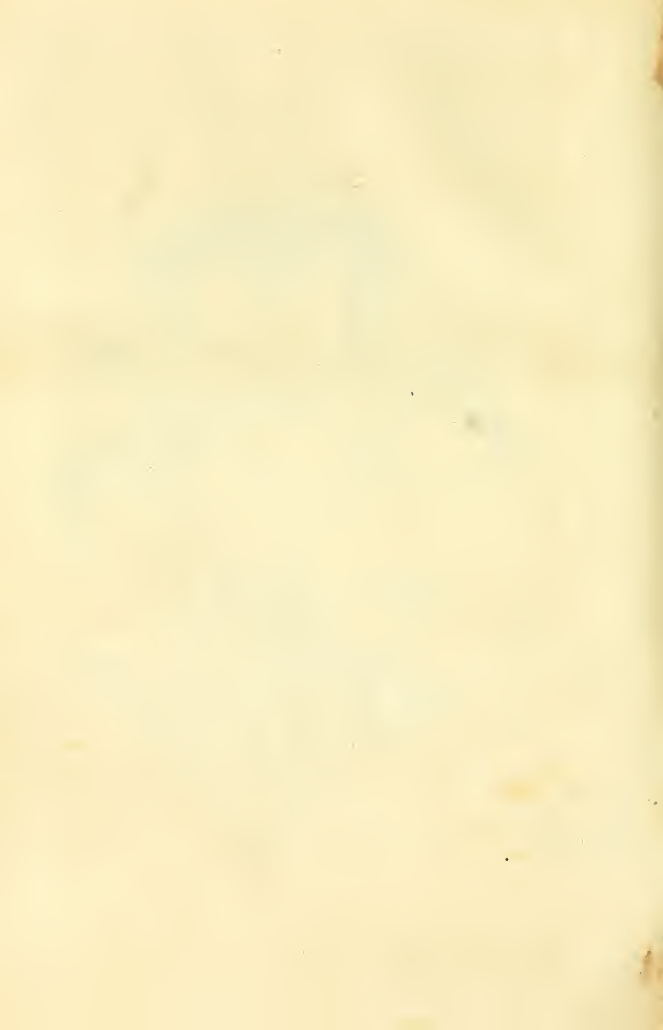








Pansy (Viola tricolor)



THE

CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY
REV. H. D. MOORE.

“Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser: teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.”

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A Sabbath Scene. - - - - -	36
A Voice from the Court Room. - - - - -	37
An Encampment of Angels. - - - - -	76
A Mother's Love. - - - - -	162
Adoniram Judson, D. D. - - - - -	299
And my Meditation of Him shall be Sweet. - - - - -	273
A Gem. - - - - -	291
A Fragment. - - - - -	301
All is well. - - - - -	304
A visit to an Endless Spot. - - - - -	363
Belshazzar. - - - - -	93
Bishop Chase. - - - - -	199
Buried Love. - - - - -	345
Books vs. Oratory. - - - - -	374
Culture of the Heartease, or Pansy - - - - -	12
Cling to thy Mother. - - - - -	74
Camellia Japonica. - - - - -	81
Controversy. - - - - -	115
Carnations and Pinks. - - - - -	239
Crocus. - - - - -	171
Death-bed of Addison. - - - - -	7
Death of the First Born. - - - - -	98
Day-break in May. - - - - -	206
Double White Rose. - - - - -	281
Declaration of Love. - - - - -	357
Early Lost, Early Saved. - - - - -	16
Extract From an Unfinished MS. - - - - -	71
Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck with Blindness. - - - - -	263
Evening Prayer away from Home. - - - - -	312
Editor's Table. - - - - -	195
Forgive and Forget. - - - - -	55

	PAGE.
Far Away. - - - - -	114
Faith. - - - - -	268
Fact in Fable. - - - - -	275
Fact in the Form of Fiction. - - - - -	292
Fuller meanings. - - - - -	318
Glenochre. - - - - -	153
Humble Instruments. - - - - -	339
Herod the Great. - - - - -	185
Harmony of Tastes. - - - - -	207
Home. - - - - -	255
Hope. - - - - -	367
Humility is honorable. - - - - -	378
Idealizing - - - - -	354
Innocence. - - - - -	238
Is it So? - - - - -	249
Immortality. - - - - -	340
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. - - - - -	166
Let no man despise thy Youth. - - - - -	49
Literature, auxiliary to Christianity. - - - - -	56—85
Longing. - - - - -	67
Lines. - - - - -	247
Life a Tale. - - - - -	354
Midnight Thoughts. - - - - -	11
My Twin Sisters. - - - - -	31
My Mother's Bible. - - - - -	62
Musings. - - - - -	119
Moss Rose. - - - - -	139
Man. - - - - -	163
Momentary Musings. - - - - -	271
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands. - - - - -	375
Nathan reproving David. - - - - -	342
Oh Love: Thou Day-star of my Heart. - - - - -	70
Our Port Folio. - - - - -	243
One Thing is needful. - - - - -	287
Obedience. - - - - -	188
Passion Flower. - - - - -	109
Picturesque Narrative. - - - - -	125
Promise of Christ. - - - - -	132
Paul, on Mar's Hill. - - - - -	135
Paul, on Mar's Hill, a Poem. - - - - -	142
Pray for those Thou Lovest. - - - - -	149

	PAGE.
Poppy.	204
Peace.	267
Presentiments.	314
Pittsburg.	167
Praise Hymn.	366
Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D.	39
Rev. Albert Barnes.	103
Ridicule.	226
Sonnets.	356
Scripture Exposition.	32
Solid Literature.	63—85
Shadows of Thoughts.	203
Scenes under Pulpit Eloquence.	284
Simplicity.	302
Silent Teaching.	313
Saturday Evening.	324
Sunrise Stanzas.	184
Solid Literature, No 2.	327
Supplication.	334
The Flower in the Icicle.	17
The New World.	22—120—150
Time passes.	26
The Family Circle.	35
The presence of God.	46
Thy word is Truth.	66
"The Lovely nine," and "the Lovelier nine."	79
The First Born.	80
The Departed.	83
The Author's Study	94—110
The most fearful, and impulsive exhibitions of Power, known to our Globe, belong to the Ocean.	100
The Minstrel and the Sleeper.	102
The Inexorable Stream.	107
The Hare-Bell.	118
The Lost One.	124
The family burial place.	143
The Rights of Man.	152
The Bride's Adieu, to her Mother.	214
The World as it is.	215
The future Hope.	219
"True Greatness."	220

	PAGE
Thought. - - - - -	225
The Divine Interest in mind. - - - - -	231
The Dream of Life. - - - - -	242
The moral of the Telegraph. - - - - -	248
The Better Land. - - - - -	251
The Philosophy of Happiness. - - - - -	256
The One Eyed Man. - - - - -	276
The Star of Love. - - - - -	283
Theresa, the Father's favorite. - - - - -	306
The Dream of Sound. - - - - -	322
The Lily's Tear. - - - - -	176
The Poesy of the Bible. - - - - -	177
The Real, and the Ideal. - - - - -	190
The Mysterious Flower. - - - - -	
The complaint of Memory. - - - - -	337
To A bird in a Cage. - - - - -	338
The Expulsion from Eden. - - - - -	348
The Universal Voice. - - - - -	357
The Little Folks. - - - - -	371
The Image and the Sign are not the Essence. - - - - -	362
The voice of Wisdom. - - - - -	367
Value of dreams. - - - - -	252
Words about Words. - - - - -	269
War. - - - - -	303
Walks of usefulness, or Reminiscences of Mrs. Margaret Prior. - - - - -	198
Where is Heaven ? - - - - -	353

THE
CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.

DEATH BED OF ADDISON.

BY THE REV. CALVIN COLTON, AUTHOR OF "FOUR YEARS IN
GREAT BRITAIN, &c."

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and, perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavored to reclaim him: but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried. When he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him: "*I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.*"

DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF ADDISON.

ON entering Oxford, from London, one of the stateliest and most satisfactory architectural objects that meet the eye is Magdalen tower: and, notwithstanding there are many other beautiful, and some magnificent designs of the same class in that famous city, appertaining to the university, still the eye reverts with pleasure, and lingers with delight on that more perfect, most finished, and proud thing of Magdalen, which always seems just as it should be. There are many shaded promenades and enchanting gardens at Oxford; but there is one in connection with Magdalen, winding along a pearly stream, overhung with sweet shades, not so beautiful in itself as it is inviting, by reason of its consecrated name—it is "Addison's Walk." Magdalen tower is good to behold and to think of; Magdalen chapel, especially, as recently renovated, and with its unrivalled painting of Christ

bearing his cross, is not to be forgotten by those who have been admitted there ; but " Addison's Walk," unpicturesque though it may be, compared with others, is yet hallowed by a name ; and, in remembrance of the foot-prints, which he himself was once accustomed to leave behind him, as he strolled along, with book in hand, or meditating his classic strains, Magdalen college may well be proud of the name of Addison.

What made Addison distinguished in life, we do not propose to dwell upon. He was great, but not the greatest. To believe that goodness was allied to his greatness, is far more delightful as a subject of contemplation ; to be permitted to cherish the impression, that his virtue was that of a Christian, exalts him still higher, and crowns him with the only unfading glory. We are not uninterested in his story ; as the son of a clergyman, we choose to believe that he was the child of prayer. He was indeed, an ambitious youth—an aspiring man ; he attained eminence—eminence in letters and in state ; he contracted a high matrimonial connection, which, it is supposed, was not to him most comfortable ; it was, perhaps, a thorn and a school for patience and resignation ; his thoughts were evidently much on the world ; but the anecdote at the head of these remarks, and the scene of his death bed, would seem to intimate, that in the pursuit of letters, and in the cares of state, he found time to think of Heaven. As he approached the period of his dissolution, he could not only contemplate the impending change with composure and firmness, but he seems to have been actuated by the genuine spirit of Christian benevolence—a desire to do good even in death—to point others to Heaven—himself leading the way. He summoned to his bed-side a noble profligate, for whose soul he still cared and cherished hope ; and, in the solemnity of the circumstances, in the tenderness of the moment, appealed to a heart which was too obdurate to be moved by other demonstrations of a similar affection, and said, " Look ! mark ! you, who would not believe me

before, believe me now. A dying man is an honest man ; at least you will allow me to be so. I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die."

The death scene of Paul, as that which might be taken as such, was indeed a sublime vision : " I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith ; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day ; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." But Paul was a different character ; his career was different ; his office sacred ; his pen and soul divinely inspired. He stood on higher ground than ordinary men. His faith was vision—his vision Heaven.

Addison was a man like ourselves. He had imbibed the faith which Paul preached ; he had professed it ; he had labored to bring this young Lord Warwick under its influence to eradicate from his mind the seeds of infidelity—and to imbue him with the doctrine of Christ. Those efforts, in the ordinary relations of life, had failed. He now proposes to address him from a different position.

What and whence is that influence which makes us respect the dying man's word ? Though it be a beggar, breathing his last in a ditch, he whispers in our ear as we approach him, and communicates a secret that lay on his conscience, or sends a message to a fellow being, that might have reason to regard it ; and then he is gone. If we are convinced of sanity of mind, and right feeling in such a case, we feel the responsibility of the trust—and make haste to execute our charge with conscientious exactness. We fall upon a stranger in the way, who has been overtaken by some sudden and fatal calamity, and has only time and breath to tell us who he is, and to express a wish—and he expires. Could we disregard that wish ? A near and dear friend—it may be a parent or a child—a brother or sister—a wife or husband—lies before us on a dying bed. He reaches his hand for ours,

and casts his eyes upon us ; we understand that he is going to give us his last word. We approach and yield the pledge ; and with it we give up our whole souls ; we are not our own—all that he says we hear ; not a word do we ever forget.

There is a mysterious, divinely constituted power, connecting this world and the future. We believe, we feel, that though divided now, we shall meet again. We say adieu—farewell—but not as those who have no hope. It is parting for a season.

It is this mysterious society—this connection of the present with the future—of time with eternity—this religious and awful, yet properly cherished, consolatory sentiment, which gives weight and character, and overwhelming power to a last interview, to the dying words of a friend. We feel that God is witness—that Heaven is witness—we imagine that hovering angels, as our consciences, are witnesses of the scene. There is no escaping from its influence ; it abides with us forever ; it accompanies us to our own death scene ; it goes with us into that eternity, and into that society, of which these impressions are the forebodings and the earnest.

Besides the affection we feel for those who are dear to us, and the anguish of a parting hour, we are filled with a respect—with an awe for that future, into which the spirit of our friend is just ready to launch, and whither we expect to follow, to return no more ; and we are pervaded by a secret, undefinable, influential impression—I may add, by an indelible conviction, which the hand of God seems to have incorporated with our being—that the council given by a dying friend, is council uttered on the margin, and in the light of the two worlds, chastened and corrected by a consideration of the past, and duly charged with solemnity by the aspects of the future. It falls upon our ear in tones and with an authority like a revelation from Heaven—it seems the voice of God.

Such, we may imagine, was the council of the dying Addison to the young Lord Warwick, "when," standing by his bed-side, "he (Warwick,) desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunction, Addison, told him; *I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.*"

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

"I have often dreamed that we must have lived in some other and more glorious state of being; and that the mysterious glimpses, that here linger around our souls, are the broken remembrances of that better realm."

In the deep hush of midnight's shadowy hours,
Now while the solemn stars burn clear on high,
And the calm moon, which shone o'er Eden's bowers,
Silvers the purple gloom of yon fair sky,
Now bring no thought of Time, oh! Memory!
To sully mine, which all are of Eternity!

In the adoring silence of my soul,
I stand alone—alone with night and heaven;
My voiceless thoughts sweep far from earth's control,
My voiceless yearnings to yon world are given;
Mine earthly nature boweth and is still—
Immortal longings my lone being fill!

Like those fine spiritual essences, which bow
But to the influence of a midnight spell,
So seems my conscious soul to feel e'en now
A mystic sway shadow her inmost cell;
A sense profound of the Infinity
That yet shall fully clothe this weak mortality.

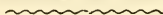
Light of my dreams! bright solitary star!
A perfect beauty on the brow of night;
The sky is crowned with gems of living light,
But thy rich urn sheds radiance purer far

On me, thy worshipper ; from youth my guide,
Mute spell that rul'st my spirits secret tide.

O star intense ! I gaze and almost deem
That PLATO's fancy is a truth divine ;
(A strange and yet sublimely glorious dream !)
That the soul's essence is a part of thine ;
That the deep cravings of our spiritual mood
Never *here* satisfied and never all subdued,

Are but the broken memories of that clime
Whose glorious gleams still linger round us here ;
While the high soul, scorning the things of Time,
Would fain return to that more perfect sphere ;
Still pines the severed part, and struggles still in vain,
To rend the cankered links that form its earthly chain.

Who knoweth this ? The ETERNAL hath not given
To human lips His mysteries to explain ;
We may not pierce the veil that hides yon Heaven,
Who yet amid Earth's sullyng scenes remain :
But when the soul puts off the mortal here,
Night's mysteries, yea all things, shall be made clear !



CULTURE OF THE HEARTEASE OR PANSY.

THE simple though striking beauty of this flower, has attracted notice from the earliest times, and caused it to receive numerous names, according to the fancy of its admirers. The Greeks named it Phlox (φλ^οξ) "flame," a name now given to a very different flower ; the Latin Christians, *Flos Trinitatis* or Trinity flower ; the Italians, the winged violet, and butterfly violet, and the French *Pensees* "thought," whence probably the English Pansy, the Pawnee of Spenser : "There's pansies," says Ophelia in Hamlet, "that's for

thoughts." Besides these names, it has been termed Three-faces-under-a-hood, Call-me-to-you, and Jump-up-and-kiss-me. Shakespeare describes it as

——— A little western flower,
Before milk-white,—now purple with Love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

It is only within a very few years that it has come into high estimation as a florist's flower, and that a number of good varieties have been propagated and supplied at the nurseries. The sorts about a dozen or fifteen years ago were little more than half-a-dozen, namely, the large purple, the pale blue, the large white, the large yellow; a variety of this, similar to what is now called George the Fourth, then called the giant, and a tolerable brown or bronze variety, all perennial or imperfectly perennial. The only annual species was the small very dark and beautiful one known as the Windsor, and the probable parent of the most admired dark varieties, which are difficult to propagate in consequence of the partly annual nature of their constitution, while the crosses of the really perennial sort are much more easily preserved.

The latter will account for the statements of some writers, that "nothing can be more easy than the propagation of this plant," and that "it absolutely solicits culture;" though it will appear in the sequel, that some of the fine varieties are extremely difficult to preserve, even by the most experienced florists.

From growing all these sorts together in 1826, and the following years, without any artificial crossing, and carefully saving seed, I obtained a very considerable number of new varieties, more or less excellent, and much admired by all that saw my small collection, in particular a very rich large dark bronze, greatly superior even to Lucifer in form, color, and size. It was unfortunately, lost the succeeding winter.

It is stated by a periodical writer, that the late James Lee, of Hammersmith in 1813-14, was struck with some varieties which he observed in the gardens of Lady Mary Bennet (now Lady Monke,) at Walton, where they were planted in the figure of a heart, and wrote to Holland for other varieties, whence he obtained the large blue variety. Mr. Reed, one of Lee's foremen, and Richardson, the gardener at Walton, by attending to the seed, obtained about twenty varieties; the origin, it is said, of the numerous sorts at present cultivated.

SEED AND SEED SOWING.

I have frequently had occasion to find that heartsease seed will not germinate if it be kept for more than twelve months, at least when it is sown without bottom heat. It will therefore be advisable to sow it as soon as may be convenient after it is ripe, if this should not be too late in the season, or if there be no command of artificial heat.

The seed may be sown from April till September in beds of rich light soil, in a shady border not under the drip of trees, or what is preferable, in pans or boxes filled with similar soil.

The seeds should be sown rather thinly and as evenly as possible, to prevent the plants from being overcrowded, in which case they are liable to damp off. The smooth nature of the seeds, however, renders it by no means easy to scatter them, so as to avoid their falling in crowded patches.

When sown in pans or boxes, it will be useful to place these, if convenient, in a gentle heat till the seeds germinate, as in this way valuable sorts may be procured, which would not come up at all without heat.

AFTER MANAGEMENT OF SEEDLINGS.

Should the seedlings be late in the autumn before they acquire size enough for transplanting, it will be indispen-

sable to keep them in a cold frame, or to cover them at least at night, and in frosty or severe weather with a hand-glass; otherwise they may be cut off, as happened to our own seedlings in the winter of 1836-7.

In the case of the seedlings sown in spring, they will be liable to be cut off with dry weather, unless very regularly and carefully watered, or kept in a cool shady aspect.

It will be indispensable to keep them free from weeds, and to watch the depredations of slugs and snails, which are apt to devour them by wholesale.

When the seedlings have acquired a few leaves, and are about an inch high, they ought to be pricked out at any time except in June, July, and August, at from four to six inches apart, or, where they are to be afterwards thinned, half these distances will be sufficient till they show flower.

Worms, snails, and slugs, will do great injury to the transplanted seedlings, if care be not taken to prevent their depredations.

SLIPPING OR DIVIDING THE ROOTS.

The roots may be taken up at any time of the year, divided into as many slips as show root fibres, which must be washed clean in water, planted out in a cool shady border, and abundantly watered.

Dividing the roots is recommended when the plants straggle up, and the flowers become run in the colors or small in size.

If this is done during the spring or summer months, the cuttings, under favorable circumstances of soil and moisture (which is indispensable,) will grow into strong bushy plants in from six weeks to three months.

Should any of them when valuable appear sickly or not thriving, a small glass, such as a tumbler, may be placed over with advantage.

It is mentioned by Harrison, that the whole stock of Marsden's King William the Fourth, was nearly lost by in-

judiciously dividing the roots and planting them out during the hot dry summer of 1834.

It is necessary to remark, however, that the more annual sorts, if the expression may be used, such as the hybrids from the Windsor dark, can rarely be thus divided, as the roots are not formed conveniently for slipping. Sylvia, for example, cannot easily be slipped.



EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WITHIN her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled :
A strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue ;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall ;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined ;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth ;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm but tender, he caught her to his breast :
'Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face :

'Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung ;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin :

'Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is nor sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay ;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
Lo? I crown her happy spirit with immortality !'

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best, was DEATH.



THE FLOWER IN THE ICICLE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

It was the morning of a day in early spring,—a heavy rain had fallen during the night, congealing as it fell upon the leafless branches and brown stalks of the garden shrubs, while a heavy, lowering sky, still overhung the melancholy landscape, threatening continued gloom and tempest. The appearance of nature, sombre as was her garb, was sadly in unison with the feelings of her who had now looked on this desolated scene. It was the anniversary of the death of a beloved child ; and the bereaved mother, though years had

passed since that fair blossom was blighted, ever spent the returning day in sadness and despondency. It had been the first deep, heart-piercing grief she was called to bear. It came upon her like a thunderbolt falling from a cloudless sky; for never had earth looked brighter,—never had the atmosphere she breathed seemed so redolent of happiness,—never had the shadow of sorrow's dusky form been so entirely hidden from her view, as at the moment when the dread fiat went forth, and the messenger of death sped upon his fearful errand. The child, too, was the fairest, and, it may be, though the mother knew it not till then, the best-beloved of the little flock; for the remembrance of a buried sister had enstamped the image of the loved and lost upon her bright beauty, and the love which had heretofore been wasted at the grave of early friendship, now poured its fullness in the fathomless channel of maternal affection. But death came! His touch was gentle and his voice was low, yet his breath chilled the warm heart, and checked the bounding pulse of beautiful childhood. The mother, with breaking heart but un murmuring lip, gave the fair creature to the grave, strong in her faith that the arms of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me," would now enfold her treasure with a love passing the love of a mother's heart. Yet the scenes of that dark and miserable day would recur to her on that melancholy anniversary, and memory, too faithful to her trust, sent forth, from her haunted cell, shadow after shadow, to pass before the mental vision of the mournful one.

"Aye, thus," said the mother, as she looked out upon the frozen earth, "even thus has my heart been desolated. In the spring of life,—when the buds of hope were promising such rich blossoms of future happiness,—then came the cold blast from the valley of the shadow of death; and, even as the rain has frozen upon yon unopened leaves, so, it seems to me, that tears have congealed upon my every future hope. Yes, joys are still left, but they bud and blossom amid griefs,

—hopes still remain, but they are enshrined in sorrow's crystal drops.

‘Life’s flowers for me
But wreath a cup of trembling.’

“I am like one who sits at an Egyptian feast. The banquet is spread,—the vessels of gold and silver glitter upon the board,—the wine sparkles in every cup,—the garlands are fresh and fragrant on the brows of the revellers around me. But there is one veiled and silent figure who tastes not of the viands,—who joins not in the mirthful song,—who heeds not the merry laugh which echoes round. It is the fearful form of Death,—the skeleton at the banquet,—veiled and garlanded, to hide him from the eyes of those who would be recklessly gay, but not the less ghastly and heart-chilling! I cannot forget that the King of Terrors has silenced the music of my life, and dimmed the sunshine of my heart. I cannot forget, even in the midst of peace, that his footsteps may again cross the threshold,—that his shadow may again darken my quiet home. From the brightest sunshine I see the deepest shadow ever cast—in the midst of summer’s richest verdure I behold the dead and withered branch—in the sweetest strains of joy—I can detect the under-tone of sadness. No: life can never be to me what once it was.

A shadow lies upon my path, which nought can chase away,
Save the great Sun of Righteousness, with healing in its ray;
A shadow from the mountain dark o’er which my feet must tread,
To meet again my loved of yore,—my treasures of the dead.”

While the mourner thus sat indulging her desponding fancies, a bright-haired, sunny-faced boy, of some five summers, bounded into the room, and throwing himself into his mother’s arms, in the sweet abandonment of childish affection, held up before her a branch of the newly-budded and fragrant lilac, enshrined in transparent crystal, exclaiming—

“Look, mother, look how beautiful! God has made a FLOWER WITHIN AN ICICLE!”

It was a simple, childlike, but beautiful thought; and, as the mother gazed on his innocent brow, she felt how full of wisdom are the teachings of childhood. Tears gushed from her eyes, as she remembered her own vain repinings, while gazing on the object which had excited so much joy in the heart of her happier boy. To HER it had seemed the similitude of sorrowful remembrance, binding every flower of life into an icy chain. To HIM it was only another proof of the goodness and power of God,—a new pleasure, evanescent but full of innocent enjoyment,—another gem added to his accumulating treasures of knowledge.

“Heaven lies around us in our infancy.”

The lessons of wisdom are often learned from infant lips; and the sinlessness of childhood has often, ere now, softened the indurated heart of sinful manhood. The mother wept no more; she dwelt no longer on the mournful fancies which had so saddened her spirit. Henceforth she resolved to see the rainbow in the stormy cloud,—the fruit in the unsightly bud, —THE FLOWER WITHIN THE ICICLE.

Years passed away, and worldly cares came upon her. The wealth which men prize even beyond their immortal souls, had been hers from childhood, but now a sudden and unlooked for blast of evil fortune swept it away forever. She was no longer the daughter of luxury, whose foot trod daintily the earth, and whose brow the winds of heaven visited not too roughly. Poverty had come “like an armed man,” and the “pride and pomp, and circumstance” of riches were at an end. It was a sore and bitter trial to her whose life had been like a fairy-tale. It was a trial, not for her own sake, but for the sake of those dear children, whom she would fain, in her blind affection, have surrounded with those manifold appliances of enjoyment which had impressed their influence upon her own youthful mind. But she had been schooled

to better feeling ; she believed that God knew best, and she uttered no murmur at his decree. Toil became her portion, and she shrunk not from her duties even though the world withdrew its smiles, and turned its back upon honest poverty, while it fawned with sickening servility upon those who, lacking the moral courage to be poor, had exercised the villain, daring to become rich. She purchased her daily bread by the labor of her own hands, and felt no shame. Her children grew up amid privations, but they also grew up amid those lowly plants of true virtue which flourish best on the rugged and sandy soil of humble life. The rank weeds which the sunshine of prosperity so soon brings out in the heart, and whose growth can scarce be repressed by all the watchfulness of affection, had little cherishing in their bosoms. When in after-life the mother, from a situation of comparative comfort, regarded the noble and excellent character of those children, whose better nature had been so admirably developed by the painful but salutary teachings of necessity, she felt that even amid the chill of poverty and worldly scorn she had found **THE FLOWER WITHIN THE ICICLE.**

Yes, the life of that sorrowing mother was like the course of some Alpine traveller ;—sometimes her feet pressed a soft, green sward, and crushed out the fragrance of those odoriferous herbs which are ever sweetest when trampled upon ;—sometimes she trod a rough and rugged mountain pass, leaving the track of her footsteps in blood upon the jagged rocks ;—sometimes she basked in the soft and genial sunshine which calls the violet from its leafy covert and wakens the melody of bee and bird ;—sometimes she sat chilled and wearied beneath the cold, dark shadow of an overhanging cliff, whose brow seemed to frown dismay into her soul ;—sometimes the murmur of a gentle mountain stream came to her with lulling melody ;—sometimes the dull and muffled thunder of the dreadful avalanche thrilled her inmost heart with the surprise of sudden fear ;—sometimes amid the stern rocks, whose stony bosoms seemed as if they could give out

no kindly blessing to the wayfarer, she found hidden clefts where the birds had built their nests, where the wild-flower bloomed in unsuspected beauty, and where pools of sweet water had gathered to refresh the wearied one ;—sometimes in the green and cultivated valley, where the hand of man was busy and his heart was throbbing with active life, she was condemned to eat only of the bitter herb, and to quench her thirst in the muddy fountain. Yet, while treading this varied and chequered path, her course was ever UPWARD ;—“EXCELSIOR” was written upon her heart as she went on and on towards that better world, where rest awaited her ;—and when Death met her in the way,—when she sank down upon the topmost height, still bearing in heart the FLOWER WITHIN THE ICICLE, one beam of heavenly joy piercing the opening portals of the Eternal city, dissolved the icy band, and left her to enjoy, in a mansion above, the perfect sweetness of the expanding flower.



THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE before us, is the new created world. O ! look upon it, and tell me, did ever the eye of angel,—since they, as the fair intelligence of Heaven, formed the near circumference of the Throne,—gaze upon such a scene, as is here unfolded ? Did ever the heart of Seraph,—since the first thrill that raptured them, on the morning of their creation, as they advanced like shining ones, to the Palace, and to the Throne, and covering their forms with their wings, adored their Maker, —*stir so sweetly*, as when the glory of the New Earth, radiantly shone, and harmoniously sang in its sinless disclosure ?

Never! Look at it. Other worlds might have been created, all shining in their nearness to the Throne, or in the magnificent distances of the Universe,—as the abodes of Sanctified spirits, ministered unto, by the winged messengers of Heaven, and composing in their sinlessness and glory, an extension of the celestial empire, and *secured* in their sinlessness and glory by an harmonious, and everlasting intercommunication, with the Metropolis of the Empire, through Heavenly embasies, passing and repassing forever, in their rapid flight, with incessant and glorious interchange,—from the courts of the king, to the farthest, circling, shining, orb, in the Universal Domain;—but did any of these, ever compare,—in their creation, or in the ultimate design of their creation,—with this world,—created with such lavish magnificence,—to be the arena, for the accomplishment of such stupendous designs,—*Never. Look at it.*

1—*Its Natural Beauty.*

2—*Its Moral Grandeur.*

3—*Its high Spiritual relations.*

1—*Its Natural Beauty.* Is there not beauty here? We love to linger near the new world in its beauty,—because of the similitude,—of nature and spirit,—it bears to the purity and perfection of Heaven. Did not paradise, independant, of its social and spiritual relations, miniature Heaven? Could we, by a concentration of the fires of pure thought, and sanctified imagination,—present before you, a Daguerreotype fullness, of the landscape of the new earth,—there would be discerned, that beauty and design, of conception and execution, which captivated the morning stars, and made them to sing together, and that charmed the sons of God, and caused them to shout for joy. What may be forms, the arrangements, the adornments, and the ordinances of the worlds beyond, in respect of their physical constitution, and laws, and adaptation, to the acquirements of those by whom they may be inhabited,—we of course, pretend not, to know. This we are assured of, in respect of this world, that

its form, its arrangements, its adornments, and its ordinances, are supremely harmonious, in their adaptation to all the physical wants, of the race.

Look at its instantly visible and impressive sheen. The first revolution of the earth upon its axle,—revealing and opposing, the mid-day, and the mid-night, unfolded; the rare beauty of the Heavens. There was the sun,—full-beamed, in the pride of his kingly splendor, ruling the mid-day, poising his chariot in the day-spring. And the moon, full robed, in her queenly glory, radiant with the smile of her lord,—ruling the mid-night, while myriads of stars, attend her path, glistening like precious gems, thick set, in an expansive arch of polished, oriental sapphire.

Look now at the more *remote beauties*, and *ordinances*, connected with this display of the Heavens. Was the sun, created, to revolve around the far-circumference of his orbit, merely to be witnessed, in his stately pomp, in the halls of the morning, or in his calm serenity, in the chambers of evening, or in royal majesty, upon the high-noon throne, with his fiery vesture flowing around him? Is he not rather the instrument, preserving the earth,—its health and its beauty, and promoting the harmony of its varied, and multiplied operations? And so, of the Moon and the Stars,—do they shine under the auspices or their kindred luminary, as the mere garniture of the Sky, to be gazed upon and admired, with no purposes to be accomplished, in connection, with their immediate or remote relation to the earth? They too, are concerned, in preserving and promoting the harmony of nature, in all her operations.

The *surface* of the earth too, rich in Beauty; moving, breathing, waving, growing, flowing, budding, blooming, and shining, all around the scene!—*Every living thing*—inhaling the balmy air, from the mountain, or the grove, with delight, and moving with pride. *Every plant*,—growing up in its fullness, crowned with state, and clothed with the emerald robe, waving around them in the breeze. *Every stream*,—

from the smallest, silvery rill in paradise, to the congregated floods beyond, flowing with gladness and pride,—*rippling* and *bounding*. *Every flower plant*,—from the Tulip, blushing in its sweetness, down by the brook-side, to the queenly state of the rose,—from the rose of an hour, to the flower of a century,—all *budding* and *blooming*. Buds and flowers, luxuriant in fragrance,—blossoms and fruit, luxuriant in flavor. *Birds*,—from the tribe, building their lowly nest in the hidden shrub, gathering sweetness, on busy wing, from every flower, to the tribe, building their eyries in the tops of the rocks, and screaming in the clefts of the ragged rocks,—soaring high, and gazing upon the effulgence of the noon-day orb ;—from the soft melody of the Nightingale, in sweetest strains, in humble tribute, to the excellency of moon and star,—to the joyous note of the Lark, lifted up on the morning air,—the herald song of dawn. *Creeping and moving things*,—from the myriad insects, unseen, on the under surface of a leaf, to the Mammoth, reclining his huge form, under the shade of some towering tree—from the lamb, in its innocence, and meekness, to the lion, tossing his mane, in lordly pomp. And man, in the midst of them all, reclining in the comingling shadows of the Tree of Knowledge, and the Tree of Life. The last form of creation, and his the climax ; as if in him, all other beauties in the creation, were combined, and with them, the capstone of all. In *form*—symmetrical and transparent,—in *movement*—expressive,—his eye—serenely calm,—his *brow*,—as placid as a Seraph's—his countenance,—radiant with a perfection of love—his *locks*,—shining, and fair, lingering, about the neck and heaving breast,—luxuriantly clustered,—as charming as innocence, as beautiful as love, as lofty as majesty, as lordly as power. Over and around this scene, of incomparable loveliness, angels are bending, in purest sympathy,—some, kiss his brow serene, and smile, at the clarion-ringing laughter, that bursts from his spirit. Others,—linger near, with hushed songs, and stilled lutes, in contemplation glorious, of the scene.

And over these again, God from his Throne looks down, and smiles, in the fullness of the new created joy. A new song is heard in the worlds mystic chant,—a new radiancy, steals away, into the presence of the orbs—and the chorus now breaks and swells, from the Throne, along the far-round, of stars, of suns, of systems,—until from system to system, sun to sun—sphere to sphere, star to star, all sing,—and the harmony of the universe complete, Jehovah retires, in His gathering glory, to His Own Pavillion—



——“TIME passes. All the life on earth, is inclosed in an ark. There it burns, brightly, but gently, with a world of wild waters around it, striving to quench it. But God dries the top of a mountain, sanctifies it as an altar, puts the living fire on it, hangs the rainbow over it, and smiles to see how the waters rush down and away from its kindling and spreading glory, and gather their waves forever, within impassable bounds.

Other ages pass. Men multiply again. Sins multiply again. Sorrows multiply again. Intellect, sentiment, affection, die again. Yet here and there in the withered wilderness, a true altar is raised, and the fire from heaven again descends upon it. Ere long, a nation of slaves—whose chains melted from their forms, at the flash of an angel's eye, and who marched over a path of pearl, through the valley of the Sea, between mountains, shining all through like crystal,—pitch their camp, in the shadow of a desert cliff, and see that same pavillion, which was folded round the throne of the universe, in the hour of heaven's strange twilight and hushed hallelujah's, borne by the Morning Stars, and Sons of God, and rested, with its fullness of inner glory, amidst the

trumpetings and shoutings of the whole host, on the trembling summit. They see their leader, enter the pavillion, with the pale face of a man, and come out again, with a countenance glowing like a God. He bears in his hand a law, written by the fingers of Him, who dwells within those sacred folds. They make a tabernacle, according to the pattern shown in the mount, and the priests bear it from station to station, for forty years, under the Angel's watching, till Jordan pauses, to let it pass, and Zion rises to receive it, and Lebanon bows in homage from afar, and the Great Sea, turning its billows and foam, into gold and gems, in the smile of the setting sun rolls its tribute along the coast, from Syria to Egypt, and kneels and kisses the soil which is hallowed from shore to shore, by the presence of the Shekinah and the tribes of the Chosen.

Other ages pass. The Temple shines on Moriah. The sky above it, gleams with prophetic visions. The land around it blooms with symbolic blessings, and smokes with smyabolic curses. The rocks, caves, and streams, the palaces, cottages, and tents, are all alive with the bugles of faith, the harps of hope, the lutes of love, and the timbrels of Salvation. The thrill is felt in other lands. A gush of expectation is felt at the heart, and pulsates to the extremities of the world.

Four thousand years have rolled away. Many generations of millions on millions, have led an animal life, and fallen with the beasts into the grave. Some spiritual life, has kept the world, from growing quite cold ; and besides this, there is hope of redemption. The promise, given in Eden, is on record yet. But why is it not fulfilled ?

Again I leave this little, lone world. I pass Venus, pass Mercury, pass the Sun, pass the orbit of Mercury again, and of Venus, and of the Earth, and of Mars, and of the Asteroids, and of Jupiter, and Saturn, and Uranus ; pass other systems, thousands on thousands, still tending to the centre, and balance of the universe. I reach Heaven. I see the

Angel of the Lord again, with a farewell suffusion in His eye, but a smile of joy on His lips. Though in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, and with the whole host of glory, in adoring homage before Him, there is something nearer and dearer to His heart, than all the grandeur of His filial estate. His promise, is the brightest jewel in His breast-plate, and is only excelled by the love which burns behind it. He sees from the Throne, what no other vision can discern,—the humble dwelling-place of man. And the appointed time is near, for His Advent and Sacrifice. Solemnity, such as was never felt before, oppresses heaven. In the universal stillness, if a single harp-string, should snap, the sound would jar the Throne. He alone may break such silence. I hear His voice Divine. All orders, are permitted to attend Him. When they approach the earth, order after order is to descend, and ascend, offering Him worship—but quietly and unseen. One company only, the Sons of God, with Michael the Arch-angel of power, at their head, may announce His coming, to a few shepherds. Another, the Morning Stars, with Gabriel, the Arch-angel of wisdom at their head, may lead a few Sages, to His presence, by the light of a single star.

* * * * *

The world is at peace. The decree of a Roman prince, is abroad in Judea. The people are gathering together in the cities to which they belong. I repair to Bethlehem. Though the least of the cities of Judah, it is honored as the birth place of David, and cherished as the chosen of David's greater Son. Already, it is crowded. Every street, and court, and roof, and the hill-side around, is thronged. I look upon its multitude, and think—Oh, how will they feel, when the coming Messiah, advancing beyond His invisible host, shall shine on their towers, and alight in their midst! The sun sets. The cool of the evening, causes the throng

to retire to their shelters. The twilight lingers about the gates.

I pass through. I seek a rest at the inn. It is full. I hear of two strangers who have spent several days in the stable. If good enough for them, it is good enough for me. I enter the same retreat. I find it full of parental solicitude. The noble countenance of the man, is softened, with a heart full of tenderness. The pale face of the young mother, is inexpressibly serene, with a holy and wonderful beauty. Her bed, is but straw; and in a manger, laid close beside her, sleeps her babe, but a few hours old. Young as it is, that babe has a heavenly smile; but the mother is still the most attractive. There is a dignity in her mien, that awes me, and a spirit, which it seems, as if nothing could surprise, or overcome. Yet, as she bends her calm eye, on her smiling son, she wears a look of devotion and praise.

I soon learn their story. They have come from Nazareth, from the hills of Galilee, overlooking the plain of Esdrelon; by Tabor, and Gilboa; by the mountains of Samaria; between Ebal and Gerizim; by Jacob's well; and by Jerusalem—a long, and weary way. And now, though both of the lineage of David, and in the city of their renowned ancestor, and under circumstances of so much interest, they are happy to find a refuge, from the careless crowd around them among the beasts, of the stall.

But who are these? Shepherds! whence do ye come? They answer not; but kneel by the manger, and worship the babe! They rise, with his heavenly smile reflected in their own. They tell of a visit of angels; first one, then many, with visions of glory and chantings of praise and peace. I tremble with fear. Where, then, is the Angel of the Lord? While yet the night lingers, other footsteps draw near. Sages! Who and whence are ye? They answer not. Like Moses, they take off their sandals, breathing only—This is holy ground! They, too, kneel by the manger, and worship the babe! With tears in their eyes, they spread their gifts

before him, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. They also rise, with their tears turned into smiles. They tell how a star brought them from their far-off homes. I tremble more and more. What means this worship of the stranger's babe, and where yet is the Angel of the Lord? I step forth from the stable. I listen. All is still. The inn is hushed. The halls around are all hushed. I look up. I see the new star sparkling in the middle air, right over the stable. My natural vision seems clear as ever; but my spiritual vision has been dim ever since I saw the suffused countenance of the Angel of the Lord, preparing to leave the Throne of the Universe. To think that He should make such a sacrifice as to stoop to the earth for a kingdom, and resign the government of angels for the redemption of men, was more than my spirit could bear. But still less can I bear the burden of this mystery. Has He come? Where then does He hide the greatness of His power? God of the servant of Thy servant Elisha, open thou mine eyes!

My vision returns. That star-light, see! it shines on the forehead of Gabriel, standing on his watch as he stood ere-while at the Throne! Lo! The Morning Stars are arrayed beside Him, and extend their train far behind Him. Lo! Michael stands opposite, and with Him all the Sons of God in their purple robes and royal breast-plates. Behold, how, between their ranks, order after order of the whole heavenly host descend and ascend to worship the Babe. I tremble still: but doubt no more! I sink by the manger, and thrill while I see that the same suffused light, and the same glad smile, that was blended in the countenance of the Angel of the Lord, gleams in the eyes and glows on the lips of the Infant Jesus!

"Sweetest name on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest note in angel's song,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus!"

● * * * * *

Extract from Christmas Address—Monthly Reporter.

ORIGINAL.

MY TWIN SISTERS.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED MSS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Time passed. I gazed with joy upon the stars,
Which, in our family's Heaven, were brightly twin'd—
I gazed with rapture, on the opening flowers,
Which in our family's garden bloomed so sweet—
And little dreamed of chilly winds to blast
The flowers fair,—or clouds to hide such rare,
Untainted lustre from my eyes.

Time passed.

I bended with my Mother,—faint with watch,—
O'er where the sick ones lay. Her eye was dim—
Her cheek was pale; yet from her eye ran down,
And on her cheek, the big tear fell, fit emblem—true,—
Of grief. She then retired to weep and pray,—
And I did watch. Oh how I bended o'er,
And kissed the paleness of the lips of Both.

* * * * *

I gazed,—paler and paler, grew the cheek—
I kissed,—colder and colder grew the lip—
I started—

Mother !—

Mother—come—'tis Death !

Oh Death, thou wilt not, canst not, durst not snatch
Such innocence—Avaunt, all powerful dread !—
Away,—I will not, cannot—

* * * * * I awoke.

The horrid dream was past,—all, all, was gone.

I stood beside their forms,—all marbled o'er
With paleness—coldness,—and their long white robes
Told plainly, that the work was done.

—'Twas night—

All round was silent,—silence all—the wind
Itself was hushed,—the stars were still above me—
I knelt—

I heard amid such heavenly quiet,
The sound of rustling pinions near the spot—
Hark!—list,—again, a whisper then I heard—
“Your sisters, twin'd on earth, are twin'd in Heaven.”

ORIGINAL.

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITION.

“TALK YE OF ALL HIS WONDEROUS WORKS.”

BY REV. A. D. GILLETTE.

RESPECTED Brother ; as you require of me an article, for the pages of your new periodical it is my duty to grant your request, need I add that it is my privilege.—Well, what shall it be ; a Song ? No my harp has been hanging too often upon the willows that grow along the world's cold stream of formal duties, and duties for formal purposes.

Shall it be a sermon ? no ;—yet it shall be so full of good things, that a sermon may be got out of it ; and I am not sure but one will grow out of it, and appear to my dear people, before I entirely dismiss the train of reflection from my mind into which it has led me.

In the first book of Chronicles in the Sixteenth Chapter and at the Ninth verse are written these words—

“Talk ye of all his wonderful works”

The chapter is occupied with the account of the settle-

ment of the Ark, in the royal city—and with it the order and arrangement of the public worship of God, as it was to be performed by the people during the reign of David King of Israel.—This was a glorious event. David had, after strong desire and much prayer and effort, built a Tabernacle for God's Ark ; and now he saw that the Ark was lodged therein. It appears that David's heart had long been set upon accomplishing this great work, and now it being done, the psalm contained in this chapter was compiled and sung in commemoration of the great event, and it was to be repeated by being sung at the service of every daily sacrifice. I say this psalm was compiled, it being made up of parts of former compositions.—If you examine you will find that from verse 1, to verse 23, it is the same as the 105th Psalm. From verse 23 to verse 34, it is from the 90th Psalm, with slight variations. Verse 24th, is from Psalm 136, verse 1 and others.—The last two verses are from the 106th Psalm—

From the above, which I believe on examination will prove tolerable correct, we learn that it is—

First. Quite according to ancient, royal, and inspired custom ; to compile and compose songs of praise to God, from various parts of His Holy Scriptures—

Secondly ; we learn something of the manner in which anciently the Lord was praised in Sacred Song.—The Levites sung this, as they did most of the other Psalms, before the assembly, and the people gave signs of concurrence by a solemn and impressive “AMEN.”

Thus praised these pious ancients at and after the setting up of the Tabernacle, wherein the Ark was—and whoever reads their history, will find that they were most deeply affected, in using those venerable forms of devotion, which were before rarely used except by the schools of the Prophets ; who according to 1. Samuel 10. 5. employed a priest of their time “ with a Psaltrey and a Tabret and a Pipe and a Harp and did prophecy.” The Ark was a type of Christ—Now as anciently when that was secured to the people and

the public worship accompanying it, was an occasion of great joy—how much more occasion have we for joy and rejoicing who have with us Jesus Christ our King, to whom we may all go and be saved.

Anciently the peoples' worship partook of a colloquial character, in its public forms. Praise would employ them a few minutes and then they would engage in conversation about the character or works of Him whom they praised. It is to the employment of conversation upon some not only, but upon "all his glorious works" that the words I first quoted exhort. The talking was a response to the singing, and the singing to the talking, one impressed, and beautified the other in the worshiper's esteem. Just as ancient singing by chanting, was a colloquial, and musical way, of worshipping the Lord, so may it be now.—Christians worship the Lord acceptably ; when they before their families, and neighbors—sing and "talk of all his wonderous works," be they works of creation, works of providence, or works of redemption.—"They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name." Malachi 3, 16.

So let us do who know and love and fear God now—God will hearken and hear, and in his heart will remember all we say and do and sing and pray—Yes, he will surely bless us in so doing—for he takes pleasure in such service, as he requires of our hearts and tongues.

I am fully convinced that the more we talk of Jesus our best friend, the more shall we win upon the hearts of others, and the more certain shall we be to secure their hearts to his service and cross. I recently entered my pulpit, with the prayer of Jesus as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John dwelling upon my mind, and from which I had resolved to preach. My mind was crowded full of the great thought, that as Jesus prayed for all who shall believe on Him ; *he prayed for me.* Upon this and this idea alone could I dwell

—it absorbed all my thoughts, feelings and hopes—I preached as well as I could to the people about this great and gracious fact, “Jesus prayed for me.”

I have long thought that God seldom gives us a message, and bids us go and preach it, without preparing some heart to receive good thereby, and I was soon confirmed in so thinking, in this case, for at our next prayer meeting I received the following note from a young Lady who has long been listening to the gospel from my lips :

RESPECTED SIR,

The sermon which you preached last Lord’s Day morning, has left a solemn impression on my mind. I have thought much about it, and I have read the text several times since. O sir, did Jesus pray for me too—as well as for others? I wish to be remembered in your prayers—please ask the prayers of the Church for me—What shall I do to be saved?—

May I publicly and privately so talk of Jesus that the words I speak, may win this and many more to him that he may bear them like Lambs in his bosom.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THERE is nothing in this world which is so venerable, as the character of parents ; nothing so intimate and endearing, as the relation of husband and wife ; nothing so tender as that of children ; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affections.

PRES. DWIGHT.

A SABBATH SCENE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THE day was one of loveliness, the sun in splendor shone—
On castle, tower, and mountain top, its brightest beams were thrown.
The bells chimed forth in sweetness, upon the gusty air
And hearts of humble gratitude met in the house of prayer.

'Twas a day of thrilling interest, hundreds and hundreds came—
The crowded aisle was filled with those who owned the Saviour's name.
The man of God raised high his voice, his heart with fervor glowed ;
The old, the young, the beautiful, around the altar bowed.

Peace sat serenely on the brow, which oft was knit with care,
Grace threw her spotless robe around the fairest of the fair ;
The mother with the daughter came, the sire the son embraced,
And e'en the orphan, all alone, look'd heavenly as she passed.

Angels above delighted bent, the rapturous scene to view ;
Bright seraphs spread their golden wings, and near the temple drew ;
The echoing heavens with praises rang, to God's Eternal Son,
And saints in humble reverence bow'd, before the great Three One.

O, 'twas a day through coming time, will tune the Christian's lyre,
A day which through eternity, will nobler thoughts inspire ;
Within the groves of Paradise, delighted there, they'll tell
What strong emotions swayed their souls, what burning tears here fell.

O, may the scene, the blessed scene, on earth be oft renewed,
More precious souls be gathered in, more stubborn wills subdued ;
The gospel chariot, light convey, o'er a benighted world,
The King of Glory guide its way, with banners bright unfurled.

A VOICE FROM THE COURT ROOM.

My life, which, by the blessing of God, has been long and laborious, is fast fading into its "sere and yellow leaf." Its years of manhood and age have been spent at the Bar and upon the Bench : and each year of experience has doubly enhanced in my own mind the value, the incalculable value, of domestic discipline and education. Scenes that have passed daily before me have confirmed and established a belief that the *mother governs the world* : and though many were doubtless not a little surprised at an opinion lately expressed by the Chief Justice of New Hampshire, referring a greater number of crimes to defective family government, than to all other causes combined, my own convictions accord fully with that opinion.

When the criminal, whether an old and hardened offender, or a youthful tyro in crime, is arraigned at the Bar upon the complaint of an outraged law, men naturally speculate upon the causes which have conduced to place him there. Some mistaking the *proximate* for the *ultimate* cause, impute all to "bad company," or "intemperance," or "idleness," "violent temper," "ungovernable will," "lust," "avarice," "envy," or "malice," but these all are not *causes*, but simply consequences ; and how many of the poor victims to criminal habits and passion might, like the choleric Cassius, charge home all their long catalogue of miseries upon some "rash humor which their mother gave them?" and successfully plead the neglect, or maltreatment of the *child*, in excuse for the crimes and follies of the *man*.

By one act of disobedience, a world is steeped in sin, suffering and sorrow ; and who shall unfold the fearful results

of one childish wrong, unproved? Let the Poor House and Penitentiary answer. Reproof and punishment are often withheld from mere fondness and affection; and the kind, warm impulses of the youthful mother, almost compel her to believe—my dear beautiful child can never become wicked. Alas, the *man of blood*, on whose stricken face the stern lineaments of crime have defaced the last trace of humanity, was once a tender infant, reared and loved by a mother, as happy, as fond, and perhaps as confident as thou.

This world is truly a rough sea, where the strongest often make shipwreck: "Lead us not into temptation," is the constant prayer of the wise and prudent—a prayer the boldest saint dare not omit. Why then should we suffer those we love and care for in infancy, to launch forth among perils worse than death, without first shielding the priceless gems of *mind* and heart, from the assaults they are sure to meet; conscience, enlightened in childhood, will shed its rays of life and light on all the riper years.

The force of parental influence cannot be overrated. It is never wholly forgotten; who can say that he *feels* not the sway, of a mother's counsel, or a father's example? Years may have rolled over the grave of both father and mother, yet their familiar forms are often before us. The man of God—the man of sin alike feel the vivid influence of busy memory, as it flashes over the crumbling parental roof, exhibiting in its light the scenes of long past childhood. Even Lady Macbeth, who represents the worst female heart ever painted in the drama, spoke from nature, when excusing herself for hesitating to do the murder of Duncan, by saying, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I would myself have done it." Such memories mould the character and conduct of men. Should we not walk softly then, and trace with serious care, the footsteps, whose traces may be persued by the "millions behind!"



Illman & Sons.

REV. WILBUR FISK. D.D.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY MIDDLETOWN CT.



REV. WILBUR FISK, D.D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

REV. DR. FISK, will hardly be forgotten. His wisdom and piety—learning and devotion, are still remembered by a vast circle of friends and acquaintance.

Though in the Providence of God, he did not live to gather a harvest of years, yet he went down to his grave in the fulness of blessing and honor, and left behind him, in the bosom of his family, friends, acquaintance, the glorious assurance of his entry upon the rest of the saints, where long ago, he has lifted his harp, and swept its strings in lofty music of praise, to the King in his beauty, and thrilled with the bliss of his upper home, for which he lived, toiled and hoped.

I should be glad to present to the readers of the "Souvenir," some satisfactory account of the life of Wilbur Fisk; but owing to a want of space, must be content with a very brief notice.

He was born in Brattleborough, state of Vermont, August 31st. 1792. His parents were Isaiah and Hannah Fisk. He was descended in both lines, from that noble band of men, who sought on the "Wild New-England Shore" "freedom to worship God."

Wilbur—named after his maternal grand-mother, was the second of three children, of whom the youngest, a boy, died in his fourth year, and the eldest, Mary, is married and re-

sides near her parents. From his birth, he was a child of affliction, being troubled with a scrofulous complaint, which at three months old dried up, and left behind it that peculiar cough, which continued with him ever after.

From early childhood, notwithstanding his constitution was by no means strong or healthy—he gave proof of extraordinary intellect, and profound judgment. So much so that his dignified manner and conversation, revealing his understanding and turn of thought—were the subject of remark. His early training at home, being principally religious—he had imbibed sentiments of piety in his youthful soul, which continued with him, and expanded gloriously, until his end. The influence of his training upon the mental powers of young Fisk, began soon to show, for his mind appeared to expand very rapidly, and he manifested great eagerness in the acquisition of knowledge, rising frequently at three or four o'clock in the morning, that he might have time to pursue his studies before the family were up.

His early advantages—so far as schooling was concerned—were very limited. From the age of seven, to sixteen, he scarcely attended school altogether more than three years.

But passing over a series of years—in which we behold young Fisk, on the farm—in the grammar school—on the farm again—in the grammar school again—now the teacher of a district school—then passing through his collegiate course, which was a brilliant scene throughout, distinguishing himself in every department of literature and science—we find his mind and soul panting for an exhibition of energy, in the office of the sacred ministry. Though he made an effort at the law, and appeared bent in his mind, upon distinguishing himself as a statesman, and though he possessed all the qualifications for a master-spirit, in that high sphere—yet still his soul was panting after a higher sphere—a more glorious arena, for the unfoldings of its beauty and power. After some time, he entered upon the ministry, but not without much consideration and sore conflict, as will be

seen from the following dialogue, which he rehearsed, in 1838, at a meeting which he attended. The allusion is doubtless to himself :

“DIALOGUE.

“*Christ.* Go preach my Gospel.

“*Answer.* But, Lord, I have other engagements.

“*C.* You are not your own ; you are bought with a price.

“*A.* But, Lord, I have been preparing myself for another profession. I have been struggling for an education. I have high prospects before me. &c.

“*C.* What have you that you have not received ?

“*A.* Lord, I have strong domestic feelings, and I hope one day to have a family and home of my own.

“*C.* He that loveth houses or lands, wife or children more than me, is not worthy of me.

“*A.* Lord, I have aged parents, and I am an only son, Filial love and duty require that I should look after them.

“*C.* He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

“*A.* Lord, is their no excuse ? May not another answer ?

“*C.* The gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

“*A.* At least, let me first stop and bury my father and mother.

“*C.* Let the dead bury their dead.

“*A.* At any rate, I must wait a while, and acquire some property, &c.

“*C.* He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of Heaven.

“*A.* Lord, I cannot go.

“*C.* Wo unto you if you preach not the Gospel.

“*A.* But, Lord, wilt thou not pity a poor helpless wretch, who begs for an excuse as one would plead for his life ?

“*C.* ‘Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich.’

“Here,” (as he related the circumstance in Baltimore) “the dialogue ended. The young man covered his face with his hands, and bursting into tears, cried,

“ ‘Nay, but I yield, I yield.’

“ The bond was signed and sealed, and the youth was consigned over, soul and body, to the Church. The next thing I saw of him, he was threading a pathless forest among the Green Mountains, bordering upon the Canada line, driving his horse before him because of the roughness of the wilderness, cheerful as an angel on an errand of mercy. And I heard his song, with which he made the ragged mountain tops that hung over his path reverberate ; and what, sir, do you think it was ?

“ ‘ No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man :
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.’ ”

His career as a minister, was one of brightness. His piety was felt wherever he went, and his zeal and eloquence were effectual in accomplishing great good for the cause of Christ.

He was a light ; a luminary, shining in beauty, upon all around him. His preaching was plain, eloquent and forcible. There was nothing gaudy or unmeaning in his style or choice of idea or language. There were occasional kindlings—and flashings of Genius. Under these influences, his imagination begins to play ; his feelings seem to fire, by the velocity of mental action, above all, by the elevating nature of his themes. He raises you up, and sinks you down again ; he weeps, and you weep with him. He turns your thoughts

upon the sufferings of the Lamb, and you are melted ; or paints the splendors of the New-Jerusalem, and you are ravished with ecstasy. Now the audience are bathed in tears of humble love, or transported with raptures of heavenly joy. And now comes forth unequivocal, audible testimony to the eloquence and power of the preacher. Sighs and tears, and perhaps shouts, are heard around you. Thus—

“The live fountain in the speaker’s heart,
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravish’d hearers.”

A striking instance is given of the power of his oratory, while preaching on a certain occasion in the large church in Forsyth street, New-York. Having finished the discussion of his subject, he addressed himself directly to the heart and conscience. He described the danger of the wicked man : his exposure, his constant liability to death. He followed him to the brink of Death’s dark precipice, and painted him plunging over the edge into perdition’s gulf. The whole scene is vividly before the eye. A preacher sitting below him in the altar suddenly and unconsciously throws out his arms to catch the sinner in his fall, and carry him in faith to the Lamb of God !

He was subsequently called to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University ; a tribute to his learning, well deserved. He filled this important post, with credit to the institution and honor to himself, until death took him away from earth to his reward, in the Presence of God and the Lamb. His life was spent in usefulness, and devotion—and in all preparation for another world ; and when he was down,—according to his own language,—“hovering between two worlds” he was cheered by the gathering memories of his years ; and the closing hopes—and opening glory of his certain joy. To live happy in Christ, was Fisk’s privilege, to die peacefully in Christ, was Fisk’s triumph.—

The following account of his last moments will be interesting to all—

Throughout his illness, the dying saint had been distinguished no less for COOLNESS and SELF-POSSESSION, than for the loftiness and power of Christian faith. He watched the progress of his own symptoms; from his skill in pathology, he knew how to interpret his feelings, and remarked upon them with the coolness of a spectator. In consequence of a partial paralysis of the nerves connected with the organs of respiration, he could not breathe but by a voluntary exertion. Observing this, he said, "I cannot endure long. Difficulty of breathing prevents sleep. Breathing is voluntary, and requires effort. When I lay in a doze and forget myself, I cease to breathe, and then it wakes me." At another time, on opening the door to give him air, he said, "It is of no use. There is air enough, but I cannot inhale. There is a want of energy in the respiratory nerves. They have no power. I was perfectly sensible of it yesterday, and all the physicians agree in that."

February 14th, as his regular physician, Dr. Miner, was examining his pulse, he faintly said, "Why do you examine the pulse without prescribing? Is it low?" "Yes, sir, very low." "Is it fluttering?" "Not yet, sir." "Not yet?" he replied, faintly; and then sighed out, "The hour of release is at hand."

On the 19th, as one came into the room, he said, "I am going very fast—filling up with water—feet and hands swelling more;" at the same time rubbing his hands together. At another time, as he extended his dying hand to greet a friend who had been sent for, he said, "I believe I am going;" and soon after broke out in a distinct though interrupted articulation,

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my friends are there;"

some of them, at least, and the rest are on their way." And on being asked if he still believed in the doctrines which he

had preached, he answered, "I do. They are God's truths, and will bear the light of eternity. I should be glad to be favored with more ecstatic joy. As I draw near the celestial world, it seems desirable to have a bright view of its glories." To the Rev. Heman Bangs, who came to see him in his last moments, and said that he had "dreamed of seeing him in his sick chamber, and that the room seemed filled with coruscations of glory," he replied, "I have not those coruscations of glory—those bright visions of the heavenly world, but I have a fixed peace."

Thus he continued, gradually sinking into unconsciousness, from which it became increasingly difficult to arouse him; nevertheless, when aroused, his mind seemed perfectly clear. On the 20th, when articulation was rapidly failing him, a friend said to him, "You suffer a great deal of distress, sir, from fatigue and exhaustion; but it must be over soon: and how sweet is rest to a weary man. There is a place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' " He responded distinctly, "Bless God for that!" And on the 21st, when he was still farther sunk into coma, the same friend coming into the room, said, "I have come to see you again, sir; do you know me?" Pressing his hand, he said in a whisper, "Yes; glorious hope!" After this, when Mrs. Fisk took his hand and inquired if he knew her, he returned the pressure, saying, "Yes, love, yes." These, we believe, were the last words he uttered. He lingered on our mortal shores until the next day, when, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, his redeemed and now disenthralled spirit took its flight to its kindred skies, to mingle with the Church of the first-born, and join the anthems of the celestial choir. Thus the anniversary of the day that gave a hero and a patriot to the world, is the anniversary of the day that gave another sanctified spirit to Paradise. Let the names of Washington and Fisk, both great in their respective departments, blend in future unison. Their happy

spirits have long since greeted each other in the plains of the brighter world above.

As the body lay in the coffin, arrayed in the habiliments of the grave, its appearance was singularly lovely. Every trace of its past agonies had disappeared. The brow was perfectly unwrinkled, and his own peculiar smile seemed to be playing about the mouth. The anticipations of the spirit appeared to have left their influence on its former dwelling-place ; for

“ Living light had touched the brow of death.”

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

OH ! Thou, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God—
All glittering round the sunset skies
Their fleecy wings are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world ;
There, while the evening star upholds,
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer—
For thou, O God of love, art there !

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Up springing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
At every step, thy smiles, O God ?
The humblest souls their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace, hall or cot ;

Give me, O Lord, a heart like theirs,
 Contented with my lowly lot ;
 Within their bright ambrosial bells,
 In odors sweet, thy spirit dwells;
 Their breath may seem to scent the air—
 'Tis thine, O God ! for thou art there.

Hark ! from yon casement low and dim,
 What sounds are those that fill the breeze
 It is the peasant's evening hymn
 Arrests the fisher on the seas :
 The old man leans his silver hairs
 Upon his light suspended oar,
 Until those soft delicious airs
 Have died like ripples on the shore.
 Why do his eyes in softness roll ?
 What melts the manhood from his soul ?
 His heart is filled with peace and prayer—
 For Thou, O God, art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms
 Pour forth to Thee their hymns of love ;
 When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
 They leave the earth and soar above,
 We hear their sweet familiar airs
 Wher'er a sunny spot is found.
 How lovely is a life like theirs,
 Diffusing sweetness all around !
 From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
 Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
 'Till, melting on the realms of air,
 They reach Thy throne in grateful prayer.

These stars—those floating isles of light,
 Round which the clouds unfurl their sail ,
 Pure as a woman's robe of white
 That trembles round the form it veils—
 They touch the heart as with a spell,
 Yet set the soaring fancy free
 And oh ! how sweet the tales they tell
 Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.
 VOL. I.—6.

Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair—
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit oft opprest with doubt,
May strife to cast Thee from its thought ;
But who can shut Thy presence out,
Thou mighty Gust that comest unsought ?
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Magnetic-like, where'er we be,
Still, still the thoughtful heart revolves
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blest—
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land, where Thou hast said
The pure in heart shall enter in ;
There, in those realms so calmly bright,
How many a lov'd and gentle one
Bathe their soft plumes in living light
That sparkle from Thy radiant throne !
There, souls once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers ;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

Lord Bacon beautifully said—"If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

“LET NO MAN DESPISE THY YOUTH.”

To some this might seem a strange injunction for the aged Paul to give to his young associate. Why, it may be asked, did he not write expressly to the church, and enjoin it upon them, that they honor the one who was thus placed as watchman over them, instead of bidding *him* see to it, that none of all treat him with disrespect? How could it reasonably be expected, that a comparative youth, and a stranger withal, should receive the full respect of the venerable fathers, unless by some more decisive enjoinder of the apostle?

To these we would answer: Paul had undoubtedly given such a charge to the church, before he departed from Ephesus; and besides he was well aware that this exercise of his authority alone, were but compelling formal homage to a mere office, and not receiving the unfeigned regard towards the person. Paul's scrutiny into human nature was deeper—was to more real effect, than to prompt him thus to act. He well knew that men, however well-disposed, could never love the person whom they did not respect—that they could not respect him, of whose conduct they possessed nothing by which they might be induced to regard it with approbation. He had learned by many a sad trial, that commanding their respect, where respect might not be due, was but commanding the heart to love an object for which it could possess no attachment.

It is true, the apostle had many reasons to presume, that his successor would prove, in every respect, worthy their highest esteem. His direct association with himself through many a trying hour of travel—his known ardor of attachment both towards himself, and the cause which he professed to maintain, all bespoke for the filial Timothy a becoming and

exemplary conduct before those to whom he was now to act as teacher and guide.

But Paul had seen other things than these. He had already witnessed the melancholy defection of Alexander, and of Hymeneus—of Phygellus, Homogenes and Philetus. He wished now therefore, to guard, by every means, his “own son in the faith” against the disgrace which they had thus brought upon themselves, and upon their Redeemer, and render him in all respects truly useful, respected, esteemed.

Whilst engaged in his apostolic ministrations from church to church, full many had he already seen assay, in the impetuosity of new-born zeal, to effect good at the sacrifice of good ; and some, (and sad to the parental heart of the apostle must have been such cases,) had even given occasion for the bitter reproach of “doing evil that good might come.” Like none of these would he have young Timothy act. Hence it is that we hear him reiterating again and again, that he “shun profane and vain babblings, which but increase unto more ungodliness”—that he “study to show himself approved unto God,—a workman that needeth not to be ashamed”—always “sound in speech”—so faultless in action, “that he who is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of him.” And as if to sum all within one single sentence, he adds “Let no man despise thy youth.”

There is perhaps no period in life so critical, and fraught with interests so lastingly vital to his future welfare, as the period in which a young man leaves, for the first time, his father’s home, to test the realities and take the responsibilities of busy life. There is none in which he feels more the need of some friendly voice, to whisper to him the right and the wrong of specific actions.

He is bidding adieu to the tenderest of associations, to that home, where he has always been loved and cherished—where his little failings have all been wont to be overlooked,

and where the tones of affection were only heard, in checking his early waywardness and in leading him into paths of duty. All these he must now exchange for the coldness and inwrought selfishness of an unfeeling world. How amid the buffetings and bickerings of the unknown and uncongenial is he to thread his way to respect and consequent happiness? How shall he be enabled to give none offence, and at the same time be useful to those around him? If he retire from general intercourse, and ascetically immure himself within his own private dwelling, he may indeed be doing no immediate injury thus to others, he may even be well employing his time, yet he is but locking up the very means of becoming respected, and perchance bring down upon himself a double condemnation.

Should he, on the other hand, come much before the world, and presume to take upon him every important obligation in his way, he assuredly could not escape being held as self-important as assuming.

To such an one, the apostle's friendly injunction comes with peculiar aptness. He is not leaving the world, but going into it, and within it he must act, and on it let his influence be felt for good or for ill. He is entering society, not to seize upon their prerogatives, but to use that which is his own with reason and honor. He will meet at times with smiles and flatteries, and with frowns and it may be with reproaches. Friends will prove foes, as treacherous and malign as the worst, and foes may become friends. Yet amid all these there is a way in which even enemies shall be at peace with him. The mouth of the scorner may be securely stopped, and the voice of friendship and respect greet him every where. There is a power which can quench all the vituperations of envy, and render them even subservient to the object against which they were directed. That power, young man, young christian, is your own. It is yours to graduate your own estimation by others.

Let elevated principle—let a consciousness of right govern

every action and you need not fear. The world I know is called unjust and partial in dealing its censures and adulations, yet it is not so much so as most imagine. Society knows how to estimate, and you may settle it as a principle of action, that in nine cases out of ten, it does estimate according to real merit. It is true, men may envy, and may even vent that envy in low defamation, and in personal ribaldry against the character of the object of their hate; yet at heart they do yield, in respect to essential worth, that which is its due. The man of sincerity, and of strictly honorable actions whatever the circumstance in which he is thrown, will ultimately be known, and honored as such. He may for a time indeed be derogated—his talents be far undervalued, and he be compelled to mourn in silence unrequited the world's want of gratitude; yet that man is not doomed to sit forever thus in solitude unappreciated. The opprobrium heaped up by the malicious and ill-designing must inevitably vanish before purity and integrity, like the snow under the influence of a meridian sun.

Does envy rage and utter forth its vindictive insinuations against character? Let it rage on. It will soon be spent. If integrity be its object, like the house founded upon the rock, it will come forth from amid the storm unscathed and firm.

Say nobly with another "If I cannot live down evil reports, I cannot talk them down." They are harmless things, when they are sent where they do not belong. They return with their commission unexecuted.

Perhaps, my young friend, you are ready to acknowledge the applicability of these remarks, to those who have already gained the good will of others, or to those who by years or station can command a degree of respect, but not to those who are just struggling to gain an honorable reputation.

But the aged Paul it seems does not thus limit the latitude of his remark. He does not say "Let no man despise thy age or office"—no, but "Let no man despise thy youth." It is to those very persons who are aiming at a life of respect,

that he addresses himself. It is not those who have already gained esteem, who need bend every exertion to save themselves from disesteem. They have it, and it is theirs. No, young struggler for usefulness and honor, age may indeed give dignity, and even that is not its own boon, but in order to be beloved and of consequence respected, it matters very little what be his station, or what the number of years upon one's head. If respect be deserved, it cannot be withheld. It is of the very nature of man to approve the right, be it exhibited in the mechanic, the tradesman, the farmer or the highest dignitary of the land. The child, the youth, and the man in proportion receive it when deserved, equally as well as the grey haired father.

And young disciple of Jesus let me address a word more particularly to you. Do you often feel almost weighed down beneath the coldness and disregard of the great of this world? Are you tempted to say you cannot live devotedly?—live in all things as your great Master has enjoined, because you may by it be accounted singular, and meet the disrespect of those with whom you associate? Think again, desponding christian, ere you thus sell your birthright, at the beggarly price of this world's regard. You are selling your happiness, your principle, your all which can secure you the good of earth, and what are you gaining? Not what you sought, the respect of the great and the good, but their contempt.

You gain indeed, for a moment, the praise of the gay and frivolous; but instead of its proving a lasting mead, it has soon faded, and its givers have turned away, and at heart despise you.

Think not that their respect is to be purchased by a compromise with them. They who stoop to fawn for the adulation of others always will receive their reward, deserved scorn.

Only act worthy of that respect by a consistency of deportment becoming a christian, and you possess both respect and esteem, for they are concomitant possessions, and more than aught else, you have that peace which the gay can

never give, nor take away, a peace which passeth all understanding.

I am not urging that you go forth with haughty strenuousness, assuming and maintaining an entire distinction. This is not the spirit of the humble christian; but as you commingle with the worldly, that you ever bear about with you, forbearance, condescension, humility. It is the exhibition of these which no man despises, and not the parade of an assumed dignity.

A haughty christian! It is a contradiction in full. He is known, and men have rightly named him hypocrite, an assumer. But follow his example and you receive his honor with his name.

Though in the conscientious discharge of duty you may oftentimes meet the finger of scorn, and the spite of evil doers, yet be not cast down. This met also the immaculate Redeemer, and he has kindly forewarned you, that the world will exhibit its malignant hatred. Bear then, for the time with this ungenerous obloquy. Let them pour down upon you even their bitterest anathemas. Only let it be said of you, as it was of your master, "I find no fault in this man," and you may mount soon above all these envious shafts. They always fly low. They injure only the deserving. See thou to it that no man has occasion of disrespect towards you, and God who beholds all thy conflicts, will let none despise thee; He will bring thee off more than conqueror even in this world.

O. C.

"Every action performed without regard to God, and every day spent without a thought of heaven and hell, confirms that frame of ungodliness which precedes and bespeaks its awful result—even the eternal separation of the soul from its Creator."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of Injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on Injustice were heaped ;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget ! Its hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live ;
Then how shall it be ? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of Injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art :
VOL. I.—7.

Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt !
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget !

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue :
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now Mercy with Justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget !

Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend ;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend :
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, “ Forgive and forget.”

[FROM THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.]

LITERATURE AUXILIARY TO CHRISTIANITY.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

BY REV. ANDREW A. LIPSCOMB.

THE first requisite of an inspired religion is an inspired literature. Its revelation of truth must be embodied. No one can conceive of a religion, designed to exert a moral and intellectual influence on mankind, and to be contemporaneous with successive ages, without such a literature. If governments need a written constitution, and if the interests

of civilization demand the perpetuation of the thoughts and deeds of past times, religion must have, for the same reason, an appropriate literature. All its institutions must be based on this foundation. The power of the ministry must be derived from the conformity of its announcements to the principles and precepts therein contained. Tradition can only be suitable in the incipency of religion. The oral instructions of the fire-side are adapted merely to unseal the mind of childhood, and prepare the way for more extended study. It was in a rude period of the world, that Jehovah employed tradition for sacred purposes. The inefficiency of such means was then apparent, for idolatry increased, and a new and enlarged revelation became necessary.

The history of the true religion illustrates these sentiments. Did the Almighty select a part of the descendants of Abraham, and commit to their guardianship the revelations of his wisdom? A literature was provided. The design of Judaism was to maintain the natural attributes of God, oppose polytheism, and prefigure the operations of Christianity. It was the antagonist of Jupiter and Diana. It was the connecting point between natural and revealed religion. Sympathetic both with law and grace, it pointed alike to Sinai and Calvary. So far as those objects were accomplished, it was through the instrumentality of its literature. By its divinely authenticated records, heresy was arrested : by them, false systems were overthrown. Precious were these books of faith and love ! The language of Heaven and the spirit of Heaven were in them. The sanctified genius of poets and prophets cast a serene and sacred lustre over the elect nation, and associated its fame and fortune with whatever is noble in thought and beautiful in sentiment. If it relapsed into Idolatry, the revival of its literature was identical with the revival of its piety. Did Jehovah reveal his will more fully in the form of Christianity? A literature, corresponding in clearness and extensiveness, was introduced. The last volume of Heaven was then given. The type of Urim and

Thummim was accomplished. The uplifted veil fell before the throne. A solemn stillness henceforward rests upon the scene : Jehovah retiring from audience with the world.

The writings of two dispensations have been united, and they now form one literature. The pride and prejudice of the Jew have been controlled, and his sacred books are associated with the records of the Christian faith. Unlike but yet alike—the one, wearing the aspect of antiquity, the other, revealing the features of more modern ages—the former, varied in announcement, magnificent in imagery, and general in scope, the latter, simple, compact, and exclusive, they strengthen and ennoble each other. The songs of David have their response amid the visions of the Apocalypse, and the pathos of Jeremiah finds its echo in the subdued tones of Calvary.

Each of the great dispensations of revealed religion had its inspired ministry. Each had its inspired literature. Though the gift of inspiration has been withdrawn, the office of the ministry remains. It grows out of the nature of Christianity and the human mind, and must therefore be perpetual. The abstract character that any system of revelation must necessarily assume, would seem to require the agency of a ministry to present its principles in such a manner as to effect popular impression. Its technicalities of language must be reduced to the familiar terms of conversational intercourse. The entire absence of philosophic arrangement would appear to demand a proper digest of its doctrines and duties. Its principles cannot be changed : the last curse of revelation is on the man whose profane hand touches a single text : but the form may be so far modified, as to become fit for general instruction and excitement. If the ministry be human, the style of presenting divine truth must also be human ; it must assume the nature of the medium through which it is displayed. The policy of Providence is, evidently, to exhibit inspired wisdom by means of uninspired men. A two-fold end is thus answered. All the advantages of inspiration are

secured and maintained. The dignity and force of truth remain unimpaired. The solemn sanctions of eternity attend the announcement, and the light of the Holy Presence is diffused over it. Additional to this fact, the whole system takes on, in mode of presentation, a decided and distinct earthly aspect. Is chemistry valuable because it separates the combinations of matter, and shows the elements of all compositions? The aim of the ministry is to unfold the truth of the Bible and bring it in nearer contact with the heart.

A religious literature, so far as mind can produce it, may be placed on similar ground. Though it is not to be put beside the Christian ministry in origin and adaptation, yet we may safely claim for it the next position in importance and interest. If a divinely inspired ministry and a divinely inspired literature were, as in the cases of prophets and apostles, intimately and invariably bound together, it is fair to infer, that God designs an uninspired human ministry and an uninspired human literature to be united. The institution of the sacred office is founded on the principle of sympathy between mind and mind, heart and heart. The same philosophy applies to literature. It can avail itself of all the resources of intellectual strength and beauty; it can command all the powers of language.

If the pulpit and the press are thus associated in certain points of resemblance, it must be obvious, that in other features they are different. The sphere of the sacred orator is limited. Popular instruction must be confined to a few prominent facts. Abstract and elaborate discussions have to be avoided. A partial opportunity only for argument is offered. The style of address most becoming an ambassador of Christ, is a style that has the energy of dogmatism without its presumption. The texts of inspiration are the proofs of his propositions: the motives of heavenly announcement are the ground of his appeals: the poetry of the scriptures, so far as possible, is to furnish the adornments of his imagination.

Where, then, shall we seek a field in which all the resources of learning, and all the faculties of mind, may be employed in behalf of Christianity? Where shall the great contest of intellect with intellect be sustained? Literature affords the sphere. There is no restriction here but truth and love. The records of history may be examined—the intricacies of philology penetrated—the toils of criticism undergone, in this connexion. A just inference from these facts is, that nothing but religious literature can fairly and freely develop the religious mind of the world. Here, and here alone, the noblest and best manifestations of intellect can be effected.

Infidelity has had its peculiar mode of warfare against Christianity. It has resorted to metaphysics and history. The usual address of the pulpit cannot properly and profitably meet it on this ground. Literature must combat it. The argument in opposition to infidelity has, consequently, been carried on in this department almost entirely. If Gibbon abused history—if, amid the ruins of Roman pillars and altars, his sensual mind saw not, and felt not, the presence and purity of Christianity—he has been met by Watson and refuted. If Hume employed metaphysics to overturn our faith, Chalmers, and other Scottish writers, have followed his intricate windings and wanderings, and exposed his plausible sophistry. Atheism has also had its distinct form of attack. The philosophy of the material universe has been its favorite refuge. The phenomena of external nature can be but imperfectly apprehended and interpreted by us, and hence, there will be seeming incongruities between them and revealed religion. The science of mind and morals is the true arena, on which to test Christianity, as it is of this nature; but atheism has transferred the argument to another department, and there vainly erected its front of defiance. As well might the principles of geology be tried by the art of medicine. If atheism has followed this unjust and ungenerous course, we are forced to pursue it. Nothing but literature can undertake this task. Agreeably to this necessity, we see the

genius of La Place resisted with skilful arguments from the Newtonian system: we see the positions of geologists overthrown by Smith, Bush, and other kindred writers. The mysteries of creation will always render Christianity mysterious, but we rejoice to know that profound erudition has exerted itself successfully to reconcile apparent discrepancies, and to disclose the beautiful harmony between the world under the curse and the world without the curse.

The science of criticism affords another illustration of the same point. As the scriptures has been conveyed to us in dead languages, every thing depends upon their right construction and explication. Did we understand those languages more thoroughly, we should probably have less difference in our respective creeds. No cultivated language can, indeed, be entirely freed from ambiguity. The principles of jurisprudence are stated with the utmost exactness, but yet no legal instrument escapes conflicting interpretations. The federal constitution of our country is drawn up with minuteness and simplicity, but, nevertheless, irreconcilable inferences are gathered, by opposing parties, from it. Mathematics, alone is an exception. Amid these embarrassments, it is still certain, that the advance of criticism has materially aided the right appreciation of the scriptures. The investigations of Dr. Middleton on the Greek article have thrown new light on the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The labors of Newton and others have so far unsealed the volume of prophecy, as to give us an insight into the plans of Providence for the farther improvement of our race, but if this subject could be more maturely comprehended, how many morbid and pernicious theories would be banished from this world? Literature offers its advantages here. The pen must be relied on for criticism.

(To be continued.)

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree
My mother's hands this Bible clasped—
She dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear :
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are the living still !

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear,
Her aged face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met.
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy :
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

SOLID LITERATURE.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR, BY EDGAR EDGARTON ESQ.

THE Poets, Orators, and Philosophers of the Ancient World, propagated and established a literature, which while it was splendidly beautiful, was no less attractive than solid. The scraps, which have come down the stream of Time, to us, bearing the impress of the mighty mind of Longinnes, are in themselves a proof of this.—The orations of the old Masters of Rhetoric, considered as literary productions, tend to confirm the view. Nay, the very exploded philosophy of the divine Plato, is beautiful contemplated in its ruins. The whole of what may be termed ancient literature, so far as it can now be apprehended and appreciated, was designed not merely to amuse, but to instruct, to edify, to elevate, the moral feelings, to add to the dignity, while it contributed to the enjoyment of Man.—The period of the discovery of the Art of Printing, may be considered as an era, in the history of literature: but, alas, “’Tis not all gold that glitters in the mine.” The present age, especially, has deeply degenerated: there appears to be a departure from that pure, simple, healthful taste, which characterized the days of “Denny, and the Port-Folio.”—Days of our Fathers; when the British classics were read, and solid essays occupied the centre-table, of even a lady of the fashionable world. Now, the increased facility of Book-making, has induced a frightful change. Romances, Novels, Tales, and other light frothy and unprofitable stuff, has succeeded, and superseded, for the chief part that kind of reading which is really instructive and profitable.—It is truly refreshing to contemplate a Magazine without a tale: a literary miscellany consisting of essays

VOL I.—8.

on various subjects ; dissertations and sketches, historical and characteristic ; with occasional, seasonable, and *real* poetry. A work designed to attain and render popular a solid taste ; a solid literature, which shall survive the ephemeral nothings of the day ; and tend to banish, those fabulous, reprehensible and injurious publications, which have overspread the reading world for so long. Cannot a change, a sort of literary revolution be effected, without the shedding of a drop of blood, although it may cost rivers of ink ; to introduce a taste for substantial matter ; in the form of an essay, it will be only necessary to avoid the dry as dust, style of prosey essayists ; and upon the other tack, the pertness and flippancy of modern rhapsodists ;—to present truth to the mind, arrayed in her garb of loveliness, as she is seen in the glories of literature, the beauties of nature, the attractiveness of real life.—There are scenes and woes enough in real life to cause absorbing excitement, if the details are fully and properly presented, without any reference to imaginary wretchedness in order to pamper the morbid cravings of a depraved mental appetite. There are moral claims set aside, and utterly disregarded, if these were exhibited and enforced to attract the attention, and to produce convictions on the ground of duty, without creating scenes too highly wrought, too unnatural to be deemed possible or natural. Literature science, and the arts may unite in this achievement to render the work pleasing and useful to youth and age, male and female. Promotive of soundness of mind and correctness of conduct, didactic without sermonizing ; instructive without presuming or pedantry ; pleasing without dissipation.—The exhibition of pictures is at best, of doubtful utility, in the establishment of select literature. One of the old-fashioned devotees of learning would have said, “ Pictures in books are designed for the amusement of children.” However high, glorious, and worthy of an earthly immortality the pictorial art may be, however all may be disposed to bow down, at a shrine so eminently worthy of all honor and praise, literature should

not be embodied in pictures, addressed merely to the eye ; but in that mental imagery which addresses itself to the eye, and the heart as well ; conveying lessons of wisdom, virtue and morality, which will remain indelibly fixed in the mind, when the fashionable embellishments of modern productions will have passed away and be forever forgotten.

Can it be deemed censurable to attempt this literary reformation? Are there not choice spirits wielding vigorous pens, who will take up arms for this object, and expose the evil while they point out the remedy, and ascertain whether morbid and false sentimentality—frivolous and frantic imaginings, wild wicked and bewildering speculations—cannot be superseded by a solid, healthful, and attractive kind of literature? or whether the public taste vitiated, debased, and diseased, has reached that stage, that point or crisis of a disordered state, which will prevent its appreciating, or enjoying literary aliment, of a more decidedly nutritious nature.

The mind long accustomed to the highly seasoned viands of a French caterer, who feeds the fancy at the expense of the moral feelings, will perhaps loathe the home-made elements, the simple diet of truth, opposed to fiction, and realities against mere imaginings. But this fastidious taste may be purified and refined without exciting objections in the mind of the gay and the fashionable, by avoiding the dogmatic style of sectarians, and producing a spasm by the exhibition of a sermon, or raising suspicion in the mind of the moral and religious, by leaning toward the licentiousness of latitudinarians. The efforts to accomplish this change in the habits of mind, in the public taste, should be controlled by the rules of cultivated taste, strict moral principles and a sincere desire to please and profit.

Why may not such an attempt be productive of something like an era in our literature, opening a path into the future brightened by the rays of a pure intellectual light, abounding in fruits which yield delight to the mental palate, affording springs of living water, refreshing to the thirsty mind ; in the

gushing poetry of the heart presenting and enticing shade, by reason of the over-hanging laurels which grow in the pathway of genius, and form undying wreaths for the brow of literature's true votaries ; a path which shall lead to the shrine of virtue—to the temple of piety—to the heaven of eternal happiness.

“THY WORD IS TRUTH.”

I READ and I believe. My soul is witness of the truth ; of the truth of what I am ; of what I must be ; and of what I may be. The heavens may be no more ; the sun may cease to shine, and the stars go out in darkness, but thy Word stands secure and fixed, eternal truth. Years upon years may come and go, ages upon ages roll on their ceaseless round, and thy Word stands eternal truth, eternal as thy own existence. Read by millions that have ceased to be on earth, and to be read by millions yet to come. And now it meets my eye : it comes to me, a sojourner here, as were my fathers ; but soon, like them, I shall pass away. It speaks to me. I read, and I believe. I realize *thy Word is truth*. Away from human speculations, from the folly of boasting human reasonings, I turn my eye. Too long have I built my faith on man's opinions. Now, O truth, O Word of God, I come to thee. Naked I hang on thy Word, and I prove thy Word is truth. Thy promises, what are they ? They are spirit, and they are life. My soul is unsupplied no more. Doubts and fears, where are ye ? Ah ! ye are consumed in the light of truth. Ye cannot bear the blaze of truth. And malice and revenge, where are ye ? By the power of truth, I see you blasted, overthrown. And *self*, the demon *self*, where art thou ? Truth wages with thee a war of utter extermination. Its language is, *I am Jehovah. I am that I am*. O man, what more canst thou comprehend of God than this—*God is*. And thou thyself a worm.

LONGING.

BY SCHILLER.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
Where hang cold clouds so heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
How blessed would the journey be !
Aloft I see a fair dominion,
Though time and change all vernal still ;
But where the power, and what the pinion,
To gain the ever-blooming hill ?

Afar I hear their music ringing—
The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
And the light gales are downward bringing
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
I see the fruits, all golden glowing,
Beckon the glossy leaves between,
And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine forever, yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee !
The very winds that there may wander,
How healing must their breathing be !
But lo, between us rolls a river—
A death in every billow raves ;
I feel the soul within me shiver
To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
But, woe is me, the pilot fails !—
In, boldly in—undaunted over !
And trust the life that swells the sails !
Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
In fearless faith thy safety dwells,
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious Land of Miracles !

CULTURE OF THE PRIMROSE AND POLYANTHUS

THE polyanthus is considered by botanists to be merely a variety of the common primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), a common well known native of our woods in all parts of the three kingdoms. Leaving color out of consideration, as endlessly varying in most cultivated flowers, the polyanthus differs from the primrose in the stem which supports the bunch of flowers rising several inches high, whereas in the common primrose it is sometimes too short to be distinguishable. An experiment respecting these distinctions is given in the *Horticultural Transactions*, vol. iv. p. 19, where it is attempted to be shown that not only the primrose and polyanthus, but the oxlip and cowslip, are one and the same species; an inference, however, which few we think will adopt.

The several varieties must be propagated by slips or offsets, and new varieties must be obtained by means of seed.

SOIL AND SEED SOWING.

The soil best adapted for the primrose and polyanthus, if we may judge from the places where they grow native, must be tenacious, moist, and not too rich. We never saw a primrose growing in a loose, dry, sandy soil, and do not think it possible it could live there. It prefers a shaded bank, or even a wood or a forest, and may be found growing luxuriantly in the toughest clay.

Mr. Revell, of Pitsmoor, near Sheffield, uses three barrowfuls of light maiden soil, one barrowful of horse-dung, six weeks old, and one barrowful of leaf-mould.

The seeds should be sown in boxes or pans filled with

strong loamy compost, with a little well rotted cow-dung or peat, to keep it moist. The seasons recommended are, as soon as the seed is ripe, or in the autumn, or in the early spring. The advantage of the first method is, that it is natural; that the plants are strong and fit to plant out next spring to flower the second spring: the disadvantages, that the young plants, unless protected, are very apt to be cut off by a severe winter, as occurred to ourselves in the winter of 1836-7. It is our own opinion that the sowing had better be deferred till late in the autumn, when the young plants will not appear till the succeeding spring. December is recommended by some as a good season for sowing, and others recommend February, and even March, which appears to be too late.

Mr. Revell sows in February in a box or pan filled with light new mould, covering the seed about a quarter of an inch deep. In the course of a month or five weeks, the plants will come up and will occasionally require to be watered in the morning, and covered with a hand-glass in the evening. In May they will be strong enough for transplanting into pots or borders, where they are to flower.

The seed, according to Maddock, should be sown tolerably thick, being covered very lightly or not at all, leaving the rains to wash it in. The boxes or pans should be placed where they may have only the morning sun, and by no means be exposed to the heat of mid-day.

By plunging the pans or boxes in a slight hot-bed, the young plants will be much forwarded; but in that case, as well as the autumn-sown plants, they will require the protection of a frame or a hand-glass in severe weather, giving them on mild days as much light and air as possible.

OH LOVE: THOU DAY-STAR OF MY HEART.

OH love ! thou day-star of my heart !
Ascend upon thy throne !
Victor and lord, where'er thou art,
To all within the power impart,
Of life to God alone.

Such is the magic of thy sway
Upon the holy mind ;
That sin, all powerless in thy ray,
Departs, as night-shades flee the day,
And leaves no cloud behind.

My soul was dark in other years ;
The stain was on my brow ;
And something whispers to my fears
The loss of all but sin and tears,
If Thou shouldst leave me now.

But fears are gone and tears are bright,
Lit with the beams of love :
There is no sin, nor grief, nor night,
To him, whose inmost soul is light
With radiance from above.

MOTHER ! mourning for the infant,
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone thy house and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again rejoicing,
" Where the weary are at rest."





ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED MS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE world by wisdom knows not God. By its Philosophy, it can never find out God. From its vain wisdom, and its seeming proud philosophy, God is hid in his own Heaven—his own eternity. “Who by *searching*, can find out God?” *None!* They who endeavored to *find out* God were confounded by the *foolishness of preaching*,—which *alone revealed him*. Let this *truth* blight and wither vain searching after Him who alone is revealed by his Son! Here is *true* wisdom; here is *true* philosophy. The Christian knows God, and excels in his knowledge of His character and perfection. This knowledge is the perfection of intelligence, and the rapture of wisdom. The Christian character therefore, cannot be excelled—its beauty nor its glory—its conception nor its love. It is the *Christian* who breathes an atmosphere which descends softly like a Heaven-presence, or a *vision-cloud*, on the buoyancy of which his spirit unfolds its plumage, white as innocence, and soars away to the land of far distances, to gaze upon the *King in his beauty*, and comprehend even in the sacred precincts of His own presence-chamber the grandeur of His perfections. His works reveal Him to the Christian with great clearness—these he studies, and finds Him here. The sky with its far circumference of splendor—of sun—of moon—of stars,—the earth with *its* far—

VOL. I.—9.

spread beauties, in all their variety, unfold to him continually Heaven-treasures of knowledge, never to be conceived by the natural man.

The natural man discovers beauty in the landscape of the world, as the natural eye discovers glory in the sun—the gaze is bewildered by crowding splendors. He may cast his eye all round the world, and be entranced with the majesty of the scene before him. *Mountains*, whose tops are covered with an everlasting whiteness, pillowing their upper grandeur upon the bosom of clouds ;—green vales, arrayed in the beauty of the lily and the rose, bending with perfume. The stream trickling down the mountain side—now hiding away its slender form in the thick shrubbery, now breaking forth, a murmuring brook, sparkling with joy and singing a “quiet tune”—the melody of its birth. The on-flowing river, with its graceful swell—the shouting cascade with its silvery spray—the thundering cataract with its boiling abyss and rising foam and mist—the sweep of the far round horizon, encircling all the magnificence of earth, now crowning it with sunrise glories, and now, with sunset splendors—all, all, he may behold ;—but as well may he attempt to analyze a beam shaken from the sun in his chariot, in the day-spring as to discover in all these, by his *philosophy*, the thrilling—throbbing pulse of Deity. But when the Christian looks abroad upon the face of nature, his soul kindles into all the rapture of knowledge, and ascending from nature, he rises with accelerated speed to nature’s God.

* * * * *

And so I come, rising from earth to the more blissful and glorious contemplation of Heaven itself—to dwell in the sacred presence of the throne of God. Come bearing with me and around me the unfading triumphs of Christianity ! Come, as came the first spirit, pure from God, bringing with me the elements of a blissful immortality. I dip the laurels of a high conquest, in the fountain opened in the house of

David, for sin and uncleanness, and wave them—thus sprinkling my path to the throne-altar of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings. Here, here is the creation of our world,—hark! a voice of beautiful command thrilling Heaven, and the void beneath with the majesty of harmony—“*Let there be light*,”—and as the “void” heaved the first surge and came forth from out the “formless Infinite” light opened thereon, like the eye of Heaven—the herald of the sun, who on the fourth day of time came forth, to meet the earth—a concentration of splendor, shook his locks in the day-spring, and laughed upon it,—moving, budding, flowing, beneath him. Beyond this there is the Universe,—this also is in our path. Behold it, stretching away through illimitable space—singing rapturously—sphere to sphere, sun to sun, system to system, happy in their sinless glory. Beyond this, there is the *creation of the Universe*—when the dark outline of eternity was unparenthesized by the existence of a single sun, a single world, the twinkling of a single star.

Here, Christian thought, all sanctified and pure, wrapped in the mystic mantle of its high order, breathes its own immortality. Here it abides, while a thrilling rapture, known only to those whose blissful inheritance is *all eternity*, and *life everlasting*; stirs it in the consecrated Pantheon, which Christianity has reared over it, with its spirit hands—a Pantheon of light, of unapproachable splendor.

Here, here is Heaven; and here the soul rests in its flight; but it is not a *lone spirit*. The atmosphere which it breathes is all love, fanned into life by angel wings. All around are congenial ones. Some flaming in emblazoned glory along the Heaven-sky, flashing splendor from the rapid wing; others, with folded plumage, tread with airy lightness along the spirit vales of heavenly bliss; others again, radiant with the inspiration of the harp and song, soar to the retirement of the spirit-mount, and fill all around with spirit-music. Why not linger here? Why not rest here forever? God is here—and here would thought the bright conception of the

spirit—in the might of its splendid omnipotence, pluck from angelic harps the note—the song of Heaven. Hark! I hear as the spirit assents to the spell of the sublime enchantment of the song—coming up on the gale of pinions,—the note which thrills far down the heavenly plain, unbounded by the reign of silence. List! “Holy, holy, holy, art thou, Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come.” List again, nearer and clearer than before—lovelier and loftier than before,—the same thrice holy adoration. And now I approach, and gaze upon Him who is from everlasting. Approach with the rich splendors of Revelation, flashing around the spirit, and kneel and exclaim, “Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever.” See, His throne is sapphire. See, His appearance exceeds in brilliancy the jasper and the sardine stone. Beneath the ample folds of His royal vesture, He hides the grandeur of His perfections; and there is a rainbow around about His throne, in sight, like unto an emerald, bending in sublime magnificence, from eternity to eternity, itself the glowing grandeur of the Empyrean fires.

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

I.

CLING to thy mother; for she was the first
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed;
And, when 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
Her babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

II.

Be gentle to thy mother ; long she bore
 Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth ;
 Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
 Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisping truth.
 Yes, she is old ; yet on thy manly brow
 She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

III.

Uphold thy mother ; close to her warm heart
 She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest ;
 Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
 Exulting in the fledgling from her nest :
 And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay.
 Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

IV.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time
 May be, that she will claim the care she gave ;
 Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
 Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave :
 But for her children, she could lay her head
 Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

V.

Be tender with thy mother ; words unkind,
 Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
 To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
 In love unutterable, more than pang
 Of venomed serpent.* Wound not her strong trust
 As thou would'st hope for peace when she is dust !

VI.

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,
 Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
 The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
 I owe thy love ; but find my sweet employ,
 Ever through thy remaining days, to be
 To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

* 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child !' LEAR.

AN ENCAMPMENT OF ANGELS.

It was a beautiful evening: the great sky, like the good providence of God, was bending over all, lit up with its thousand lamps; when I was walking out, and the thought of the encampment of angels round about them that fear the Lord was suggested to my soul with singular force and beauty.

That is not a mere figure of the inspired poet: there is something of truthfulness in it, that commends it to our study, and it strikes me that if we dwell upon it for a little, we shall find it good.

It would be a very easy text from which to speak of the intercourse of spirits. We are often reminded in the Bible of the care which the ministering spirits of the Most High exercise over those to whom they are sent, and there must be some mode by which they can communicate their messages and thus accomplish the purposes on which they are commissioned. We know that the devil and evil angels, do prompt to evil, and as God has, for wise intents, permitted them for a season to traverse the earth, and hold communion with the heart, so doubtless it is his place to employ his faithful legions to watch and guard the heirs of salvation.

I saw the other day the idea suggested that the infant, while yet it is not to be affected with pleasure from outward communications with us, is often seen to smile, as if its innocent spirit was whispered unto by an angel! I take that to be fancy merely, and as such only do I mention it; but I have not a doubt that the angels of the Lord do watch the children of those that love him, and that their sleep is sweetened by celestial care. And if it is right for us to as-

cribe the evil thoughts with which we are often troubled, to the wicked promptings of an infernal agency, why shall we not the rather ascribe the peaceful, holy, heavenly impulses with which we are sometimes suddenly inspired, to the agency of Him who delights in preserving us from evil, in succoring us when we are tempted, and in leading us by his own good hand through the mazes of this dark and dangerous world, to his own presence and glory?

Surely we are not thoughtful enough of God, and the Providence which he extends over all his works. He works in a mysterious way, and we are so much concerned with the gross and material, the physical and outward, that we do not turn our thoughts inward upon our own souls, and upward to Him with whom we have to do! We do not bear about with us the conscious presence and company of the Infinite, and feel with each step of our progress that He is on our right hand and on our left, that his angels are our attendants, and his ear near our lips to catch the faintest sigh of prayer that we may breathe.

There is no poetry in these thoughts, though they do come home to the feeling heart, as all true poetry does, and find a quick response. And there is a practical lesson to be drawn from them that is very dear to me, and gives me comfort often, and sometimes joy. It is, that if angels are encamped about me when I am in the way of duty, I will not fear what man can do unto me. There are cases occurring almost daily when I am compelled to inquire what will be the effect if I pursue the course that conscience and the Word of God have dictated as the path of duty. If I walk that road, the world will laugh at me, some will point the finger of scorn at me, some will cut my acquaintance altogether. I shall lose caste, and perhaps be degraded for ever in the eyes of those whom I have been accustomed to esteem. What shall I do? To confer with flesh and blood will be of little use, for the world will tell me to do as others do; and my wicked heart invites me to hear the call. I am half persuaded to

obey, and take the present pleasure while it lasts, and leave repentance to come afterwards. Such were the first impulses of my friend, Mary W——, when a young gentleman, to whom she was dear, invited her to go on a party of pleasure on the Sabbath day. Mary was not a Christian, but she had been taught to fear God in her childhood, and she had never been so sorely tempted to forget the teachings of her youth, as when she was besought by one whom she would love to please. It was hard to refuse, and she struggled long with her own spirit before she could chasten her heart to say, No. Even late on Saturday evening she had to say to Henry, that if he would call in the morning on his way to the boat, she would give him an answer, but she was not decided then whether to go or not. In the retirement of her own chamber, with the memory of early instruction, and the sweet suggestions of conscience that the path of duty was the path of safety, she resolved to do right, *and please God*. There was a peaceful joy in the very thought of pleasing God. And as “she lay down in her loveliness” that night, the angels of the Lord encamped about her. Her dreams were peaceful. Her first thoughts on waking were of Him who had watched beside her in the darkness, and she was *then* determined never to doubt again when the offer was made her of pleasure at the expense of right. Henry came at the appointed hour, and he thought that Mary never looked so lovely, *and she never did*, as when she told him that she could not “break the Sabbath day.” He said he was rejoiced to hear it, for he had been troubled in his own heart also, and he would rather go to the house of God, than seek for pleasure in the ways of sin. The result of that day’s attendance in the courts of the Lord was the hopeful conversion of the young lovers, and the angels rejoiced around them when they gave their hearts to each other, and both to Christ.

“THE LOVELY NINE, AND THE LOVELIER NINE.”

THE Greeks and Romans, among other objects, dressed the fine arts in the persons of nine virgins called the *MUSES*.—These were all, according to their mythology, the daughters of Jupiter, by Mnemosyne. They were as follows:

Calliope,	said to preside over	Eloquence.
Clio,	“	History.
Erato,	“	Lyric Poetry.
Euterpe,	“	Music.
Melpomene,	“	Tragedy.
Polyhymnia,	“	Rhetoric.
Terpsichore,	“	Dancing.
Thalia,	“	Comic Poetry.
Urania,	“	Hymns.

These names were held in high estimation by those refined heathens, and the arts over which they presided were called the humanities, as they were supposed to exert a humanizing (refined and moral) effect upon mankind. In referring to them it was common to designate them as “the lovely nine.”

But Christianity boasts of a “lovelier” nine, and every way entitled to the honorable title, “the humanities.” We find them referred to by Paul, in the epistle to the Galatians v. 22, 23. They all preside over the heart of the man who is truly and fully a child of God. Their names are as follows:

Love—Joy—Peace—Long-suffering—Gentleness—Goodness—Faith—Meekness—Temperance.

Concerning these lovely personifications, the apostle has this remark: “Against these there is no law.” Their in-

fluence upon the heart (over which they preside) is to spiritualize even apostate humanity, as to render it a fit temple for the dwelling of the Holy Spirit.

“Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.”

THE FIRST BORN.

BY REV. C. W. DENISON.

GENTLE parents! warmly pressing
Love's first born in love's fond arms,
Ne'er forget 'tis Heaven's own blessing;
'Tis but loaned from heaven's own charms.

She is not yours, but his who gave her—
Whose she is by gift of birth:
Who has sent His Son to save her
From the sins and woes of earth.

Solemn truth! Yet we disguise it,
When a lovely child appears,
Seize the gift, and haste to prize it
As our own, through all its years!

We forget that on all treasure
God, the maker, has a claim,
And can use it at His pleasure,
For the glory of His name.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

WILL, in the month of February, show a profusion of flowers; and, where there is a variety, they have truly a magnificent appearance. From a good selection, endless varieties, by seed, of exquisite beauty, might be obtained by attention to the following rule: The best to select for bearing seed are *Single white*, *Antoniana*, *Grandiflora*, *Waratah*, *Carnation Waratah*, *Rubricaulis*, *Donkelaari*, and, in many instances, the pistil, or pistillum of *Variegata*, *Pompone*, *Pæoniflora*, *Intermedia* and *Hosackia* are perfect, with several others. When any of the above are newly expanded, (*Waratah* is most perfect about one day before full expansion,) take a fine camel-hair pencil, and put it gently on the farina or pollen, from the double sorts, which is a yellow substance on the anthers, and, when ripe, appears in thousands of small particles. Then, with this on the pencil, dust it lightly on the stile of those intended to carry seed. Between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon is the most proper time for the operation; the seed will be ripe in September or October, which will be taken notice of, and directions given.

OF SHIFTING, &c.

The best time to repot *Camellias* is in October or November, or just when they are done flowering, which will be before they begin to grow. There are, though not frequently, some flowers after the young foliage begins to appear, and probably it would be better to discriminate the time by the buds offering to push, which will answer to those that have no flowers as well as those that have. The most general

time in shifting *Camellias* is in August and September, indiscriminately with other plants ; and, if then not very gently handled, bad roots eventually are produced. Frequently very fine plants have been killed by probing, and breaking the young fibrous roots, thus causing mortification.

In the process do not, by any means, break or bruise any of the roots ; and do not give large pots, with the idea of making them grow fast : it acts on most plants diametrically opposite to what is intended. A pot one or two inches wider and deeper than the one they have been in previously, is sufficient. Healthy plants, under five feet, will not require shifting oftener than once in two years ; from five feet upward, in three or four years, according to the health of the plants. This treatment, in the opinion of some, will appear insufficient for their support : it will be found enough with a top-dressing every year to keep them in a healthy flowering condition, the soil being according to our description.

On turning the plant out of the pot, it may easily be observed if the soil has, in any degree, been congenial to it ; for, if so, the roots will be growing all round the ball ; if otherwise, no roots will appear.

Therefore, with a blunt pointed stick, probe away all the bad earth, until you come to the roots ; then put the plant in a pot about one inch in diameter larger than the combined roots, previously putting a few small pieces of broken pots, or clean gravel, to drain off the superabundant moisture, and give light waterings, as the roots in this case will grow but slowly.

Top-dress all that require shifting, probe out the soil down to the roots, and by the side of the pot, taking care not to break the fibres ; then fill up with fresh earth, watering gently with a rose on the watering-pot to settle it.

OF CLEANING, &c.

If any of the plants require cleaning, either by fumigation or otherwise, let it be done before the young foliage appears,

according to the directions heretofore given. Likewise tie neatly all that require it, clean and top-dress those that will not be shifted, having every plant, and all in the greenhouse, in perfect order before the throng of spring commences. The weather will now admit, in very fine mornings, of the plants being syringed, which may be done between seven and eight o'clock; and the path or pavement should be washed out once a week, which is a great improvement to the appearance of the whole interior.

In winter when any glass is broken, it should be immediately mended. Broken glass in cold nights causes a very destructive current of air. It should always be made water tight, for if the drops fall into the pots upon the roots, they will frequently prove fatal to the plants; therefore care ought to be taken during rain to remove those that stand in any manner exposed.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE DEPARTED.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

DRAW near the new made grave, and hear,
The sobs of grief, subdued by grace :
Mark, the involuntary tear,
Which trickles down each mourners face :
'Tis nature's tribute, and this mournful mood,
Is even felt, by those, the truly good.—

When Time, has sooth'd the heart of grief,
That grave still there, those mourners too;
Mark, tho' the space has been but brief,
Love chasten'd still its grief doth show:
That marble tomb, doth form the resting place,
Of one, whose mem'ry Time can ne'er efface.—

The green grass grows, upon that grave,
The sunlight also, lays around;
But, all unseen the grass may wave,
And lovely sunbeams may abound;
Dark is the tomb, of those the early dead.
And all unmark'd the beauties round it spread.—

Deep, in the heart's most sacred shrine,
The secret place where love resides;
Doth mem'ry cherish, Time refine,
The *image*, which still there abides:
No urn, no monumental stone as well,
The deep, undying strength of love, can tell.—

The sob of grief, the cry of woe,
Gives to the burden'd heart relief;
The tear, which nature bids to glow,
Forms the rich luxury of grief:
Thus, deathless mem'ry, feels the worth of those,
Whose much loved forms, the grave doth now enclose.—

WHEN feelings of wonder at the magnitude of the universe and the harmony perceptible in all its parts, fill the mind at such a moment, let us remember that He who made all these glorious objects and still keeps them in their courses, nevertheless came down from Heaven, took upon Him the form of a servant, and ended a life of sorrow by a death of pain, that he might reconcile a fallen world to an offended God.

LITERATURE AUXILIARY TO CHRISTIANITY.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

BY REV ANDREW A. LIPSCOMB.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE intellectual age of Christianity may be regarded as prospective and heavenly, rather than present and earthly, but yet it acts powerfully on the human mind. It chiefly improves the moral sentiments and affections, but how can it affect them and leave the understanding unblest and unvisited? Its influence on modern civilization displays its operation on intellect. A system like Christianity could not lead men into communion with all forms of beauty and sublimity, without imparting a quickening agency to his whole mental constitution.

If Christianity thus provide for the expansion of the human mind, we cannot but conclude that it will also provide for the due exercise of all its powers. We find, accordingly, that it has furnished the materials for a pure, extensive, and elevating literature. All the elements of thought, fancy, and feeling are therein contained. Whatever is profound in reason, and splendid in imagination—whatever is venerable in the past, and hopeful in the future—whatever relates to man as an individual, or to the world as a world—whatever is awful in eternity, and august in the Deity, is so condensed in its disclosures, as to become the property of intellect. Apart from the explicit declarations of scripture, there is a large class of subjects dimly revealed. Instructive and valuable hints are given on points of interest and importance.

The remote applications of Christian thought are intimated with sufficient clearness to induce profitable study. If Christianity were merely mundane, its range of connections might be readily followed; but perfecting, as it does, the moral science of the universe, and blended, as it is, with the intellectual and social character of all worlds, it opens, in this particular, an attractive and abundant field for earnest mental effort. The sun reveals to us the firmament of heaven, as well as the landscapes of earth. Christianity introduces us to the secrets of eternity. It gives us fellowship with the elder spirits of the far throne. It welcomes us into the most sacred presence, and bids us be serene amid the highest and holiest scenes of the upper sanctuary. Every thing in scripture is for man. It is all his secure inheritance. It is all for his intellectual and emotional enjoyment. The charge of speculation cannot be justly brought against the mind that pursues, humbly and trustfully, these more indistinct announcements. To work out the hints of revelation is not to be guilty of intruding into the hidden counsels of Jehovah. Inspiration is still the guide. The difference between sound and unsound speculation may be easily detected. The military fever of Peter the Hermit—the enthusiastic theories of the Fifth Monarchy men—the extravagancies of Joanna Southcote—can readily be assigned to their rightful place in the history of imaginative sentiments. The deep investigations of Isaac Taylor, Esq., in his “Physical Theory of Another Life,” indicate the progress of a well balanced and well directed genius in the pursuit of abstract truth. Let the immortal work of Milton be viewed in this connection. How many dim intimations of revelation are here invested with force and clearness? How the remote associations of redemption deepen and thicken in the progress of the volume? How does reason aid imagination and imagination aid reason? How do fact and fiction co-operate to lend vitality and attractiveness to far-spreading and fast-changing scenes? The mysteries of nature and the resources of philosophy open

before your vision. The metaphysics of theology are expressed with the energy of poetry. The universe suddenly glows above and around you, full of chosen symbols—the image of God—the image of truth. A theme that poets and prophets had left almost untouched—a theme over which Heaven had spread but feeble light—a theme that had its sympathies wherever vice revelled in its dear-bought freedom, or virtue rejoiced in its divine allegiance, wherever law asserted its insulted majesty, or grace presented its atoning sacrifice ; such a theme Milton chose, and such a theme he sustained. Like the celebrated Klopstock, of Germany, he stands at the head of those who revived and improved English literature. The genius of Dante blended the power of fancy with the truths of religion, and the genius of Fenelon gave the first impulse to the French revolution by his beautiful and forcible *Telemachus*,—but the genius of Milton extended its circuit through the universe, and almost surpassed human sympathy ; achieving the most signal success of poetic mind in the most difficult of all subjects.

Nothing, then, can be more evident, than that Christianity contemplates the formation of a literature for itself. Its capability of different presentations shows it. Its restricted exhibitions in the Bible demonstrate it. Why this paucity of language—why these partial disclosures—why these opening paths—so obvious in the sacred volume ? The treasures of divine knowledge are contained in it, but we have to bring them forth. Inspiration is the standard of Christianity, but is this its only aspect ? It is also the germ of a vast literature. It cannot re-produce itself, but it can draw all the alliances of intellectual greatness and goodness around its sublimities. If the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations, shall we not take the seed of its fruit, and plant them ?

The incorporation of Christian sentiments with all our moral principles, is plainly the aim of revealed religion. Such is also its design in all intellectual exercises. It de-

mands the mental as well as the moral world. It can no more dispense with the one than with the other. If this be the fact, then what inference follows? It must have intellectual influences. It must have a literature of human formation for human regeneration. The final triumph of its sovereignty is therefore suspended on this instrumentality. To gain the world, it must gain its mind—its literature. The truth of inspiration is to sanctify corrupt human society. Is it to be done by the sacred volume alone? We think not. Its principles and facts are to be selected and used in other connections. It is the fountain, but we are to receive the water in earthly vessels and circulate it through the whole land. The early fathers of the church so understood it, and hence one of the first things accomplished after the apostolic age, was the preparation of a Christian literature. There is an absolute necessity imposed on us for the execution of this work. We take poetry for an illustration. The sentiments and fervors of devotion require religious song. Judaism developed the noblest poetry, in its history. If heaven be the birth-place of melody, our earth is to be conformed to it, partly through this sweet and soothing instrumentality. We must, consequently, have religious poetry. The success of truth is identified with it. If Wesley had not given his people such spiritual poetry, his usefulness would have been inconsiderable. Here, then, one branch of religious literature becomes imperatively requisite.

Independently of literature, where can we look for assistance to Christianity? The arm of secular authority cannot render it. The foundation of human government is in our social relations, but as Christianity is identified with another and higher relation, it is false in logic and wrong in morals, to divert worldly power from its legitimate ends, and use it for sacred purposes. The institution of government is a part of God's providential plan for the regulation of the outward interests of society, but no part of his plan for the religious control of its members; and hence, he cannot approve its

employment for this object. Our only aid is in a refined and spiritual literature. We know of no other incidental assistance. We care for none else. The human mind, with the benediction of God, is great enough for great purposes. If the otherwise dark moon can reflect the light of the sun, why may not the benighted intellect of man radiate the lustre of Christianity?

The relation of literary mind to Christianity is also apparent from the absence of personal inspiration. As long as inspiration continued, unlearned men could extend the gospel, and bear it triumphantly over all obstacles. The shouts of the mob for Diana, the scorn of the cultivated Athenian, the insolence of the bigoted Jew, the military pride of the Roman, the barbarity of the Scythian, what was it all to men over whose brows had quivered the symbolic fire, and whose tongues God had touched! The strength of Omnipotence awaited their invocation. The lightning would have darted from the far or near cloud at their call. Above all else, they knew the truth of God, and had the ability to present it in its essential and incomparable perfection. The position of mind is now different. It has to rely on its own faculties, under the divine blessing. If, then, the wonders of the material universe are no more displayed, let the wonders of intellectual power take their place, so far as practicable. If the grandeur of creation is not to be renewed, let a mental and moral creation, effulgent with light and serene in loveliness, rise before us. If the loaves and fishes are not to grow under a divine hand, let the food of immortal spirits be provided. Wherever genius rejoices in its consciousness of majesty, wherever talent is complacent in its humbler strength, wherever tact is restless for action, wherever common sense cherishes its clear thoughts and earnest will, let it be brought forth to the altar: there is sacred influence here to endow one and all anew, and to send it out to purify the world.

The prevalence of a heathenish spirit in much of our clas-

sical literature, impresses on us the importance of a Christian literature. If Plato and Homer, Cicero and Virgil, are to be our standards, public and private sentiment will be more or less formed by them. Where classical works are even moral, the entire absence of Christian truth must tend to increase the depravity of the heart, and alienate it yet farther from the blessed Redeemer. Learned men have frequently been the most uncompromising opponents of Christianity. A great reason has been the want of intellectual associations with it. The lower classes of society have usually been the most religious, and hence the educated and refined have unwisely concluded, that Christianity had no charms for them. If there had ever been a proper literature connected with it, can we suppose that this would have been so much the case? The talents of Hannah More originated and formed a literature for the humbler portions of English society, and it exerted a mighty influence. It arrested the spread of French infidelity among them. It leavened almost the whole mass with biblical sentiments. Had such a literature been created for the more intelligent and learned, we must believe that Christianity would now have come into the possession of its promised inheritance.

The rapid increase of pernicious books in the general literature of the world, places the necessity for a pure literature in a strong and affecting light. One-sixth part of all the volumes published in our own country, are novels and tales. The most abominable immorality is found in numbers of them. Our own press annually issues 12,000,000 of books, 3,000,000 of periodicals, and 300,000,000 of newspaper sheets, while the American Tract Society has circulated only 2,000,000 of books, and 60,000,000 of tracts, during its eighteen years' existence. One fact is obvious; the current literature of the day is moulding the character of our country and of the world. We must oppose literature to literature. If we let the wicked world have the press, can we rely upon the pulpit for the salvation of mankind? Wherever infidelity

and vice have employed the press, and Christianity has been made to depend on the pulpit alone, the former have triumphed. It was so in France at the era of the great revolution. It was so in England, after the restoration of Charles.

The great religious movements of the world have generally been connected with literary causes. The revival of Judaism after the captivity was intimately associated with the formation of the later Jewish literature. The principles of the reformation were extended by this means. Germany issued, in 1517, only thirty-seven publications, while in 1523, she sent forth four hundred and ninety-eight. If Wickliff had not written, he would not have aroused the zeal of Huss, and if Huss had not written, Martin Luther might never have been known as the great reformer. The progress of Puritanism was effected mainly by the eloquence and force of its authors. If we now have a general revival of Christianity, we must fix our hopes, to a considerable extent, on the power of a holy literature. The dispensation of the press, if the language be allowable, has commenced. The power of the ministry, (our heart pains us as we write it,) has been diminishing gradually for years past, and that too amid unyielding devotion, on its part, to the holy office. There was a time when spiritual influence was almost confined to the pulpit. It was somewhat so in the days of Edwards and Whitfield. All the lessons of religion were then learned from the lips of the sacred orator. It is not so now. There was a time when the parliamentary orators of England exerted a prodigious influence, but the wonderful increase of political presses has curtailed this form of intellectual agency. The extensive use of printing must affect the success of public speaking. It will enlist the sympathies of the popular mind, and educate them. If there be any weight in these facts, the hand of Providence points us to a religious literature as one of our main dependencies. To resign it is to prove traitorous to God. Society changes, and our modes

of operation must change to meet it. Various means have been put in our hands for this very reason; and if we are not blindly bent upon our own way, we shall carefully and conscientiously employ them. If the cloud pour not out its rain, shall the flowers refuse the nightly dews.

Are instances needed to demonstrate the utility of a religious literature? Let a solitary example be considered.

If the seventeenth century gave birth to John Milton, it also gave birth to John Bunyan. The world expected nothing of him. The country that dishonored him knew him not. The seal of genius was not upon his brow, where all could read it, but yet it was stamped upon his intellect, and, in due time, he challenged the admiration of mankind. Without a model to guide him—without education to aid him—without friends to cheer him, he produced the immortal “Pilgrim’s Progress.” The hearts of all men yielded him their warmest sympathies, for a noble heart had spoken to them. Conformed to the spirit and style of revelation more nearly, in all probability, than any other human production, full of fine thought and fine imagery, that single volume has realized a popularity and diffused an influence, honorable, in the highest degree, to Christianity. The sweet fragrance of the second Eden is over its pages. If the angel of the Acts of the Apostles did not open the prison-doors to him, the Angel of the Covenant laid his hand upon the sleeping brow, and images of loveliness and grandeur gathered around it. The humble dreamer awoke, and glory encircled him!

BELSHAZZER.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BELSHAZZER is King, Belshazzer is Lord,
And a thousand dark nobles, all bend at his board,
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood,
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood.
Gay dancers are there, and a riot of mirth
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth,
And the crowd all shout, till the vast roofs ring,
All praise to Belshazzer, Belshazzer the King !

“Bring forth” cries the monarch “the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down, from the Temple of old,
Bring forth, and we’ll drink, while the trumpet is blown,
To Gods of bright silver, of gold and of stone ;
Bring forth.” And before him, the vessels all shine
And he bows unto Baal, and drinks the dark wine
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,
Praise, praise to Belshazzer, Belshazzer the King !

Now what cometh, look, look ! without menace, or call,
Who writes with the lightning’s bright hand on the wall ?
What pierceth the King like the point of a dart,
What drives the bold blood, from his cheek to his heart ?
“Chaldeans ! Magicians ! the letters expound.”
They are read and Belshazzer is dead on the ground,
Hark ! the Persians come on a conquerer’s wing,
And a Mede’s on the throne of Belshazzer the King.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR'S STUDY.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET."—BIBLE.

THE duty inculcated in the sentiment of the Saviour, is obligatory upon all Christians; but especially, they that are favored with a "closet," or a "study" should feel the force of the saying: and act thereon. Some may object, that they have *no* place of retirement for religious purposes; but surely piety will seek and find its own rights. The study, if it be a small "eight by ten" room, is the place of Prayer. 'Tis there the soul seeks its supplies—pours out its sorrows—finds the fulness of holy joy.

The study is the chief source of information; the Holy Bible is there, chief among the books, though those should be ever so select. He who in the study regards it aright, will feel with the poet how awful is the Bible!

"Within this sacred volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries—
Better, that Man had ne'er been born,
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.—"

The Study is the field of thought. Thought! far-reaching wonderful power! What art thou? At a glance of the eye of thought, though here upon earth, day, sun, sky, with all things revealed by the splendid light of the World, are embraced at once—Scenes of the past, rush by the mind—sad or glad; come they will, entering into the very secret chamber

of the soul ; the heart may make the effort to repel the thoughts that rise, but often, like unbidden visitants, they will return. Night, too, is the season of profitable thought. Night is the parent of happy, pure, and high thought. To gaze out and perceive the azure canopy, which curtains the earth—see the gorgeous drapery thrown over creation, all studded with the most brilliant star-gems ! Whilst the moon adds to the splendor of the scene, casting her chaste radiance from sky to earth, just revealing the glorious loveliness of a cloudless night.

The serenity which prevails throughout nature, reaches the mind. Passion's voice is hushed as that of the infant, hearing the low lullaby of a mother, soothing to slumber her heart's treasure upon her bosom. Innocence looks upward, exulting in the consciousness of her existence—her security beneath the unslumbering eye of God.

Piety looks towards the heavens, and prays or praises the Creator of those spheres, which seem suspended in air, by invisible machinery. Contemplation gazes, wrapt in wonder, awe, and adoration, amidst the glorious scenery of Night. Crime now looks aghast, and secretly curses the holy light, undimmed by cloud or unsullied by the breath of storm ; crime covets concealment—covers itself from the chaste eye of the moon—shuns the silvery light of the stars ; crime delights in darkness, hates the quietness of Night and nature—rushes into the dens of drunkenness and debauchery to drown the voice of conscience—of thought. Misery here, seeks consolation ; to the grief-stricken there is a mitigation of wretchedness, in looking out upon the calm, peaceful, and beautiful elements, which slumber around. Misery may feel the storm of sorrow stirring in her breast ; but here is a Master-spirit that speaks and stills the tempest !—Here, is God ; seen in the most beauteous of His works ; the Divine Beneficence addresses itself to the senses, to the soul of the miserable ; misery feels His presence, and confesses His power. Penitence here finds a most propitious season ; the over-burthened

soul confesses its sins, unfolds the story of its sorrows and sufferings, while the ear of God is open, the hand of God is open, the soul of Penitence is pardoned, refreshed, and strengthened, to "go and sin no more."

The Study is the place of labor—of literary labor especially. Here in hours safely taken from the more necessary, and bread and butter business of life, here the Christian, or the Author pens his thoughts.

The pen is a powerful weapon; "it is more mighty than the sword." In time past the Empire of the world, has been divided between the sword and the pen; but the sword shall rust in its scabbard—the pen shall assume and retain undivided, undisputed supremacy. Bacon has said, "knowledge is power." And by the pen is knowledge diffused abroad through the medium of the Press!—That wonderful evidence of man's ingenuity—that astonishing vehicle of man's prolific genius! What a connexion is here; the Author, in the privacy and quiet of his study, wielding the pen; the Printer, in his office, managing the Press; the wide world with its millions of minds, moved by these mighty instruments.—Man should live to do good—all the good he can; the duration of health, the presence of opportunity, the blessing of capacity, all should urge to this. Time has taken each one by the hand, is leading towards the grave, death, Eternity. His pace is so rapid, his footsteps so stealthy, he is at the end ere we are aware; in the midst of life, we are in death. An Author should write in view of Eternity. Not actuated by the desire of an immortality of fame upon earth; but in view of the moral effects of his works upon other minds. Books are mighty moral engines. An Author is a being of fearful power. His energies are constantly exerted for good or evil. His reward or punishment, can only be fully realized in a future state. But passages of more importance than the composition of a sermon, the writing of a sketch for a Magazine, the making of a Book even; for the last, is not often the making of a fortune; more important matters are attended

here, the study is in general the place of family worship. Here, the family circle is formed in its strength, its beauty, its purity.

“Now round the household altar, blessed shrine,
Each form is bow’d all hearts doth pray and praise,
The simple service in which all may join,
Heaven accepts, while angels stoop to gaze.”

How can a mortal man, a feeble woman, liable to be “crushed before the moth” attempt to walk through the wilderness of the world without God for a guide. How can they go forward to meet the difficulties, discharge the duties or encounter the dangers of life, without religion—how can they *dare* to pass the dark vale of death without God!—The family altar is the place where the All-good loves to reveal His glorious grace, to impart His choicest blessings, suited to the many necessities of a family.—

“The rain of grace pour’d forth in season due,
Souls visited and water’d from on high;
Each heart becomes a garden fair to view,
With fruits and flowers fill’d which cannot die.”

Religion deepens, strengthens the affection for home. The children even, rarely lose the impressions made upon the heart by those sacred associations—the study, the hour of worship, the prayers of a parent. Example will impart power to precept, and without rendering the subject of religion distasteful to the younger portion of the family, by continually harping it, until it becomes as an old song; the blessed theme, thus quietly, sweetly, and constantly set before the eye, and addressed to the heart, will come with so great a force at length, as to reach the heart; many a hard, proud, unbelieving heart has been reached, broken, melted, moulded into the divine and holy image of the Saviour, in the private worship of the study, which had resisted successively the open and powerful, the bold and uncompromising attacks of the pulpit.

E. E.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

YOUNG mother, but yesterday
Joy on thee smiled,
As tenderly, smilingly
Clasping thy child ;
Where hence hath that joyousness
Fled from thy brow,
And why in lone anguishment
Weepest thou now ?

“Ah ! stranger, why askest me
Thus to reveal,
What but a mother's heart
Only can feel ?
Words, could they tell it thee,
Fathom not grief,
Unveiling but sorrow, they
Bring not relief.

There pale on that lowly couch
Sleepeth that form,
Lately so beautiful,
Lately so warm ;
Go, stranger, there read in that
Cold, sunken eye,
Wherefore in bitterness
Heaveth the sigh.

Full oft is affection yet
Calling it death,
Where lately that cherished one
Yielded its breath ;

Now e'er as I gaze on it
Silent and lone,
Vacancy whispereth,
Anna is gone !"

Fond mother, O ! linger not,
Oft and again
Gazing in tenderness
Where she hath lain ;
Lo ! death hath but cradled her
Sweetly at rest,
There where the weary ones
Ever are blest.

No longer then sorrowing
Weep o'er the loved,
For God, who hath given her,
God hath removed ;
There leave now thine only one
With him who gave,
There naught shall encumber her
Low in the grave.

He gave, and hath taken her,
Soon as His own,
And lo ! now thy little one
Filleth a throne,
And chants 'mid the glorified,
Cherubic strains,
Awaiting to welcome thee
Where Jesus reigns.

Ere long in that blissful home
Where she hath gone,
Ye two shall imparadised
Meet and re-own ;
She brightly a diadem
Gemmeth thee now,
And soon shall its radiance
Circle thy brow.

“ They that go down to the sea, in ships, and do business on the great waters,—these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.”

BY REV. WALTER COLTON—U. S. NAVY.

THE most fearful, and impressive exhibitions of power, known to our globe, belong to the Ocean.

The Volcano, with its ascending cloud of flame, and falling torrents of liquid fire ; and the Earthquake whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitation. But the Ocean when roused in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with storm and thunder.

Navies of oak and iron, are tossed in mockery from its crest, and whole armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains ; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted : and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves which it has called up, still roll its terrors onward.

The avalanche shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor ; but if it plunge into the embrace of Ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages, in tumult and terror—the drifting monument of the Ocean’s dead.

The mountain lake, and the meadow stream, are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler ; but the Ocean is the home of the Leviathan, his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the retiring tide has left upon the shore as scarcely worthy of its care—and the watery gem, which the pearl diver reaches at the risk of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave o’er its pavements, and the halls of amber, which glow in its

depths, are beyond his approach, save when he goes down amid their silent magnificence, to seek his burial monument!

The island—the continent—the capitols of kings—are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake. But the Ocean still remains, and still rolls on, in the greatness of its unabated strength: and over the majesty of its form, and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power.

Even the vast clouds of vapor, which rise up from its bosom, roll away, to encircle the globe: and on distant mountains and plains pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again, in streams and torrents, and return with exulting bounds to their parent Ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land, the exhaustless resources of the sea. But it is reserved for “those who go down to the sea in ships, to see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.”

Man, also, has made the Ocean, the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element, is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first, this floating fabric, was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail, at length arose, and spread its wings to the wind. Still when the lofty promontory, had sunk from sight, and the orbs above him, were lost in clouds, he had no power to direct his course. But the secret of the magnet, is at length revealed to him, and now, his needle settles to the polar star, with a fixedness which love has stolen as the emblem of its constancy. Now, however, he can dispense with sail, and oar, and flowing wave. He constructs his engine, of flame and vapor, and o’er the vast solitude of the sea, as o’er the solid earth, goes thundering on his track

On the Ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium, was suspended the empire of the world. In the gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia, found a grave, and the crescent, set forever, in the waters of Navarino. While at Trafalgar, and the Nile, nations held their breath,

as each gun, from its adamantine lips, spread a death-shade around the ships, like the hurricane eclipse of the sun.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE MINSTREL AND THE SLEEPER.

BY EDWARD.

WE were sitting in the parlour, it was darkened it was still,
For every foot moved quietly that passed above the sill,
And every sentence uttered there, was half suppressed and low,
'Twas the same apartment where we met a few brief months ago,
Where we shared the social festival, or joined the bridal throng,
And the moments sped in happiness, in merriment and song.
But we gathered now in thoughtfulness and silence every one,
For the household had been visited by Him who spareth none,
And the hand that held the pencil, or touched the yielding key,
The eye that in the genial band, proclaimed a spirit free,
The life invested frame that loved so well the wave and wood,
And the mind with beauty haunted were all alike subdued.
In a room above he* rested, in his cold unbreathing sleep,
And the floods of thought within our souls were rolling far and deep,
When a clear and unexpected sound around us gently rang,
As though a choir invisible its faintest anthem sang,
And we all observed from whence arose a requiem so clear,
It was crystal touching crystal, in the trembling chandalier,
And though we could not see the hand that gave each cunning stroke,
To the harp that newly played upon so tenderly awoke,
Yet it sounded like rejoicing for the spirit of the dead,
And all our painful musings in that happy moment fled.
We consigned him to the keeping of the cold and narrow grave,
And a new made Widow sorrowed as she heard the tempest rave;
There was darkness in the heavens, there was snow on sod and bough,
And I could but say, as I turned away, "The storms will spare him now."

* William R. Spackman.



Hilman & Sons

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

PASTOR OF THE 1ST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
PHILADELPHIA



Passion Flower

THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, IN THE CITY OF
PHILADELPHIA.

REV. MR. BARNES, was born at Rome, in the State of New York, December 1, 1798. He graduated at Hamilton College, in 1820, having entered the previous year the Senior Class of that institution.

He connected himself with the church in Rome, November, 1820, and the same month entered the Theological Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey, where he remained, until the summer of 1824, having passed through the regular course in that Seminary, and having remained there nearly a year as a resident licentiate. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, April 23, 1821, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and ordained and installed as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Morristown, in New Jersey, February 8, 1825, by the Presbytery of Elizabethtown. He remained there until he removed to Philadelphia, where he was installed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, June 25, 1830.

As a preacher of the Gospel, the reputation of Mr. Barnes is second to none in the United States. His popularity is not of that ephemeral kind which gathers the floating and excitable mass of a great city for a few Sabbaths, and then withers. He has now occupied a pulpit in this city for sixteen years. Around him have been stationed some of the most gifted clergymen which the whole land can furnish.

He has been subjected to the keenest scrutiny, by many who regarded his Theological opinions with distrust and fear. In his own congregation, he has been required to interest and instruct men of the highest range of intellect and cultivation in the learned professions—and to hold under the sober and humbling influence of truth, multitudes whom wealth and refinement have placed in the highest circles of fashionable life. Under such a pressure of responsibility, and subjected to a test before which any other than the best intellect must have faltered, he has not only sustained himself, but constantly risen in the estimation of his people and the public.

To furnish a graphic picture of Mr. Barnes as a pulpit orator, is no easy task. It is less difficult to sketch the cataract, with its jutting rocks, its rushing floods and its fleecy vapour, than to portray the tranquil stream, which absorbs the pure rivulets of a hundred hills, and bears them in a deep, wide and fertilizing river, between banks of living green to the bosom of the sea.

Strangers attracted by the high reputation of Mr. Barnes are generally at first, disappointed. They have gained their impressions of pulpit eloquence, from men of an entirely opposite cast of mind and manner. Mr. Barnes aims to exhibit no studied and graceful attitudes in the sacred desk—he displays no waving hand of lily whiteness—he calls up no expression of the eye and countenance for mere effect—he practices no melodious undulations of the voice, to serve as a kind of interlude to his arguments—he excites no admiration by any rhetorical starts and abrupt exclamations—he never affects pathos, nor describes corruscating gyrations in the regions of fancy, that he may please by exciting the passions, and display the buoyant pinions of his own imagination.

If any of all these are deemed essential to pulpit eloquence, Mr. Barnes is sadly deficient. No speaker was ever more destitute of what may be termed the *tricks* of oratory. He

enters the sanctuary with an humble and subdued air, and ascends the pulpit with an apparent unconsciousness that he is in the presence of a congregation. While waiting the hour of service, he sits with his head leaned upon his hand,—his eyes either depressed or closed,—and the whole expression of his countenance marking one disposed to take a low place before God and man.

In the reading of the Bible, in prayer and in preaching, all his efforts are marked by a careful propriety of language, a dignified simplicity, and a controlled and solemn earnestness. His voice, which is naturally sweet toned, clear and full, so constantly rests on the semi-tone, that it may be regarded as rather monotonous. His gestures are well-timed and forcible, but very few. In preaching, his eyes rest on his manuscript, except at infrequent intervals when they take a searching glance of the audience.

In this description of the manner of Mr. Barnes, the reader sees nothing adapted to strike and overawe—nothing to attract and hold admiring crowds,—nothing to account for the vast influence exerted by the speaker, upon the high and the low, the rich and the poor, of this great city. Thus far, our description has been negative. We have rather shown what the speaker is not, than what he is.

We are now prepared to show “where his great strength lies.” In our apprehension, the great popularity and influence of Mr. Barnes as a preacher, is accounted for—1st, by his personal character as a man, a christian, a scholar and a theologian ; 2nd, by the richness and variety of his mental resources, which enable him to impart freshness and consequent interest to old truths,—and 3d, by the humility, meekness, sincerity and earnestness of his manner, which invests him with the sacredness and authority of an ambassador of God. We have not space fully to illustrate these positions. Those who habitually attend upon the ministry of Mr. Barnes, regard him as a man of strict integrity and elevated christian principles,—as one who has borne oppo-

sition with a forgiving and tranquil spirit,—as one whose opinions are carefully sifted before they are expressed, who has studied the Bible with a zeal only inspired by a conviction of its truth, and who has furnished learned and useful commentaries on the sacred volume, which are destined to survive long after the voice of the preacher shall be hushed in death. With this estimate of the speaker, they are prepared to listen with attention, with respect and with confidence. And they are seldom, if ever, disappointed. The same elaborate research, the same clear apprehension and statement,—the same purity, elevation and strength of language,—the same felicity of illustration which have commended the Theological works of Mr. Barnes to public favor, characterise his ministrations. He holds at the service of his people, a fine intellect, disciplined to endure intense and protracted thought, and constantly employed in apprehending and arranging truth to be spread before them. Their sanctuary is thus illumined, not by gleams of a fitful comet, which all might admire but none could trust,—but by the steady beams of an orb, that reflects the daily light of him “who holds the stars in his right hand.” To change the figure, the ministry of Mr. Barnes may be compared to an edifice, where every thing is characterised by symmetry and strength. We estimate its useful purposes—we admire its simple elegance, and confide in its obvious strength, while yet there is no part so pre-eminent over the rest as to command an exclusive attention. For himself, he seems to ask nothing. Chiefly solicitous to magnify his Master, and give force to important truths, he developes just that simplicity and sincerity of manner which ought to characterise one, who is

“Much impress'd

Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flocks he feeds
May feel it too.”

May he long live, not only as a blessing to his own people, but as an example to the younger clergy, that pulpit eloquence is best attainable by a consistent christian character, diligent study, and a simple and a hearty purpose to make the Gospel effectual in the moral renovation of their hearers."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE INEXORABLE STREAM.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

THERE sported a child by a streamlet's side
At noon on a summer's day,
And oft as he turned to the rippled tide,
He asked that its waters stay.

He plucked of the flowers that around him grew,
And plaited a garland fair,
And far on the gurgling waves he threw,
The wreath he had twined him there.

Exultant he stood in his infant glee,
And looked that the ripples cease,
But onward they danced to their parent sea.
Nor aught for his boon decrease.

Reclining anew on the flowery glade,
He gazed at his wreath and wept,
While far on the crested foam it played,
And onward and onward leapt.

The sun was yet high, and in golden form
The clouds, as they loomed remote,
Portended the might of the coming storm,
By its harbinger's muffled note.

Still louder it pealed and the lightning's gleam,
 Shot chained from the blackened cloud,
 Yet lingered that boy by the flowing stream,
 And wept for its stay aloud.

The tempest uprisen now hurtling swept,
 O'er meadow, and hill and grove,
 And madly the stream where the sporter slept,
 Immingled and onward drove.

His sporting was o'er, and with swimming eye
 A moment he gaz'd again,
 And thus to the waters that hurried by
 He uttered his plaintive strain.

Will ye go—will ye go
 And regard me not,
 Though the noon-tide glow,
 - And the sun be hot

Is it nought—is it nought,
 That I throw beneath,
 What I fondly wrought,
 My own woven wreath ?

Will ye on—will ye on,
 Will ye never stay,
 Though the sun be gone,
 And the lightnings play ?

Will ye stay—will ye stay,
 If I plunge me there,
 And demand away,
 But the wreath ye bear ?

Though the thunders are heard,
 In their threatening call—
 Will ye brave their word,
 And despise them all ?

I will go—I will go,
 And from off your wave,
 Till ye cease to flow,
 Take the boon I gave !

He spake, and extending his little hand,
 He plunged 'neath the foamy wave,
 And struggling awhile for the flowery land,
 He sank in a billowy grave.

That stream flowed on, and in angry tone,
 Bore giver and wreath away ;
 Nor infantine tears, nor a mother's moan,
 Could bid it in aught delay.

Bordentown, N. J. April, 1846.

PASSION FLOWER.

Passiflora, "Passion-Flower, so named on account of its being supposed to represent in the appendages of its flower the Passion of the Saviour" There are about fifty species, all climbing plants, that belong to the hot-house. Many are of no ordinary beauty ; a few species are odoriferous ; others bear edible fruits, though not rich in flavour. *P. alata* is in our collections, and greatly admired ; the flowers are red, blue, and white, beautifully contrasted, and flower profusely in pots. *P. racemosa*, red flower. *P. cæruleo-racemosa*, purple. *P. quadrangularis* has beautiful red and white flowers. The plant is in several collections, but has seldom flowered ; it requires to be planted in the ground to make it flower freely, and it also will produce fruit. *P. picturata* is a scarce and beautiful, various coloured species. *P. kermesina*, bright rosy crimson, and, beyond all question, the most profuse flowering species now in cultivation, and will do well in a good green-house. *P. Loudonii*, bright crimson ; *P. edulis* is cultivated for its fruit. There are many other fine species, but these are the most esteemed sorts ; and, when well established, will flower profusely from May to August. They are desirable in every collection, and will take only a small space to hold them, by training the vines up the rafters of the hot-house.

Opinion, and the desire of lasting fame, spurs on the ingenuous mind, and makes the greatest difficulties delightful.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

CHAP. II.

THE AUTHOR'S STUDY.

THE Poetry of the Author's study forms next to the piety thereof, its chief charm. For the days of literary degradation, when the terms author and attic, poet and poverty, were almost synonymous have passed away, never to return during the age of printing. This seems to be the age of literature, the period of poets and periodicals, Magazines and Reviews, dailies and weeklies abound, so as to furnish a field for the literary laborer; he can sit in his study, and think, how can an Author fail to flourish, or, a Poet be caught in the iron grip of Poverty? There are peculiarities, about almost every man, who has devoted, even his leisure hours to the pursuits of literature. This, is some times discerned, in that which the learned "Doctor Syntax would term, the Picturesque" of his very department, or study. Such an one, is now in my own mind's eye. Upon the only table, books, pamphlets, and pictures, are scattered in most admirable disorder; the floor, or carpet, the chairs, are garnished, in like manner, forming a real melange! The chair,—par excellence,—the Author's peculiar chair, his desk, his *corner*, is a large lumbering, cumbersome affair; but there he would sit, hour after hour, cogitating and committing to paper, his thronging thoughts.—A most diminutive stove glowing with kindled coal, sent its warmth throughout the room; and, the wintery storm howled unheeded; save to produce a prayer from the Author's heart, in behalf of the suffering poor.—Cold water, winter, or summer, constituted his only beverage; experience teaches, that it quenches the thirst, invigorates the mind; and almost defies disease, and is far preferable, to

that drink, which the venerable, and veritable apostle of Temperance, Hunt, denominates "Rat-Soup" or, the produce of "the worm of the still," or, those vile vintness brewings, compounded of most villanous drugs; enough to "Poison" all the sick to whom wine, is duly administered! But, there was another, peculiarity in my friends study. Flowers; and a beautiful bird, which sang, ah! how sweetly; and a favorite dog. These things, may be regarded as trifles, but, do they not display traits of character; exhibit the idiosyncrasy of the Author's mind, his heart? Yea, verily, for no man, can really love the animate or inanimate works of the Creator, and fail to feel gratitude, or love, for that great Being himself. Byron, loved his horse. Cowper, the amiable Author of "The Task," loved his "Hares," and, the magician of Scotland, the high minded Sir Walter Scott, always wrote, with two or three of his favorite dogs, within the study. The amiable character of the last two personages will not be doubted, whatever may be said of their religion.

Here, as from the "Loop holes of a Castle," the Author, can gaze out, upon the busy world; derive lessons of wisdom from that which he sees, or, hears; whilst he, is unaffected, by the "stir of the great Babel." And, when the sober twilight hour, renders all things without dim, and indistinct, he can listen to the vesper song, of his pet bird, ere it folds the wing and droops the head to sleep. Or, while all is still, he can hearken to the chirup of the house cricket, as emboldened to come forth, he cheerfully chants his lively lay. And, perhaps as he is seated there, from another part of the Author's home, comes stealing, slowly, sweetly, the tones of music, breathing the devotion of the heart to Heaven; the soul, feels the power, of those

"Sweet sounds which give delight, and hurt not."

And, orisons rise, spontaneous from the wrapt spirit, as borne
Vol. I.—14

upward by those sounds, it held communion with the spirit of Eternity, breathes, as it were, an air, pure, spiritual and sublime ; has fellowship with *God* ! Ah, how different are the feelings, how widely different the results in other cases. Perhaps there are several helpless children, a sickly beloved wife, a hard hearted landlord ; debts, duns, sickness, want, all these urge the mind, prompt the pen, tax the powers, lacerate the heart ! The distressed Author is alone in his study ; he falls upon his knees ; he prays. For he is pious ; how can a Poet, be impious ; or an infidel. There have been exceptions, it is true, but the child of Genius, the son of song ; the subject of a pure inspiration, near akin to that which animated the ancient Prophets, how can he do otherwise, than adore the spirit of the Eternal, visible in all his works ; felt in the heart as it warms with a theme, and glows in beautiful thoughts, embodied in burning words : He prays,—an answer is felt in the calmness which succeeds the storm of sorrow ; while the traces of tears yet remain, the agitation is still visible. The Author, receives another visiter. An Editor with a heart ; a Publisher, with bowels of human feeling, as well as brains, to make merchandize of other men's labor ;—"Ah, what have you on hand ?" "There, there," with peevish haste, he points to different M S S.—They are examined cursorily and approved. Oh, how the Author's heart beats ; he is thinking of wife, children, debts—"yes, I will take both these, and engage you to contribute, so many pages monthly." "Ah, thank you." Still he lingers, that thoughtful Editor. "You may want some cash, I perceive your fire is out, and it is too cold to write here." The Author is embarrassed, he cannot conceal it.—"Why, yes," he pauses. The Editor, does as they do, in yankeedom, guesses the rest, his pocket book is out in a moment, a note, a bank note of large amount is laid quietly before the Author. Of such a sum, he had not been possessed, for, oh how long ; it was like life from death ; it was, God's answer to the Poet's prayer.—The bosom friend, the sharer of life's

joys and sorrows, is soon made acquainted with this change of fortune ; while with tears of gratitude, of joy, of love, then together thank God, and take courage. This, may be the Poetry of Poverty, but, it is a sad drawback to the Poetry of an Author's Study.—After all, we must come down from among the stars, to labor for a living ; by the sweat of the brow, or the still more painful labor of the mind.

“ The calamities of Authors,” the miseries of literature, the woes and wants of those who write for their daily bread, are more startling sometimes, and in some cases, than even the learned Author has set forth.

The poetry of an Author's study, of Literary life, is badly impaired by poverty. But, when the business of the study, or writing, is a mere occasional relaxation, from other and more profitable pursuits, then indeed, the true Poetry of Literary life, is engaged ; without its drudgery ; its pains, its wretchedness.—And home, becomes all that Poetry has pictured.

“ Home, there is magic in the blissful sound,
For 'tis the heart's true Talisman, by which
The good and true of life, are always found ;
On earth who find a home in bliss, is rich.”

To hear the discourse of wise men, delights us, and their company inspires us with noble and generous contemplations.

Courteous behavior and prudent communication, are the most becoming ornaments to a young man ; with which he may best be furnished by timely education, and the virtuous example of his parents and governors.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

FAR AWAY.

BY EDWARD.

If those we love were far away,
How unrefreshing morn would be ;
How dull the ray, of fair noonday,
How weary evening's bland delay,
Consigned to restlessness and fear,
Our midnight fancies would not cheer ;
We would be suffering in our sleep,
And from unopened eyelids weep,
Of those we love were far away.

I have been wandering alone ;
Far bells were heard, the moon was up ;
The zephyr's tone, became a moan,
Where trembling boughs o'ersilvered shone,
They knew it not, but I was near,
The oft'nest—thought—of, and most dear :
'Tis more unseen, and wildly so
To roam, than aught that we could know
If those we love were far away.

They tell of lovely realms that lie
Adorably serene and fair,
Where soft wings ply, the air on high,
A sapphire sheet, the frownless sky,
There, brightest waves a shore enclose,
Where blooms, and bends, the thornless rose,
And vales, and bowers, and floods are blest ;
But could we linger there, at rest,
If those we love were far away ?

Disease, Oblivion, and the worm,
Are guests we would not entertain ;
Yet here our term, will but confirm
The shadowy growth of sorrows germ.
And Death, they say, with starry brow,
Will lead us where the sainted bow,
And we shall smile with those we love :
For what would Heaven be ? Earth above,
If those we love were far away

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

CON TROVERSY.

It is *natural* for men to differ in opinion. The spirit of controversy began with the occupants of *Eden*—it will cease only with the declaration that *time shall be no longer*. God is the author of it. It was a *wise*, a *necessary* creation. Without it, *knowledge* would lag—*truth* would shrink from observation—*genius* would falter in her progress. Like the elements of existence, it may be employed for *evil* or for *good*. Intended by *God* for the *latter*, through the folly of *man* it is too frequently misapplied to the accomplishment of the *former*.

Guided by *love* and *sincerity*, it becomes like the united twigs, unyielding to the strong arm of error, and powerful in its application. Directed by animosity, or selfishness it seldom accomplishes its object, and frequently widens the breach it aimed to heal.

Love is the golden key that unlocks the secret passage to the human heart—the pass-word that admits us to its separate divisions—the explanation that ensures us a generous wel-

come there. It is the omnipotent weapon of *all* circumstances, and *all* seasons: Whether in administering *comfort* or *reproof*—whether it be returning an act of *kindness* or *cruelty*, it is ever effectual. It changes the flush of *anger* to the hue of *shame* or *complexed sorrow*; and softens to forgetfulness the hankerings of *revenge*. It is the supremacy of *Earthly bliss*, the incomparable attribute of Heaven's Sacred ruler. Does the humble christian need a more powerful armour? Can he ask, consistently, a more ample shield than this? When amid the frightful din of battle, and the thick smoke of angry contention encircles him, it is this, enables him to look danger and even death in the face with comparative calmness; amid the hot fires of persecution, it makes him firm; and even in his last hours, encourages him with a full fruition of final success.

The very nature of controversy tells us that its direction is to the *heart*. It may be sevenfold in its origin, yet its *application* is single. What more necessary weapon then could we desire, than the key that *unlocketh the heart*. In vain do we storm and rage without, endeavouring to gain a *forcible entrance*. The more we beat with our destructive missiles, the less chance have we of entrance: we but enrage the occupant, who endeavours the more to defend his domicile from our injudicious attacks. But let us rather approach him with the air of *fraternal sympathy*—show him that our motives are *good*, and immediately we have an audience—the ears are anxious to drink in our wholesome revelations, and the countenance welcomes us with a smile. The dumb animal may be *driven*, but enlightened, intelligent man must be *led*. Debase him and he becomes obedient, even as the brute; but let the bright beams of progressive improvement find but a crevice admittance to his intellect, and he breaks his rusty fetters, as the giant would his thread bonds. The effect of education is to make man a reasonable being; and having become thus, we are required to approach him, if at all, through the agency of *reason*, and not *force*.

There are several kinds of controversy, viz., controversy for pleasure, controversy for party interests, controversy for selfish considerations, and controversy for the *truth's sake*. But there is but one *genuine*, and in all respects worthy the consideration of the *christian*. It is that whose sublime object is the *triumph of truth*. Controversy for *pleasure* may be *innocent*, if properly pursued,—when cautiously guarded it may be made a instrument of mental, and even moral improvement ; but even this dwindles into insignificance when placed in comparison with that controversy, the only pure and exalted object of which is *the triumph of truth*.

How often do we behold christians, when engaged in disputes, even with one another, indulge in *angry passion*, and *sinful abuse*, as though the price of honor was to be won by him who displayed the most *bitter sarcasm*. Days, weeks, and even years have been uselessly spent, in controversies of this kind : the parties finding themselves, at the conclusion, no wiser than at the commencement. The smoke of battle having disappeared, Christianity is found rather *weakened* than strengthened, while cunning infidelity stands exulting over her newly acquired advantage.

The example of every professing christian is effectual either to the benefit or injury of Christ's kingdom. If his actions agree not with his profession, the cause of God is impeded, and Infidelity advanced. Could we but think of this—could we think that we, the professed followers of Christ, are instrumental in the promotion of such interests, we would be more anxious to curb the wicked passions of our nature, and encourage the spread of love abroad in our hearts. The world is groaning with Infidelity at the present moment. Daily are we brought in contact with it. Even our nearest and dearest friends are found to be tainted with it. And *why is it so* ? Has Christianity less claim to our regard than formerly ? Has anything been proven to show that the Bible is false, or that its sublime precepts are inapplicable to the government of society ? Not so. Christianity

now, is christianity as it existed, when, at the touch of God's omnipotent wand, it sprung into being. Strengthened by long and severe trial—tested by eighteen hundred winters of time, and the countless attacks of genius and talent. *Why is it so?* The evil is within the fold, and not without—the lambs have become *careless* of their own safety—careless of their owners interests—they have leaped over the enclosure to be sacrificed by the wolves. Let us *then* be more careful in future—more guarded in our actions and sayings. If a brother err, approach him in love—endeavour to convince him mildly of his error, and not with anger to force him into our own belief and views. Then will the glowing sun of Christianity appear as bright as ever—the influence of her rays as great as ever, and the dispensation of her benefits as numerous and cheering as ever.

LOVE.

THE HARE-BELL.

I.

ABOVE her lone and lowly tomb,
Like sorrow's incense o'er the dead,
Shedding its fresh and sweet perfume,
The Hare-bell droops its pensive head
For youth and beauty fled!

II.

When summer winds, with plaintive sigh,
Breathe gentle requiems round the bier,
The dew-drops 'neath the placid sky
Fall sadly as a lover's tear
For one who sleepeth there.

III.

And when the wind with roughened swell
Sweeps wildly past the house of death,
The floweret shakes each tiny bell,
Peals a soft and solemn knell
O'er her who rests beneath.

MUSINGS.

BY A. C. M'CURDY.

'Twas midnight's sad and lonely hour, and hushed was nature's glee,
The moon her liquid veil had thrown o'er all the land and sea;
The little stars were out on high, all sparkling soft and bright,
And not a cloud was in the sky to mar the lovely sight.

No cheerful sound was heard around, save, o'er the distant plain.
The music sweet of Philomel's enchanting, lonely strain:
The lovely flowers, with folded cups, had sunk themselves to rest,
And drooped upon their stems like babes upon a mother's breast.

Methought while wandering thus, in deep and contemplative mood,
'Twas strange, most passing strange, that man could say, *there is no God*;
For O, it seem'd that everything around me and above,
Bespoke as with an angel's voice, a *God of matchless love*.

Yon stately oak, whose spreading boughs defy the passing wind,
Was once within the acorn's shell a prisoner confined;
And who, but *He*, whose matchless power can wake the sleeping dead,
Could rear it from this humble source—with leaves its branches spread.

See! how from yonder moss grown rock, the little streamlet flows,
And, like a bolt of liquid pearl, within the moon's beams glows.
Canst thou, O man! with learning vain, say first from whence it come?
Or *why*, with gladness in each step, it seeks its ocean home?

No God? well may the feeblest blade in nature's broad domain,
Hang down in shame its little head at utterance thus profane.
The tiniest pebble on the beach, or flower that decks the sod,
Proclaims the utterance false and vile, and tells me *there's a God!*

THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

HAVING glanced at the new world, arrayed in its natural beauty,—we come now to notice its moral grandeur. This demands a higher tone of contemplation

Whatever may be the moral relations and connections of the inhabitants,—if such there be—of the worlds beyond, may we not safely consider the moral grandeur of the new world, unchallenged? Let us look at. Let us come to the Bible. What is its testimony in respect of this matter? “And God said, let us make man in our image, and after our likeness.” “So God created man: in the image of God, created He him, male and female created He them.”

For all the introduction of sin into the world, by the disobedience of our first parents, and the inheritance of its consequences, by our race, from that time, have made it utterly impossible for men in this life, to comprehend fully, the nature, attributes, and perfections of Jehovah,—still we have received from the revelation He has made of Himself to man, and from the indications of the Holy Spirit,—sufficient comprehension of His nature, attributes, and perfections, to assure us, that God, the Creator and Upholder of the universe, as the source of infinite wisdom, and boundless benevolence,—never formed a single world, or created a single atom, but for the display and promotion of His own glory. Every atom, that was created, and every world that was formed, were designed under the splendor of infinite wisdom, and displayed through the exercise of unlimited power, for the

unfoldings of His own glory, and as the arena for the development and accomplishment of the designs of His boundless love !

The infinite blessedness of Jehovah, is His immediate glory, which blessedness is derived from the moral grandeur of His perfections. And as all His creation, reflects His Glory and declares His Love, so must it present in some sort, the limnings of His nature and Perfections. And so in the creation of the world beyond, which in their sinless completion sing around the Throne,—the habitation, it may be, of a sinless, spiritual race,—the impress of the moral grandeur of His glorious character, was stamped upon them, binding them with the golden chain of His gracious administration, in perpetual harmony to the sovereignty of the Throne.

And so in the same sinless completion of this world, which charmed its sister spheres, into songs and raptures, did it receive the impress of the moral character of Him who created it. It could not be otherwise, than that this impress should be given :—for He devised it in the council chambers of His own wisdom, where Arch-angel—even with unechoed tread,—has never dared to venture. He reared it by His Omnipotent energies, for the accomplishment of His own designs. These designs, were the promotion of His own Glory—His Glory is enhanced, by the Happiness of His creation, in all its arrangements and ordinances. He, Himself, is the Author of happiness, and how, I ask, can happiness be secured, without more or less of God ? He is happy on account of the perfection of His nature. Bliss centres in Him, because in Him all possible fullness dwells ; and all happiness, on the part of nature, in any or all of her departments; or any sublimity, existing in connection with the moral relations of the world, in any, or in all of their distinctive appointments, must arise from the sublime cause,—that with the world,—in all its various departments, relations, and appointments,—generalized or distinctive,—of nature or spirit,—comes nobly impressed

and clearly distinct, the limnings of the moral grandeur of Him who created it.

See—there is man. Having glanced at him in all his natural fulness and freeness, let us turn to behold still nobler excellencies, in their concentration in him. There, under the spreading glory of the Tree of Life, he stands forth, the representative of the moral dignity of the Creator. “He created him in His Own Image, and after His Own Likeness and gave him Dominion.” He created him a little lower than the Angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. He established him, higher than all else in the creation, for he gave him the sovereignty of the earth. On his head, He placed a crown of moral dignity, and in his hand He placed a sceptre of moral power, and in Paradise He reared a Throne of dominion and empire, and invested him, with the robe flowing all round him, of moral purity and Beauty.

The creation, over which he exercised natural dominion, —spiritless—was delighted only with earth; while he lifted his eye to the serenity of Heaven, and felt the throbbings of a nature full of the splendors of immortality. Superior to all around him, he corresponded with angels, and held communion with God!

Why does his eye now flash with joy, or open as serenely as the moonlight in Paradise? Why is his countenance so radiant with blessedness, or transparent in the soft lustre of peaceful delight? Because his pure intelligence assures him, of his moral grandeur, in connection with the Divine Administration.

What then? Is Adam in Paradise, in connection with the Divine Administration? How? By what authority? By the appointment and ordination, of the administrator Himself—He gave him dominion! Any other authority? He bore the Image and Likeness of God: and by his possession of the Image and Likeness of God, and by the authority, given him, by the Creator, when He gave him dominion—he exercises a sway over the new created beauty of the

natural world, and the still superior, excelling glory of the moral world. God inhabiting the high and the holy place, as the Almighty, and all-wise, legislator and executive of the universe, sustained and protected all its interests. While into the hand of man was committed the administration of affairs on earth—whether these affairs consisted in the ordinances of Religion, or the appointments of government. As a King—possessing the attributes and authorities, requisite for a King, he was acknowledged in connection with the Divine Administration, by the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings. Herein is the exceeding beauty, of the moral world.

Again, man was not bound in any servile alliance to the Throne. He possessed within himself mind and will, which he could command at his own pleasure, as free as the air which passed so softly by him,—unchained—unfettered. God made him free, but pure. In his purity, he was like God—and in his freedom, he chose to love God. Stern necessity and absolute rule and authority, had linked the lost spirits to the bottom of the Gulf, and there only, stern necessity swayed her iron rod. But among the Thrones—and Dominions and Principalities and Powers, in Heavenly places, beyond the blue, expansive sky,—and in the new and glorious establishment of earth, all, all, served with pleasurable loyalty the King. The Angelic subjects and the Arch-angelic subjects, rejoice to cast their crowns at His Throne-altar, in adoration of His great name. The Cherubic and Seraphic subjects, veil their radiant countenances, and fold their shining plumage, and sound the trembling notes of lyre and harp, as they approach with the rapture of awe and majesty, to the chamber of Presence, and render to Him, the thrice-holy acclamation. And so, on earth, man, in the loftiness of the sublime connection with, and relation to the Throne, lifts his eye, full beaming and lustrous, towards God; and with his hand upon his swelling bosom, the emotions of his throbbing heart, are breathed forth with ecstatic delight.

THE LOST ONE.

I.

SAD is thy lot, pale guilty one !
Sadder and darker day by day ;
For from the deeds that thou hast done
No tears can wash thy guilt away !

II.

Thou weepest ; but thy grief comes late,
Too late to mend thy acts of shame,
Nor can a purer life abate
The deep dishonor of thy name.

III.

O hapless fate ! O bitter lot !
What weary days of care are yours !
Days full of tears, and hateful thought,
And wo that to the end endures.

IV.

Yet sadder far the cruel scorn
And scoffs of men, too sure to kill,
Who shrink from thee as one forlorn,
Accursed and damned yet living still !

V.

Ah friendless ! thus to reap the cost
Of faith wronged in thy early prime,
To feel how much thy heart hath lost,
How great thy guilt hath grown with crime !

VI.

And what is worse, than all, to know,
Through days of care and years of pain,
That the vile wretch who wronged thee so
Endures no scorn, and bears no stain !

VII.

Yet deem not, though the scorn of men
Pursues thee to an early grave,
That thou wilt be rejected, when
There is but ONE whose arm can save !

VIII.

Nor mourn thou if thy purer years
Take not thy early guilt away,
For HE who heeds the mourner's tears
Shall be at last thy surer stay !

H. W. ROCKWELL.

[FROM THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.]

PICTURESQUE NARRATIVE.

FORD OF THE SHENANDOAH.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

THE writer was looking, a few hours since, over some of the Poets, with a view of finding out what these gifted men have said about rivers. We found that Armstrong had sung of the Liddel, and Sir Walter Scott of the Tweed, and Burns of all the streams in Scotland. This paper, in fact, might be filled with the allusions which men of mercurial and imaginative temperament have made to scenery created by lakes whose limits are established ; or by winding bodies of water on the margin of which they were born. Coleridge first drew breath on the banks of the Otter,—Grahame on the Cart, Akenside on the Tyne—Campbell on the Clyde—Moore on the Liffey, and on the Thames a number greater

than it would be convenient at this time to mention. The Poets have occasionally connected rivers with incidents, as Milton has done in his *Lycidas*, and Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*: but we doubt whether any of them ever detailed an incident more striking than one which the writer witnessed at the ford of the Shenandoah and of which some account will be given in the sequel of this narrative.

The Shenandoah rises in the County of Augusta, and State of Virginia. The river is no where broad or profound, but steals on at the foot of a mountain, the top of which is covered with a blue haze. Its islands are quite numerous, and filled with the finest sycamores, but the islands are cast on a miniature scale. There are some romantic villages and luxuriant farms on its banks, but no town of importance, much less any city of consideration. A person passing from its termination to its source, would pass under many arches of foliage—he would occasionally meet a flat boat with a broad white sail—he would see flocks browsing near the water's edge—and he would hear its solitude enlivened at times by the horn of the gondolier. The charms of this river would be marred rather than enhanced by stately ships or magnificent cities, for its seclusion constitutes a refuge for the children of sentiment. The writer could never bring himself to take much interest in the hum of business; or in a vessel larger than a shallop, unless it were laden with Persian silks or the spices of Java or Borneo. He might enjoy the Loughs—the estuaries—the castles—the ruins and the round towers of the Shannon, if the city of Limerick could be removed, or the smiling corners of the Thames, if London could be carried off to some Arabian wilderness. His taste lies towards small affairs, and just such an affair will serve for the basis of the present lucubration.

The year of the following incident is left blank, because the time at which it occurred is not important, and because the privilege of so doing is universally allowed. Suffice it to say, it was a good while ago since the writer in his pe-

destrian rambles along the Shenandoah, reached an Inn which stood on a hill that overlooked the river. The sun was setting among the western mountains, though from my valley position, we could discern nothing but his beams, which were lingering in the woods contiguous to the Inn. The weather was balmy as any Poet could have desired, for an Indian Summer was prevailing in the midst of October, and the second month of Autumn had changed places with May in the circle of the year. Shelley might have been challenged to describe the madness of the birds, or Rogers to read the entries which Nature had made on the tessellated floor of the river. The lowings so common to rural life—the sheep bells and the sounds of the Shenandoah, disposed me to reflection, and all my ruminations were on their way to a common centre. What a selfish race, said I to myself, is this to which it is my lot to belong. What a love for gain—what sycophancy—what adulation—what coldness of heart—what desires to rise—what devotion to money. The Shepherd folds his flock: but it is composed of sheep belonging to himself, whilst his neighbor's may run wild in the desert. Charity begins at home. This is the maxim on which every body acts, and sometimes we have wished that our location had been fixed in the moon, in hopes that my selfishness might receive some rebuke from the inferior dimensions of that planet.

By the time however that reflection had spent itself on poor fallen humanity, the moon had arrived from across the mountain,, and the platform made up of valley objects was all in a glitter. The vision took in the emerald hues produced by human industry, and blue tints wrought out by heavenly skill, and the lunar hills were sparkling from their base to their summits, and from their summits back again to the river. In this repose of Nature my attention was drawn to a skiff which was attached by a rich-looking cord to a sycamore that overshadowed it, and the skiff was slightly rocking in the water. Whose boat is that, said I to the keeper of the Inn. That, Phebe Orr's, rejoined my Host.

Phebe Orr's, answered I. We have heard of Abby Page and Lucy Burwell in this vicinity, but we never heard before of Phebe. Whence did she come? Born in that store house replied the man. How long since, I inquired. Sixteen years ago, and a little upwards, and then my Host settled down into a provoking taciturnity. With this piece of information the writer went away to indulge in that sleep which is apt to suit a weary pedestrian. Sleep, however, forsook me for the writer could not unravel what appeared quite mysterious at the time. Of what use, thought I, can such a shallop be to Phebe Orr. Perhaps she may be fond of angling, or she may lean over its sides to admire her eyes and ringlets in the little bays of the Shenandoah, which we have seen appear at times like so many mercurial mirrors. A kind of involuntary vow then escaped me, not to re-arrange my scallop or pulverise my sandals more till the mystery should be solved.

My imagination now took wing for Lock Katrine, and we could not but think of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. That poem was at the time in the zenith of its popularity. As Schiller had turned young men into robbers by his vivid dramatic powers, Sir Walter had thrown a kind of spell over the imagination of young ladies as far off from Abbotsford, as the Shenandoah. It occurred more than once that Phebe Orr might have become fascinated by the minstrel of Scotland so popular in his day, and that she had transformed the river into a lake, and her father's house into a castle, and that she might be anticipating the descent from the Ridge of some bewildered huntsman. This was no improbable supposition, for after Die Vernon made her appearance many young ladies were ambitious to ride and talk and hunt and dress just like Die, and when Jeanie Deans was in vogue some of them wished that Queen Caroline and the Duke of Argyle and Windsor Palace were in this country instead of England. But Phebe Orr was misrepresented by such suspicions, for she turned out to be a practical utilitarian, though

the writer was on a search at the time after picturesqueness in Nature and romance in action.

The next day was a sort of stereotyped impression of the day before, composed of the mellow sun, the fragrance, and hazy atmosphere of an Indian summer. The temptation to saunter about the premises was irresistible, and my girdle used in foot pilgrimage was not yet fastened for my tramp over the mountain when my Host approached with a hurried step. Phebe Orr, said he, is on her way to the boat. Indeed, I rejoined, and immediately a vision of beauty broke upon my sight, such as Circassia had never equalled. The reader however will excuse an absence of minuteness, for we never saw her save in the distance. She appeared in that distance to present a figure not so majestic as some we have seen, but graceful and striking, with a fair countenance, over which benevolence was wildly running. She stood erect in her skiff, as she threw in the cord detached from the tree, and we caught a glimpse of her Grecian head. She waved her hand to the east bank of the river and pointed to the lower ford. She then set the sail, and with the help of a water staff, her pictured boat swept round the semicircular curve of the ripple over which the stream was gurgling. My attention was chained to the declivity that lead down to the ford which fronted my position, and a family of haggard emigrants descended to the skiff. "Hand me that pair of children," said Phebe Orr, whose voice shot across the river, and the ragged group entered the shallop. Thus freighted with poverty, the young and engaging creature wrought her way back, whilst exertion flushed her cheek into a glow which was perceptible beneath a straw hat of a broad circular rim, and which made her look something like a Spanish shepherdess. My eye was intently fixed on the boat, till Phebe stepped upon her green wharf, and she then embraced the urchins. A thousand thanks, good lady, said the poor unfortunate parents. Don't thank me, replied Phebe, for we heard what she said. Thank him who was born in Bethle-

hem—who loved the poor—who when asked to go a mile, went twain—who was the wanderer's guide, whose skiff was moored among cottage quays, and whose star leads you to the western prairies. And the tattered caravan after obsequies went on their way.

The action of which the writer had just been a witness was one of beneficence. We could still discern however that its execution involved something that bordered on resentment. The truth was that the emigrants had begged at the upper ford that they might be set over, but when the ferryman found out that they were too poor to pay he had pushed off his boat from the strand, but Phebe was on her watch tower at the time, from which she went down to her skiff in a state of excitement. Our good sister, however, must be forgiven. It's enough to make the meekest indignant, to see a ferryman repel emigrants just for the want of a few pence. Isn't it mortifying to see a family wading a river; but the cry of this world is money—money and nothing but money. How delightful then to find on the margin of the secluded Shenandoah, a member of our race who had established a boat propelled by herself, and to run in opposition to the line of human selfishness. My feelings became quite interested, and Phebe had secured in myself at least one Platonic lover. Nor was my admiration lessened by hints and particulars thrown out by the keeper of the Inn, such as that she had taken to these ways when but twelve summers old. Four years had she been plying her gratuitous boat, and in that time she had conveyed across the green waves of the river, pilgrims of sundry lands and various costumes. Men and women from Switzerland had been in her skiff—from off the Rhine—the Barrow—the Garonne and the Humber. Suppose, she would say, a man wear a Highland plaid, or Persian robe, or a Turkish turban, or an Arabian sandal, it's still the plaid, the robe, the turban, the sandal of a man. This was a noble sentiment to be acted out by a female who had not completed her seventeenth year.

It's a pleasant thing, said I, to the innkeeper, to carry a boat over this river when the skies are genial, and the weather balmy, but how is it with Phebe Orr? When the weather is stormy, you mean, replied my host. That's my exact meaning, I answered; and yet the question was asked simply to glean a few more particulars about a young lady whose philanthropy had struck my imagination. It is doubly affecting to meet poverty on the highway, working against the chill winds of November. But benevolence, when genuine, is consistent. We have seen the Shenandoah when its waters have been very high—its crystal face all marred and disfigured—its ripples in commotion—its islands leafless—and its foliage turned into a topaz color, and when all its violets had perished. Her boat then, said my host, rocks like a feather, but she brings over twin children, and forlorn mothers. I've seen her lead blind horses through the ford from the stern of her skiff, or take command of a flock of sheep round the ripple. A very remarkable personage, said I, beyond doubt, but can you tell me how a traveller on foot may be put over the river. There is some danger in staying here, being quite susceptible. Has Phebe ever given you a *charte blanche*? touching the use of her boat. The innkeeper took my meaning, and we descended the bank of old Shenandoah. My host proved a skilful waterman, and he took me over both safely and expeditiously, whilst we caught a glance at Phebe in her tower of philanthropy.

As the writer trudged up the mountain, he could not help thinking that he had seen a specimen of female excellence, which towns and cities could not easily rival. Phebe Orr had grown up in the woods. She fulfilled, in retirement, a multitude of kind offices to emigrants and wayfarers. The Creator is a guide to all wanderers, even to the birds that pass on aerial pilgrimage, from rude winds to the glowing savannahs of the South, or the citron orchards of the East, but he used her as one of his beautiful agents. But, as all human excellence is imperfect, we have a slight fault to find

with sister Phebe. She had pledged herself to single life, and subsequently broke her pledge. She had a host of admirers, but none of them could win her hand, until a young gentleman on the east of the ridge, who had never seen her, but who had heard of the renown of her beauty, brought a little ingenuity to aid his pretensions. He had been reading *Lalla Rookh*, and the thought struck him that he could reduce this buoyant gazelle to captivity, by assuming the garb and drapery of a forlorn pilgrim. The unsuspecting Phebe took him into her boat, but her heart became bewildered, and, when he threw off his disguise, she found it was irretrievably lost. We are not certain that this course was morally defensible, though it has been taken even by kings. We may cite in the way of examples, Alfred, the monarch of England, and James V. of Scotland, and Richard Cœur de Lion, and Henry IV. of France. But the device succeeded with the Naiad of Shenandoah, who became the dryad of a cottage called Pilgrim's Rest, at which she fitted up a caravansera, and, whether by land or water, she has always been the guide of the emigrant, and is still

"More prone to raise the wretched than to rise."

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

PROMISE OF CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE Seed of the Woman shall bruise the Serpents head." Upon this first glorious intimation of the magnificent design on the part of Heaven, for the Salvation of our race,—are based all the subsequent prophecies, relating to the coming of Christ.

It was the inspiration of this prophecy—uttered in Paradise, that concentrated in the heart of the sweet singer of Israel, and prompted his tongue to awake the song ;—and it was the zephyr of Salvation that issued from Paradise and played around the old world, that sought his harp-strings, and stirred sublimely the note—“ Lo! I come, in the Volume of the Book, it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God!” Here then we have a most beautiful prophecy, represented as being uttered by Christ Himself, and betrays the rapture and delight of Heaven to save rebellious man. “ Lo! I come. As there is no other power in Heaven, able to bear away the sin of the world, Lo! I come.”

Angel nor Archangel, Cherub nor Seraph, could have accomplished this task.

Shall one of the Angelic creation, shining around the Throne, be commissioned to work out the purposes of Heaven, to whom shall be discovered, all the intricate sublimity of the mind of God, so that the plans for the Salvation of the world may be successfully accomplished? And in order to a happy reception, for the prosecution of his great purposes on earth, shall He retain among men, His Angelic form and glory beaming countenance? Or shall Gabriel or Michael, the burning pillars of the Throne, be commissioned to earth, with the mighty trump of God, to shout over the rolling ball the decree of Heaven,—while from their blazing forms, a Heaven-glory shall light the opposite poles, and flashing East and West draw the world out of darkness, and by the dazzling coruscations of their rich splendor, shall Sin be vanquished, and holiness be inscribed in burning light upon every brow? Or shall they—standing upon the reclining edge of this terrestiral sphere—with the Archangel’s tread, cause all beneath them, to tremble with fearful commotion,—overthrowing in one heaping confusion, Thrones, Kingdoms, States, Empires; strike terror into the hearts and cabinets of Kings, and compel the nations of the earth to bow submissively and obediently, to the sceptre of the Lord of

Lords and King of Kings, and acknowledge with loud acclaim, "The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth? Or shall the most beautiful Seraph, or the brightest Cherub, ride down the parting azure on wing of celestial white, and as they swift descend, shall they unfold upon the storm cloud of Sin, the scroll of pardon, to all who will sing—"the Lord is King;" and as they unfold the happy intelligence to a guilty world,—strike upon their harps of gold, and sing melodiously, as they tune their harps,—of the brightness and glory and happiness of that Heaven, to which they shall be exalted and enjoy if they submit? No, no, no! The Salvation of the world demanded more than Angel, or Archangel, Cherub or Seraph could bestow. "For without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of Sin." The Father, turning away from the Heavenly host, and gazing upon the Son of His Infinite Love, clothed in regal splendor and matchless grace, says, "Behold the Lamb of my Sacrifice." And Christ, comprehending the stupendous design, which glowed in the bosom of His Father, rises from his Throne where He had reclined from all eternity—His countenance radiant with redemption, cries out—"Father, Thy word is passed, Man shall find grace. I, for his sake, will lay aside my glory, which I had with Thee, before the world was,—and for him, lastly die." Christ alone could make atonement for Sin, and when He stepped from the Throne to the footstool—all—all was accomplished.

"Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
He bruises Satan's head.
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead."



PAUL ON MARS HILL.



[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

PAUL, ON MARS' HILL.

BY THE EDITOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE career of the Apostle Paul—the great Apostle to the Gentiles was one of unapproachable sublimity. From the time of the ascension of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—the Author of our most Holy Religion—from the summit of Olivet—and in the presence of His Disciples, until now,—when Christianity pervades the globe with its gloriously redeeming influences and power,—welcomed by all lands, and praised by all people—there has not appeared, in connexion with its progress, a character which may compare with the Apostle Paul. Miraculously converted to the Religion of Christ—specially *called* to be a minister of that Religion—and signally endowed from on high, with an Apostolic commission;—he arrayed himself against the enemies of the cross of his Lord and Master, with such exhibitions of the glory and grandeur of Christianity, as to attract the attention of the then known world, and now, challenge the rapturous admiration of the good and the great of all lands.

His sudden and glorious conversion, from Judaism to Christianity—through the most wonderful of all providential and gracious interventions, on record—and at a time, when the infant Church, was struggling for life, under the persecutions, which he himself was carrying on, by authority from the most ancient and holy, Altar and Court,—and his subsequent appointment to the ministry, in the most solemn

manner, in accordance with the declaration of Christ to him, at the time of his conversion—were premonitory evidences of a career—never before, and never to be equalled,—in the spread of the Gospel and the illumination of the world. He therefore appears to us, as the most remarkable and glorious personage—personally and relatively—that ever knelt in the shadow of the cross, or made proclamation of its excellency and power. His age, was the crisis of sin—the triumph of Christianity.

The two great systems of Religion, which then divided the world, were Judaism and Paganism. They were both ancient and alike abominable. Judaism had fallen from its elect sphere, and had become subservient to worldly power, and ambition and lust. Paganism, with all its abominable, yet impressive services and worship, had passed through a thousand varieties of forms and changes, yet was still what it had always been from the beginning—the thing which God hated. Judaism was confined within narrow limits—to but one nation. Paganism spread over the whole world. They had been from the beginning arrayed against each other. They were now, both arrayed against Christianity. A contest, involving the interests and destinies of all succeeding generations—for time and for Eternity.

In the conversion of Saul of Tarsus—the strong holds of Judaism were shaken, and its powers startled, more, than when, on the day of Pentecost, the thousand were converted to Christ. In his Apostolic commission to the Gentiles—the Temples and Shrines the Priesthood and worship of Paganism, were stirred, as if an earthquake thundered along. And here commenced the decline of both; until soon we hear, that Jerusalem is filled with the Gospel. That the Temples of the Gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted—that the walls of the eternal city are entered—that the ensign of the Cross is waving over the Capitol—that Christianity has received the diadem of the Cæsars!

There are incidents in connection with the Apostle's Min-

istry, which are truly thrilling—soul-stirring and sublime, in which, the nature of the ministry and the character of the Minister, are set forth in most glorious perfection. Among these, not the least remarkable, is his visit to Athens, and his defence on Mars' Hill. We say, not the *least* remarkable;—may we not rather say,—in view of all the circumstances of thrilling interest that crowd upon the scene,—that it is unsurpassed for sublimity and grandeur, by any scene, which distinguished the Apostle, throughout his whole ministry? Let us contemplate him in this scene.

“ *Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill.*” Before the most sacred and reputable court in all the Gentile world, he appeared to answer the charge, which was preferred against him,—of introducing to the Athenians—new gods, for their worship, which charge, if proven against any person, was punishable with death. The court of Areopagus was renowned for wisdom and impartial justice, and from its decisions, there was no appeal. Upon the brows of the judges—sat the majesty of intellect, and in their eyes flashed the radiance of wisdom, their countenances were serene and solemn, and their speech and their movements were impressive and awful! On Mars' Hill, where, as fabled story tells us—

The Thunder-King

Descended,—wrapt in clouds profound and hailed
The Fiery-God—submission to his Throne—

before the solemn and august court, stood the Apostle of the man of Calvary, to answer the charge preferred against him. In the most learned city of the world—the seat of wisdom, literature and renown—with Temples of science rising up all around him, and the Temples of worship, overlooking the proud city, as far as ken could reach,—in the midst too of the pomp of trial, and pressed on all sides by the waiting and anxious populace—he lifted up his voice, musical with a

heavenly inspiration, and with the majesty of the power of the ascended Saviour, and the soul-stirring influences of the descended Spirit, resting upon him—he declared unto them the only true and ever-living God, who dwelt in the Temple not made with hands, and ruled all, by his wisdom and Power. Nothing can exceed the dignity of the Apostle's defence. The language chaste and firm; bespeaking a calm, yet convincing manner. He dared to unfold the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to the honor of the name of Him, who had chosen him as His minister. And strong in the panoply of truth, and invested with the power of Him, who became triumphant over death and burst the bars of the tomb, he had nothing to fear from the council on Mars' Hill. As he stood erect, with voice of sweet persuasion and command,—the Spirit with his Spirit whispered—"Fear not! Lo! I am with you always!" "Fear not—Stand firm—proclaim boldly, my Gospel—speak to the people the truth profound—Swerve not—for I am with you." And so he did!

Paul! If now in its home of bliss, thy spirit e'er looks down suspending the music of its harp, and silencing the rapture of its song—if it e'er takes note of time,—of earth—if the memory e'er tells it of the blessed deeds of years forever flown—then its rapture must be stirred to holier thrill, and its music break in loftier notes, and its song swell in glorious anthems of praise to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit,—when the slow vision of the growing glory of Christianity—spreading from Mars' Hill, down and around the land,—moves past in cheering beauty.

For aye! thy work is done. On Zion's Hill arrayed in glory now thou standest, rejoicing still in Christ, of whose Gospel, when on earth thou wert not ashamed.

Nothing can impair perfect friendship, because truth is the only bond of it.

MOSS ROSE.

PLEASURE WITHOUT ALLOY.

ACCOMPANYING the present number, we present the beautiful Moss Rose, so universally admired and cherished, as one of the richest and sweetest of earth's flowers.

The rose that hails the morning,
Arrayed in all its sweets,
Its mossy couch adorning,
The sun enamoured meets.

The elegant Moss Rose is commonly supposed to be the offspring of the Provence Rose, though some consider it to belong to the family of hundred-leaved roses. It has ever been made the emblem of perfect joy ; Milton mentions it as

Without thorn, the rose ;

And an anonymous writer has sung of it in that character :—

Oh ! I love the sweet-blooming, the pretty moss rose,
'Tis the type of true pleasure, and perfected joy ;
Oh ! I envy each insect that dares to repose
'Mid its leaves, or among its soft beauties to toy.

I love the sweet lily, so pure and so pale,
With a bosom as fair as the new-fallen snows ;
Her luxuriant odors she spreads through the vale,
Yet e'en she must yield to my pretty moss rose.

Oh ! I love the gay heart's ease, and violet blue,
'The sunflower and bluebell, each floweret that blows,
The fir-tree, the pine tree, accacia, and yew,
Yet e'en these must yield to my pretty moss rose.

Yes, I love my moss rose, for it ne'er had a thorn,
'Tis the type of life's pleasures, unmixed with its woes :
'Tis more gay, and more bright, than the opening morn—
Yes, all things must yield for my pretty moss rose.

RIVERS, speaking exclusively of the moss roses, says, "Most of the varieties prefer a cool soil, though Mossy de Meaux is perhaps an exception, as it seems to flourish better in light dry soils. The white moss rose, unless budded on the dog rose (*R. canina*,) will not in general grow well. Its sickly appearance in some situations may be often traced to its being worked on some improper stock. If on its own roots in rich soils, it will often change to pale blush."

"All" he adds, "are well adapted for standards; but to have them in perfection in warm dry situations, in March put round each stem, on the surface of the soil, the fourth of a barrowful of manure. On this, place flints or moss, to take off its unsightly appearance, and make a little ornamental mound. This treatment will keep the soil cool, and make them bloom in a most superior manner, even in situations previously thought to be most ungenial to their culture. The manure should be spread on the surface in November, and lightly forked in."

A periodical writer says, the grand secret appears to be manure well rotted applied to their roots and on the surface, or just forked in; and on cold clayey soils an admixture of pit sand, while warm and dry soils should have cool loam.—(*Hort. Journ.* iii. 1.)

Pruning.—As this and the preceding division require to be extensively pruned, it will be useful to mention the methods which have been recommended.

According to Paxton, the chief art of pruning consists in retaining certain branches to form a regular head; and in cutting those so as to effect that purpose, and at the same time to cause them to throw out supplies of young wood. "In the last week in February," he adds, "or the first week in March, let every branch be shortened according to its strength,

and cut out as much old wood as possible without disfiguring the tree. The young shoots of the preceding year, which are intended to produce flowers, should be pruned to about two or three eyes."

"In pruning roses of *every kind*." (?), says Mantell, "the shoots are annually shortened to nine inches, this process rendering the tree highly productive of wood and flowers. The operation is performed about the end of January, and all the wood of four years' growth entirely cut out." But surely Mr. Mantell would not thus prune his Ayrshire, or his white roses, or sweet-brier roses, down to nine inches. If he did, he could not expect them to answer.

When pruning is performed in winter or spring, the points of the weaker shoots are very apt to become black and die; to avoid which, some do not prune till the beginning of June, or at least leave the weaker shoots till then. Others prune as soon as the bloom is over, cutting out all the old exhausted wood, shortening shoots which have flowered to a good bud accompanied with a healthy leaf, but leaving such shoots as are still in a growing state untouched till October.

Whether the general pruning should be performed in autumn or spring has given rise to difference of opinion. The advocates of October pruning contend that it is the most advantageous, inasmuch as the rose will then prepare itself during the remainder of the autumn for vigorous growth in spring. On the contrary, those in favor of spring pruning allege that in general, when the rose has been pruned in October, the blossoms are injured by the swarms of rose-lice (*aphides*) infesting the branches, rendering all other advantages of autumnal pruning nugatory; while the March pruning takes away all the portions of the branches which have been so infested, and leaves only strong healthy wood.—(*Hort. Journ.* iii. 2.)

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

BY EDWARD.

A TORCH light in the Athenian gloom ;
A warrior ; yet no blade, or plume :
A city listening : unto whom ?

The blinded crowds are threading less,
Their populated wilderness ;
Around Mars' Hill the myriads press.

From stranger lips, strange words they hear,
And answer with deriding jeer ;
Yet eyes there are, that drop the tear.

Their loved delusions are exposed ;
Their shrines assailed, their fraud disclosed :
No hypocritic tongue hath glosed.

The seed is down ; and, to the skies,
A strong and beauteous tree shall rise,
The shelter of the good and wise.

My brother—many an Athens now
In midnight rears the marble brow :
Within them, bravely battle thou.

The wretched send their mute appeal ;
Up ! if thy bosom be not steel ;
And make our hateful systems reel.

And, through the deepest wrong, and ill,
Faint never ; but remember still,
The Apostle—hero on Mars' Hill.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE FAMILY BURIAL PLACE.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

It was toward evening. It had been one of those peculiarly sultry days in the latter part of June, when all animated nature indistinctively seeks the shade. The gentle breeze from the distant sea had just begun to freshen, yielding, as it whispered through the old trees about me, its own soft and reviving influence. The cattle felt it, and had left their retreats, and were now grazing here and there along the undulating meadows, which lay spread out far below me.

On the mountain spot where I was standing, not a sound could reach me. The little village at my feet seemed as the personation of loveliness and silence, within which the pantomimic water-fall and mill near it were exhibiting their mute eloquence. The lake on my left lay, in the parting sunbeams, mirroring the deep blue of heaven, and the tall trees which thickly studded its green banks. The water-fowls on its bosom were congregating for the night's repose; and the cows, as they came one after another to drink from its pure waters, turned with seeming satisfaction and were now wending their way homeward. All was still and beautiful.

For nearly two hours had I been struggling toward, and along that rocky brow, now immured in the thick under-wood and scattered oaks, and now clambering over huge piles of crumbling stone to reach some more imposing spot.

I stood at length upon the utmost height, and possessed that view which had often recurred as a pleasing memory-spot of the past. Once before had I trod that rock ; but early youth was then mine. It was only a childish buoyancy that gave a charm to the scenery ; yet about that spot there had lingered a pleasantness, such as years could not banish. The thoughts of those days, and of other scenes came with all the vividness of reality, and, within what must have been but a few minutes, I seemed to live weeks and even months. For the instant I was lost.

Before me, though partly obscured by the gradually receding ground and the intervening grove, lay the village cemetery with its weeping willows and many whitened monuments. There in boyish sportiveness had I once played among those low old tombs, and there too had followed the slowly carried bier to the deposit of its precious load. But now that spot was changed. Where the broken pale-fence once scarcely afforded an enclosure, now arose the masoned wall, entered by its high arching gate-way. And there too, near it, was the old rural church. In its time only had wrought a change. Except its gray weather-beaten appearance, it was the same it was in other days.

The last sunbeams were now just gilding its utmost spire, seeming to image another, and more sacred glory still lingering, and to linger around it.

Fain would I have there remained, gazing upon that scene, until the very night had shrouded all from view. But the hour had come that I must return.

With thoughtful tread I turned my feet toward the descent. Yet how can the mind forget what the eye loves to behold ? My footsteps were directed I scarcely knew whither, for the impression of remembered objects full often bars the mind from cognizance of the present. Still the cemetery—the city of graves—the dwelling place of the congregated dead lay in fullest vividness before me.

There the weary sleep in earth together ; and all are hon-

ored as the hand of affection, or wealth may choose. Side by side are the gilded monuments and the unlettered stone. The good and the bad—the beloved and the slighted—the stranger and the friend, all repose in peaceful proximity. They have forgotten now their strifes, and former animosities, and “are at rest.” Yet above their dust how changed the scene! Their low repository has become the place of fashionable resort, and of fashionable sorrow. The desecrating hand of modern custom has been there, and, instead of the simple grave befitting the return of dust to dust, it has made it a garden plot of beauty. The elaborated monumental sculpture—the luxuriant profusion of every variety of flowers would almost lead one, as he strolls through those silent alleys, to fancy himself within an oriental park. Vain mockery of departed worth!

Thus was I musing, when, on crossing rather an open space, containing a few scattered cedars, suddenly I was startled by a low moan. It proceeded apparently from no great distance, though as yet no being could be seen. The unexpected interruption and the place compelled a listening silence. An interval and that moan again was heard, which seemed now like the sob of a child, and then an expression of maturer grief. Advancing a few steps, an object at once was presented such as I cannot soon forget. It was a little boy, seemingly of about six years of age, kneeling upon a newly made *grave*. He seemed to have just finished planting a small sprig of running evergreen. He did not observe my approach, and I refrained a moment, in order to catch, if possible, the drift of his infant grief. He was engaged in a half suppressed, half uttered plaint, for between the interrupting sobs, I heard distinctly escape his lips the sweet word “mother.” Ah, the thought flashed at once, he is an orphan. He is weeping at the grave of his mother. But wherefore thus, in this strange, and lonely place?

While many thoughts were hurrying through the mind, a stone, accidentally loosened from under my feet, rustled down

a gentle slope. His ear caught the sound, and in an instant he stood upon his feet, frightened at the appearance of a stranger.

My little boy, said I, do not be alarmed, come and tell me why you are here at this late hour, and in so lonely a place. He hesitated, still fearful as to who might be the intruder. Eyeing me a moment in the dim twilight, he covered his face with his little pinafore, and burst into tears.

I took his hand, and gently soothing away his fears asked him again to reveal the cause of his grief. After the first burst of feeling had somewhat subsided, he arose, led the way a few steps to the right, and pointing to two older looking mounds said, "There lies grandma, and grandpa; and there is little sister: and there." stepping back with renewed emotion toward the one on which he had just been planting the evergreen, "there they buried *mother*." The very sight seemed to overwhelm him; for as he uttered the last sentence he sobbed again aloud.

But have you, my little lad, no other friends? said I "Oh! yes—but they are not *mother*. Father lives over in that white house yonder. He has gone away, and I have come here to plant this little vine; for mother and I used to place it on sister's grave; and she would cry, and call it Emma's vine. I planted it there on mother's grave to night, and now it is *mother's vine*. She will tend it with me no more, she is gone. I shall go home by and by, and father will meet me, but mother wont be there. I saw her when she was so pale, she kissed me, and told me to be a good boy; but they say that she died, and they buried her here. She's gone!"

He could say no more. His little heart seemed ready to break; and it was for some time in vain that I endeavored to comfort him. His only answer was, "*Mother's gone!*"

It was now dark, and the chilly dew was falling, rendering the cold ground, on which the child sat, unfit for his longer stay. Come, my little friend, said I as I took again his hand, show me where your father lives. He started up, wiped his

watery eyes, and led the way across the gently undulating field.

It was a low yet tidy-looking dwelling. The green arbor, beneath which we passed toward the door, bespoke anything rather than the house of sloth and negligence. The room, into which we entered, was clean and well arranged, but it was vacant, and silent. The father had not yet returned. My little guide, drawing up a chair and addressing me with a peculiar smile unwonted until then, "Be seated sir. Father will soon be home." Yet as he again looked around, and saw the place where his mother used to sit, and the little stool beside it there was an evidently concealed emotion within.

The hour was now growing late, and I was compelled to bid adieu, probably never again to hold an interview with my new acquaintance. Pressing once for the last his soft hand, and leaving him a small token of remembrance I retired.

Retracing my steps, I passed once more the spot, where I had first met the orphan mourner, and kneeling a moment in instinctive sympathy, left it, as I thought, forever.

Time passed on. Other scenes came, and went, leaving their varied impressions. The above little incident, amid their multiplicity, had almost faded from my mind; when, after a long and dusty ride, I alighted one evening in early summer, at the door of a village hotel. It was the same little village upon the beautiful hill in whose vicinity I had on former occasions so delighted to ramble. The scene of that lonely mountain burial place rushed vividly upon my mind; and I resolved at once to visit once more that spot where I had found the plaining orphan nurturing his mother's vine.

It was just dusk, as I stood again before those secluded tombs. But ah how changed! Where the cedars, and wild grass once grew in beauty, now waved the luxuriant corn. The same undulating fields were there, yet their occupancy revealed but too plainly another's hand: a change of which

I had previously been informed. The low house had given place to a stately mansion.

In one corner of the lot, modestly enclosed by a pale-fence, stood that solitary burial place. The hand of a stranger even, could not desecrate its sacredness. It was there in its wonted loveliness. I approached and bowed before it. Two graves had been added to the little group since I stood there before. The father, and that little mourner there lay side by side with the mother, on whose tomb still grew the evergreen in its freshness.

There they had fallen, one after the other, until the last of that little band was laid with his kindred loved-ones within their own family burial place.

“There green be the turf on that hallowed spot,
Where their kindred ashes sleep;
Let the foot of the stranger profane it not,
Nor the bonds of affection be all forgot,
While the stars shall their night-watch keep.

May the breezes of summer blow gently around,
Nor disturb the pale sleepers' repose;
The tears of the night-dew be shed o'er the ground,
To moisten the verdure on each lowly mound,
While nature true gratitude knows.”

Let us satisfy our own consciences, and trouble not ourselves by looking for fame. If we deserve it, we shall attain to it; if we deserve it not, we cannot force it. The praise bad actions obtain, dies soon away; if good deeds are at first unworthily received, they are afterwards more properly appreciated.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

“PRAY FOR THOSE THOU LOVEST.”

BY MISS C. P. M.

“PRAY for those thou lovest, thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray.”

YES, pray for those thou lovest, thou mayst vainly, idly seek,
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go! Kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly, there,
Ask blessings for the loved one, in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine,
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine,
Thou couldst not to thy cherished friend, a gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldlings friendship, it shall droop and wane ere long,
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure loving throng;
But seek the friend who, when thy prayer for him shall murmur'd be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee,

And should thy flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120.)

Its high Spiritual relations and tendencies. Here a still higher tone of contemplation, awaits and demands our attention

Where do these centre and what are they? They centre in the soul of man, —they are love and obedience, and arising out of these glorious distinctions, are purity and happiness; the tendency of these are heavenly and eternal. His spirit was pure, consequently happy, and its aspirations were heavenly and embraced eternity. Sin had never been known; of course he knew no sorrow, no fear, no pain, no tear; but blest in his happy estate, he breathed immortal pleasures. His existence, his intelligence, his spirit, were enshrined in love Supreme to God. 'Twas love that sustained the purity of his spirit and secured his happiness. His affections were kindred to celestial tenderness, —his desires were after Seraph's joys,—his hopes were prompted by the realities of Heaven. His affections flowed in but one channel,—his hopes were without fear,—and all his affections, desires and hopes were the offspring of conscious immortality.

Angels from on high, stooped to earth, and ministered unto him. They were charmed with the majesty of his creation and spirit. The spiritual associations of earth, they delighted to mingle with. They came down in the morning, and hovered over Paradise, while the early Sun, levelled his

golden rays, full clear upon their feathered panoply. They came down in the evening, and as the Sun retired into the arms of his own golden and purple glory,—they tented on the hills around, and discoursed upon golden harps and lyres, the rapturous music, which called the happy pair from their wanderings by the brooks, to their repose in the rose lined bowers. And while the moon serenely beamed, and the stars glimmered above,—keeping night spell-bound with their softest light—angel with angel in flowery walks conversed,—angel to angel in perfumed bowers did sing. Two, of high command in heaven—now on earth—sentinelled the repose of the sleeping pair, and with folded plumage, walked the pleasing round, until the morn returned. And when the morn returned, and they had finished well, their worship and repast, angels again communed with them, of their creation, of their relation to earth, of their more blissful relation to the skies, of their probation, of their obedience, of their ascension in the fulness of time, to heaven, the representatives of a new race of glorified spirits. And then—stooping from His lofty Throne—the presence of God the Creator, raptured Paradise, while a shining escort, poised on steady wing, above the scene, gazed down with admiration.—Soon the interview of Heaven and earth—God and man concluded,—upward shouting, the sacred Host attend their God to the Throne—

Growth in grace manifests itself by a simplicity—that is, a greater naturalness of character. There will be more usefulness and less noise; more tenderness of conscience, and less scrupulosity; there will be more peace, more humility: when the full corn is in the ear, it bends down because it is full.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY BLANCHE BERNAIRDE.

WHAT *are* Man's rights upon the earth,
Where all *was* "good" at Adam's birth,
 Though evil now doth reign!—
He may arise against this foe,
And lay the haughty tyrant low;
 Then soar to good *again*.

He may possess the fruits and flowers,
Of Eden's bright celestial bowers,
 By seeking here for gold—
The gold of Wisdom, which can buy
Inheritance beyond the sky,
 'Mid endless joys untold.

He may assist our fallen race,
To find in Heaven a resting place,
 From all earth's sinful strife;
By leading them to Jesus' feet,
Where truth and love and mercy meet,
 Which point to endless life.

Philadelphia, May 7th, 1846.

Adversity overcome, is the highest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue; sufferings are but the trial of gallant spirits.

[FROM THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.]

GLENOCHRE.

A PICTURESQUE NARRATIVE.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

AND we lift our trusting eyes
From the glens our fathers trod.
To the quiet of the skies
And Sabbath of our God.—HEMANS.

THE widow Dunbar, whom the writer met at the Ivy Bridge, had invited him to her summer residence, called Glenochre. Some time elapsed before it was convenient to comply with my promise ; but we concluded, at last, to make, rather than wait for, an opportunity or an occasion. The writer owns neither an Arabian camel, nor a Spanish mule, nor a set of Lapland dogs : but still he has contrived ways and means to be somewhat locomotive. The widow was glad to see me, and so was her daughter Gatty, for in this familiar way she was most commonly addressed. The latter met me on the lawn, in a very ingenious way, and we walked up a gravelled path bordered by some beautiful beech trees, and some monthly roses, which had just been spun out of the loom of nature. “Hasn’t Gatty grown,” said her mother, “since we met at the Cross Key inn?” “Just thinking,” I replied, “by what process the pale miniature has become a ruby picture of health.”

Scottish associations are very slight in comparison with those which England has scattered over Virginia ; for the former amount to nothing more than such sprinklings as an

April shower gives to a desert. But the Glenochreites were of Highland descent, and the mansion they occupied lay at the foot of an eastern spur of the ridge which divides our state. The glen led out to a vale whose charms could match those of Avoca, which Tom Moore has sung in his lyrics, or those along the Gavenny river, which the Mayfield bard has never celebrated.

Don't like to describe the interior of a house except where order and neatness exempt from all obligations to keep dark. The house had a Scottish air. There was a clock set in a frontispiece which represented the decayed abbey of Scone, and the aged building seemed to crumble more and more as the time piece turned on its pivot. The rooms were all papered with the scenery which Sir Walter used up in his *Lady of the Lake*. There was James V. on his gallant steed—his bugle-man before—the retinue of huntsmen outstripped by the king—the agitated stags—the dark waters of Katrine which lay in the distance—the island with its heavy castle—and the highland wood overshadowed by fir trees, mingled with the yellow blossoms of the larch. We had loch Au, with its four islands—and loch Tay, with the seat of the Breadalbanes. Fancy could carry a man immediately to the Ochill hills—the cascade of Aberfeldy—or where the Allan-Teth and Forth came to a confluence, and sundry other pieces of Caledonian picturesqueness too tedious to be entered on this present schedule. A Scotchman would have called this secluded home an oasis in the wilderness of Blue Ridge life.

“Not done as yet with that old ridge,
Not yet, quoth I, we praise the bridge
That leads us on to useful lore,
So let us try that ridge once more.”

The writer does not deal in romance. He has received letters charging him with having told stories in these harmless papers. But my dear Christian sisters on the Delaware

and elsewhere may dismiss their apprehensions about a nervous recluse. He has'nt invention enough to make up even the dull things he has told, and certainly not half enough to create a heroine at Glenochre. Flora M'Donalds—fair maids of Perth—and brides of Abydos obey other wands than mine; but there can be no harm in saying that Gatty Dunbar asked me to ride to kirk with the family on Sunday. "But one objection, sister Gatty," said I, "young preachers torment me to officiate in their stead." "And can't you?" she replied, with a smile: but she was answered by a momentary difficulty in my respiration. Gatty was touched with sympathy at my inability to oblige her minister; "but we can disguise you," she said, "in any way you please. Would you like," she continued, "to copy the gude man of Stirling castle, or Dr. South, or Archbishop Usher, in the times of Charles the First?" "Neither, but you *may* throw over me a striped tartan cloak."

Should like to describe kirk-going as well as Mrs. Hemans, Legh Richmond, or Wordsworth: but can't help our inability. We left Glenochre in an open carriage drawn by a pair of ponies, which looked as if they had come from the highlands, and our driver acquitted himself about as well as Automedon qui fuit equorum agitator Achilles. The ponies fairly danced along gates of rock, or over rustic bridges, or plunged into silver streams. We had hardly time to watch the rose-colored herds, or overhear the browsing of the sheep, or accost the dalesmen on their way, for our horses were inspired by the summer effulgence which was lavished on the vale. The position of the kirk was the best which nature could have given, or which taste could have selected. Holly trees were dispersed about quite liberally over the adjacent grounds—a current of sylvan music floated into the ear from a mossy creek—vines were creeping over the holy place—and there was a view of the distant mountains where they had been impelled into currents, one look at which

“Was worth an earldom of the North,”

But what pleased me most was, to see Gatty Dunbar so condescending to the poor. From an adjoining thicket, we saw her helping a woman eighty-four years old over a log bridge, and then steadying some poor children across the stones of a water-brook. “Perhaps, little children,” said she, “you may live to see me tottering on a staff.” Such is the power of Christian humility, for my friend Gatty, if she pleased, might have worn the cairngorm, or the best topaz from the island of Arran, or the plume of the ostrich might have towered in her hat.

By this time the preacher had arrived, and he eyed me very closely, though he looked nothing that amounted to a stare. Doubtless he was curious to know why the stranger was wearing a cloak when the mercury was nearly up to summer heat, but it was not mine to give him the eclairsissement, and Gatty had been well schooled to keep a secret. The preacher appeared about twenty-two years of age. He was remarkably handsome: but his eye shot forth not the fire of genius half so frequently as the glance of benevolence. We don’t want to make him a piece of perfection, but he was not ridiculous like the Vicar of Wakefield—nor a politician like the Dean of St. Patrick’s—nor so precise as the Dr. Barlow in Sandford and Merton, nor so mawkish as the one who figures in the Cœlebs of Hannah More. He bade fair, we thought, to make such a preacher as Cowper has described. But it was time to enter the kirk, and the discourse was well adapted to the people. At the close, the preacher gave us one or two touches of the imagination. “My design,” said he, “in coming among you is, to make this vale as beautiful in the piety of its occupants, as it is confessedly charming in its natural position. My great desire is, that it should become one of the green spots of the church.” With these words he concluded. The writer, during the discourse, had thrown off his cloak, and the preacher descended imme-

diately to the Glenochre pew. "How could you have served me so?" said he, but in a playful way, for he had detected the clerical contour of my dress.

That same evening Glenochre looked singularly picturesque. The shepherd sun had been traveling all day over a blue desert: but had found and arranged his flock about twilight, whilst the distant constellations were brought to repose in their fleecy folds.

"And the ample moon
In the deep stillness of that summer eve.
Rose up behind the thick and leafy groves."

But we'll not describe. Some of the dependents or hangers-on at Glenochre, had come to the house. The dairy-man and his wife and daughters were among the number, and so were the gardener and the herb-woman. We didn't exactly comprehend what was a brewing; but the widow had ordered a cushioned chair to be placed near a brilliant lamp, and her daughter had brought some first-rate maps and laid them down. But the secret was evolved when my hostess remarked, "we want you to give us an account of some few of those verdant spots of the church to which our young minister alluded this morning." "You have taken me by surprise," I replied, "but by pausing ten minutes, and taking a few pencil notes, it may be in my power to give a few crayon sketches." The writer can think even when a person is singing, and the interim was taken up by Gatty who sung a hymn in the Scottish dialect. The following is a specimen of the small-talk which we gave on that evening.

"The church, my sylvan friends, is a body composed of all Christian people. We'll not stop to prove this, for how can we prove a thing self-evident. The best form of religion is that which approaches nearest to primitive simplicity; and what this simplicity was we may learn from the scrip-

tures. There are many forms carried on at St. Peter's, in Rome: but St. Peter's is like the ice palace built for a Russian czarina. If it were to fall down, it would be the fall of an avalanche. But piety must be in the heart. It's not my purpose to treat of the great points at which the church has at times been conspicuous, such as Wittenberg in Saxony, where the reformation began in 1517, or Augsburg, in Bavaria, where Luther and Melanchthon told Charles V. what they believed of Geneva or Canterbury. The reformation was an attempt to retrieve the ancient and primitive faith. The Romish Church, at one time, taught that the earth was flat, and she made Galileo get down on his knees and beg absolution just for saying it was round. She taught so many errors that their name was legion. The popes have all been bad men: because no good man will ever keep ill-gotten power. But this great subject can't be handled at present, nor do we design to speak of the red spots of the church. By her red spots we mean where the blood of good people has been shed for conscience sake. Some of her children have been killed among the diamond mines of Bohemia—some by the lake of Constance—some among the pines of the Alps—some low down in the valleys of Italy—some in the streets of Paris—some among the cells of the inquisition—some at Smithfield and Oxford—and others by the river Tweed. Can't believe the Romish to be a church, for then the church would have been turned into a huge slaughter-house. But my intention is just to speak of some little nooks or corners where piety has found a home. Among these some think that St. Bernard should count one: but it is disfigured by superstition. It's eleven thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. Monks have lived there a long time, and they have dogs trained for the purpose of going up and down the mountain, and decoying bewildered travellers to the monastery. This is very good: but we don't like monkery. It's been an evil ever since it was born. There is another place, or rather was, (for the Jesuits have destroyed it,) called Port-

Royal, near Paris, where lived the good Pascal, who, with others, cultivated learning, philosophy, and religion. But even this spot was disfigured by spiked girdles and holy thorns. The papists have drowned the moral of Christianity in the ritual, instead of plunging the ritual into the moral. If the ceremonial be carried down to its right place in the grotto of the Christian heart, it may serve as a level where gems of piety more valuable than the merigals of Sofala may repose, and from whence they may work their escape to the margin of that narrow way along which the Christian holds his course. But there are spots of the Church not marred by superstition, of which we proceed to speak. They may be found on mountains, and in the dales. Hernhut, in Lusatia, is one of these nooks. It was founded in 1722, by some good people who escaped from Moravia, and settled on the estates of Count Zinzendorf. They there planted the missionary banner. These people cultivate lowliness, and it's of lowly places we desire to speak. Stilling Aulic, counsellor to the duke of Baden, made a visit to Hernhut, and its occupants begged him not to praise the establishment. We love to read of their neat settlements in foreign lands. Their diagram of life is quite practical; but it wears the colors of unobtrusive taste. The gorgeousness of St. Peter's excited the admiration of Addison: but the imagination of the Baroness De Stael was wrought into ecstasy by the simple hymns of Hernhut. Let us look up into the Alps where Oberlin and Neff toiled for the good of peasants, and wore a moral belt which enclosed them within the fold of the church. They lived in high rocky places, such as Fondi-Gap, and Embrun. If you carry a pound weight into a mountain three miles high, by the great laws of gravitation it will lose, perhaps, half an ounce. But if you take a minister so high, he is apt to lose the trappings of earthly pomp, whilst he gains more and more the stole of Christian humility. We can't do more than group these places: but there is Bemerton, over in Somerset, where lived the lowly George Herbert, whose

memoirs are exceedingly interesting. And there is a prison in Bedfordshire, in which the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* was confined. It's become a green spot set round with heavenly visions. And then we have Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where the boy Wesley was raised, who overcame what's called the *vis inertiae* of the church, by the moral force he impressed on the sluggish mass. And there is Madely in Shropshire, where Fletcher used to ring his bell and call to preaching the hedger and the collier. And then we have Olney and Weston, where Cowper and Newton prayed, and Newington Green, where Watts composed his hymns, and Hodnet, where Heber lived. To these we may add Cowslip Green and Barley Wood, where Hannah More planted schools for the ignorant children of her parish. We admire her practice far more than her writings. And we have Dumblane, Perthshire, where the good Leighton was some time bishop, and the royal forest of Ettrick where Boston toiled. It's celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, and in the church-yard of Selkirk, are the ashes of the Ettrick Shepherd, listening to the murmur of a very sweet river. We may speak also of Serampore, in India, where Dr. Carey clothed the Bible in a multitude of oriental tongues, in which to address nations—or Shirauz, where Henry Martyn translated the new Testament into Persian, or the Forks of the Delaware, where Brainard changed the smoke of wigwams into heavenly incense. But these spots are too numerous to be mentioned. They exist in Greenland, Iceland, Lapland, the Sandwich Islands, Greece, Turkey, and in many other places. We have spoken of one or two belonging to different branches of the general church, because there ought to be no spots in our feasts of charity. Your minister, it seems, who has been but a few moons among you, wishes this vale to become a moral garden. Nature has made it as bonnie as that of Lanterbrunn, of Evexsham, or Llangollen, but he knows that the piety of its inhabitants will make it still handsomer." Sister Gatty now sung a missionary hymn, and the evening was closed with a prayer.

The widow Dunbar then introduced me to the milk and herb-women, and also to the dairy-man, who was a Moravian, and to the gardener who was from old Caledonia, whilst her charming daughter was by her side. "Why didn't you," said Gatty, "mention Brading, in the Isle of Wight, as one of the verdant corners of the church?" and at the question we felt convicted of an error.

The writer anticipated leaving Glenochre the day after the Sabbath: but the kindness of the family prevented my getting away. There were several Scotch books lying carelessly about, which took my fancy, and we got to turning them over to find out what they contained. In this way the noon had arrived before we became conscious how quickly the minutes had passed. The mind of the widow, too, seemed burdened with a weighty communication which she wished to make, nor could we opine or even surmise what its nature might be, until she unexpectedly broke the ice. "Gatty," said she "has a notion of leaving Glenochre." "Indeed," I replied, "to what foreign land? To the highlands of Caledonia, or to the English lakes?" "Did you notice," rejoined her mother, "the manse near the kirk? That seems to be the goal at which she aims. And you're to tie her before you leave!" "My visit, then," said I, "was quite opportune," but at that moment Gatty entered the room with more of a violet look than the look worn by the stately rose. Her's was a lowly mind, if one of that sort ever existed. Some hundreds have stood before me at the altar, but never one with as much sincerity and meekness. And several years have gone by, and my Glenochre-friends are still enjoying life, and Gatty is still settled at the foot of the most beautiful mountain in creation, and one of which we may say, what Lord Byron said of the ocean,—

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of Heaven above?
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked to the blessed, of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels bright employ?
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee, for herself, hath gather'd and toil'd,
But a mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller thought afar,
From pole to pole, from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The Heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder that voice beneath, above—
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

M A N.

“WHAT a piece of workmanship is *man* ! How noble in intellect ! How infinite in faculty ! In form and movement, how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in comprehension how like a God ! The beauty of the world ! The paragon of animals !”

When the muse of the bard, blessed him, in the utterance of the above sublime strain, man must have been contemplated, in his noblest life and loftiest destiny. The author of the strain, has been placed,—by the acclamation of all people—the first and the brightest of the profane poets. His lofty and elevating Genius—his powerful and commanding mind—his controlling and subduing philosophy—his searching reason and his raptures of imagery, have concentrated in the unfolding of the mystery of man. With the skill, precision and ease, of the Anatomist, has he entered the human heart, and laid open to gaze, the affections, passions—hopes and fears—the streams and springs of Life. His every day scenes,—from every possible variety of human being—though passing before our eyes every day that we live,—are brought home to our reflection, with the force of the Poet’s magic power, and we are led to exclaim—“What a piece of workmanship is man !”

Man is superior to all else in the creation—he is the noblest work of God ! His frame—so express—was *formed*, by the hand of God—and animated with superior life. “God breathed into his nostrils,” and the life of Angels blessed him. He started from his cold clayey slumber, at the stealings of the Breath of God, and stood erect and proud, the lord of

creation, and thrilling with the knowledge of Immortality.

Who, that reads the account of the creation of the world, can fail to be impressed with the visitings of sublimity and grandeur, through every step, displayed by the great architect of the universe,—until the last and finishing stroke completed the whole material superstructure, and when at the command of God, it rolled around in majestic harmony, under the blessings of the Morning Stars, and echoing the shouts of the Sons of God? And when we remember that, until man was formed, the whole creation was a mystery to witnessing Angels—what must be the impression of grandeur, which then come over us. Man was made as the crown of the creation. Without him, the creation of the world, would have remained an everlasting riddle to cherubim and seraphim; and when, in its revolutions around the “centre and balance of the universe,” the eye of an archangel rested upon it, he would have hushed his harp, and gazed with mysterious stillness, on the incomprehensible mystery—a discordant sphere in the harmony of the universe. But the upspringing man,—instinct with immortal life—and lifting his eye, in serene consciousness of a companionship with the Throne in his destiny, solved the mystery of the world, and was the signal of its welcome, into the train of spheres.

The intelligence of man, separates him from all other creatures, by an impassible barrier, and his destiny is the soul of his greatness. His mind and heart, combine in their aspirations after a high and noble existence. There is an ever during upward tendency, springing from his soul, and a despising of earth, as far beneath his desire and aim. He loves to revel amid the works of the Omnipotent Hand which created him, to admire, understand, comprehend the works—while adoration for the workman, fills the soul. Where lives the man, who, in the survey of the world around him, the sky above him,—with all their sublime furniture,—whose intelligence leads him into the knowledge of the works and

ways, and designs of the All-Infinite,—surrounded by constant developments of Providence, which, like channels should bear his thoughts away to God—does not feel his own tremendous obligations to love and adore the Wisdom and Power of Jehovah. To love God is the noblest engagement of the soul of man. And that man who does not love God, after such manifestation on the part of Heaven, of such infinite love to him, is unworthy the name of man, and the destiny of man. The Christian, is the “highest style” of man. He, who under the influence of the Holy Spirit, seeks and finds, the joys of reconciliation with God, through the death of the Son—and consecrates his heart and life to the love and service of his God, in the hope of a blissful immortality beyond this vale of tears, is “the highest style of man.” He then becomes a son of God—born into the family of Jesus Christ, and made a participator of Life Everlasting. Oh! then, what is life? Every thing—“righteousness, joy and peace.” Hope faith, and love, become the guardian angels of the spirit, and these point onward and upward, to a brighter sphere, where the soul, shall rest, in everduring bloom, in the welcoming presence of its Father and God. Without this consecration of himself to God—man is nothing—all in vain his boast of greatness. All in vain his intellect, all in vain his life. Within the encircling arms of God—as his child it is beautiful to rest; and he who fails to find a refuge here, is exposed to the Storms of life, without a shelter, to the gloom of earth without a gleam of light, to the shadow of death, without a ray of hope.

To endure present evils with patience, and wait for expected good with long suffering, is equally the part of the Christian and the hero. Those evils would break a proud man's heart, that would not break an humble Christian's sleep.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER !—who wak'st by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy lov'd one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break ;
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger !—afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee ;
There is one who can tell of a home on high,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in the breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon, for days of sin ;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner !—who sitt'st in the church yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead,
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
In thy veins of fire and wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darken'd vale ?
Seek to the guide who can never fail ;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."





PITTSBURG.

WE present in this number a beautiful view of the city of Pittsburg, the "great manufacturing city of the west."

The following notice of the city, its environs, is taken from "Historical collections of the state of Pennsylvania."

Pittsburg, the seat of justice of Allegheny County, but more distinguished as the great manufacturing city of the west, is situated on a triangular point at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, in latitude north $40^{\circ} 26' 25''$, and longitude west from Greenwich $79^{\circ} 59'$. It is 300 miles west from Philadelphia, 120 south of Lake Erie, 1,100 by land, and 2,029 by water, above New Orleans. The Allegheny comes down with a strong current from the northeast, and sweeping suddenly round to the northwest, receives the more gentle current of the Monongahela from the south—their combined waters flowing on to the Mississippi under the name of the Ohio, or Beautiful River. The aborigines and the French considered the Allegheny and Ohio to be the same stream, and the Monongahela to be a tributary—*Allegheny* being a word in the Delaware language, and O-hee-o in the Seneca, both meaning *fair water*. Hence the French term *Belle Riviere*, was only a translation of the Indian name.

The alluvial bottom on which the city is built is quite limited; for immediately back of it, and at less than a mile from the point, rises Grant's hill, (on which the courthouse stands,) with Ayres' hill on the west, and Quarry hill on the east of Grant's. At the foot of these hills there extends up

the Allegheny a strip of alluvial land about a quarter of a mile wide, on which the suburb Bayardstown is built ; and on the Monongahela side a still narrower margin. The city is rapidly pushing its eastern limits on to the sides and summits of these hills. Grant's hill is already occupied. Opposite to Pittsburg, on a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Allegheny, is the large city of ALLEGHENY ; below it a mile or two is the more rural village of MANCHESTER ; while on the other side of Pittsburg, across the Monongahela, the smoky street of SLIGO, with its noisy manufactories, is nestled under the high precipice of Coal hill ; and about two miles above Sligo, where the alluvial bottom spreads out wider, lies the large manufacturing town of BIRMINGHAM. All these villages may be considered as belonging to and forming part of one great manufacturing and commercial city.

A Board of inquiry visited Pittsburg, in 1841, for the purpose of selecting a site for the U. S. Marine Hospital. The Editor of the Wheeling Times, in speaking of this visit, and the prospect from the hills, environing the city, says :—

This board found Pittsburg a much larger place than Wheeling ; they found it a thriving place, with numerous engines, furnaces, and machinery ; they found it with a rich and industrious population—a people that would work, and would therefore prosper,—at the same time they found them an hospitable, gentlemanly class of beings, possessed of intelligence and willing to impart it. They doubtless took an early excursion upon the hills that environ the city. They looked down, and a sea of smoke lay like the clouds upon Chimborazo's base. No breath of air moved its surface ; but a sound rose from its depths like the roar of Niagara's waters, or the warring of the spirits in the cavern of storms. They looked around them, and saw no signs of life or human habitation. They looked above them, and the summer sun, like a haughty warrior, was driving his coursers up the eastern sky. Then from the sea of smoke a vapor rose—another

and another cloud rode away, and a speck of silvery sheen glittered in the sunbeams.

Again, a spire came into view, pointing heavenward its long slim finger; then a roof—a house-top—a street; and lo! a city lay like a map spread out by magic hand, and ten thousand busy mortals were seen in the pursuit of wealth, of fame, of love, of fashion. On the left, a noble river came heaving onward from the wilderness of the north, bearing on its bosom the treasures of the forest. On the right, an unassuming, but not less useful current, quietly yielded to the vessel's prow that bore from a more genial soil the products of the earth. They looked again, and extending downward through fertile and cultivated vales, checkered with gently swelling hills, they saw the giant trunk formed by the union of these noble branches. Ruffling its mirrored surface, they saw the noble steamer leaping like the panting courser, bearing a rich burden from the far sunny south; another, gathering strength and rolling onward to commence its long journey past fertile fields, high hills, rich and flourishing cities, and forests wide and drear, bearing the hand-work of her artisans to Mississippi, Texas, Mexico, the groves of India, and the hills of Pernambuco—nay, to every land to which the sun in its daily course gives light. Such they saw Pittsburg; and as such, as a citizen of the west, we are proud of her.—

With the villages on the left bank of the Monongahela, Pittsburg is connected by the Monongahela bridge, 1,500 feet in length, having 8 arches resting on stone piers. This bridge was erected in 1818, at a cost of \$102,450. Over the Allegheny there are no less than four bridges crossing to the Allegheny city, besides the splendid aqueduct of the Pennsylvania canal. The first of these bridges was erected in 1819 at an expense of \$95,250. It is 1,122 feet in length, resting on 6 piers of stone, and is elevated 38 feet above low water.

There are in Pittsburg and its environs, within convenient

walking distance, 17 Presbyterian churches, 3 Cumberland Presbyterian, 12 Methodist Episcopal, 3 Protestant Methodist, 4 Baptist, 4 Roman Catholic. 5 Episcopal, 2 Associate, 4 Associate Reformed, 2 Evangelical Lutheran, 2 Congregational, 2 Disciples' churches, 1 "Church of God," 1 Unitarian, 1 German Evangelical Protestant, 1 German Reformed, 3 Welsh, and 4 African churches of different denominations.

The population of Pittsburg, in 1786, was by estimate about 500 ; in 1796, according to the assessor's lists, 1,395 ; in 1810, about 5,000 ; in 1820, 7,248 ; in 1830, including Allegheny and the suburbs, 21,912 ; and in 1840, including the same, 38,931.

Pittsburg owes its pre-eminence to the fortunate combination of several advantages. It is, with slight exceptions, at the head of steamboat navigation ; it is also the terminating point of the main line of internal improvements. It is the mart of portions of Virginia and New York, as well as of western Pennsylvania ; while the Ohio opens to the enterprise of its citizens the whole of the Mississippi valley. The exhaustless banks of coal in the neighboring hills, and the excellent mines of iron ore found in great abundance in the counties along the mountains and on the banks of the Ohio below, together with the vast forests of pine timber on the head-waters of the Allegheny River, give to this city its pre-eminence over all others in the west for manufacturing purposes.

To enumerate the various manufacturing establishments of this great workshop, does not fall within the scope of this work. The principal articles of manufacture are steamboats, steam-engines, and a great variety of machinery, both of iron and wood ; bar-iron, nails, ploughs, and agricultural implements ; glass, cotton cloths, leather, and saddlery ; flooring-boards ; with a great number of articles of which the manufacture is prosecuted on a smaller scale. The steam power exerted in these various departments is immense ; in

1833 it was estimated to be equal to that of 2,580 horses, and it was probably augmented one half in 1843. To strangers the manufactories are well worth a visit, especially those of glass, nails, bar and rolled iron.

There is much moral power in this city ; many men of talents in the learned professions, whose light shines throughout the great valley of the west ; many benevolent societies and institutions of learning.

CROCUS.

SMILES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

THIS pretty flower blooms in early spring. Its colors are yellow, purple, and white.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
Here without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair—nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
My leaves shall run up and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head
And all will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus ;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus !

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow,
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come but the brighter to-morrow.

CULTURE OF THE CROCUS.

THE various sorts of Crocus, some of them natives of England, are not very difficult to cultivate, and are peculiarly pleasing in their effect, particularly the earlier sorts, which blow in company with the snowdrops, violets, and primroses, in spring. They are chiefly propagated by offsets, but may also be raised from seed.

SEED SOWING.

It is important to sow the seed of Crocuses immediately after it is gathered, in any light soil, put into pans or boxes, having previously, if convenient, put the soil into a hot oven to kill the weeds. Fill the pans to within half an inch of the top at the edges, but a little higher in the middle, so as to form a cone. Sow thinly broad-cast, cover the seed slightly, give a moderate sprinkling of water, and place the pans under a wall with a south-eastern aspect, taking care to shelter them from heavy rains, but giving them moderate waterings when the soil becomes too dry. As soon as the autumnal rains set in, or there is any sign of frost, they must be put under shelter in a cold frame.

AFTER CULTURE.

As soon as the leaves appear, they must be fully exposed to air and sun-light, even in frosty weather, unless it be very severe, and heavy rains must be guarded against, being apt to do much injury to the tender seedlings. When the weather becomes mild in spring, they may be removed to their first situation under the south-east wall.

When the leaves have died down, take off a small portion

of the old soil from the surface, and replace it with about half an inch in depth of fresh compost, repeating exactly the management directed for the first year.

When the leaves have died the third year, take up the roots and plant them an inch apart in a bed, and the following season they may be expected to flower. It is important throughout the culture to be sparing of water, and as soon as the leaves become yellow to discontinue it entirely.

If this mode of raising seedlings be deemed too troublesome, the seeds may be sown on a dry warm south border, and be allowed to remain till they flower, which will be about the fourth year.

CULTURE OF OFFSETS.

Offsets from the corms of crocuses may be treated precisely like the seedlings of the second year, and most of them will blow the year after they are planted, unless they are very small at the time of planting.

CULTURE OF FULL-GROWN CORMS.

The corms of the various sorts of crocus, must be planted with a dibber or trowel at the depth of about two inches, either in beds by themselves in rows eight or ten inches apart, and six inches from plant to plant; or in patches of five or six corms in each, on the fronts of the clumps, borders, or other parts of gardens or pleasure-grounds, placing them in a varied manner, both in respect of sorts, and the order in which they are planted.

Great injury is frequently done to the corms by trimming off, for the sake of neatness, the green leaves as soon as the flowers go off. It is these green leaves which nourish and strengthen the corms, and if they are taken off, the future bloom must be thereby rendered weak.

In the instance of tolerably dry soils, the corms may remain two or three years without being disturbed, for they

do not bear so well to be kept out of the ground as tulips and similar bulbs, and the crocus corms consequently purchased in the winter and spring months with strong shoots pushed out before planting, often perish, or at least flower weakly.

They must be taken up at the period when the leaves decay, separating the larger corms from the smaller ones, and putting up each by themselves, that they may be planted out separately at the proper season.

SPECIES AND VARIETIES.

The price of crocus corms ranges from one shilling to six shillings per hundred. One hundred of twenty named varieties costs about six or seven shillings. The blue and the small yellow are the cheapest; the large yellow, cloth of gold, Scotch, white, and purple, are next; and the saffron next in value. The following arrangement is from *Paxton's Magazine of Botany*:—

I. Spring crocuses with yellow flowers.

1. Cloth of gold (*Crocus Susianus*), two varieties.
2. Primrose yellow (*C. sulphureus*), four varieties.
3. Starry (*C. stellaris*).
4. Flask (*C. lagenæflorus*).
5. Common yellow (*C. luteus*).
6. Cream yellow (*C. lacteus*), two varieties.

II. Spring Crocuses with various coloured flowers (not yellow), and the mouths of the flower tubes without hairs.

1. Scotch (*C. biflorus*), three varieties.
2. Silver (*C. argenteus*), two varieties.
3. Small (*C. pusillus*).
4. Parti-colored (*C. versicolor*, many varieties.
 - a. Blossoms with a pale ground and lines pretty distinct, three sorts.
 - b. Blossoms very distinctly striped or feathered, four sorts.
 - c. Ground tinged with lilac or purple and striped, three sorts.

- d.* Ground white, the outer petals striped or feathered, nine sorts.
5. Common spring Crocuses (*C. vernus*), many varieties.
- a.* Purple of various shades, some spotted, twenty-two sorts.
- b.* Variegated with purple spots or featherings on a pale ground, two sorts.
- c.* Spotted, with blotches of dark purple and white markings, four sorts.
- d.* Striped, three sorts.
- e.* Grey, twelve sorts.
- f.* White, seven sorts.
- g.* Late-flowering, five sorts.

Other sorts and varieties are occasionally produced from seed by crossing.

The autumnal crocus of saffron (*C. officinalis*), and the meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), are managed in a similar manner; but the corms must be planted in July instead of late in autumn, as is done with the early crocuses

Not more necessary are constant supplies of water to the growth of vegetation in the sultry regions of the East, than the influences of divine truth to the existence of human happiness. If a tree, planted by the margin of a refreshing river, is a proof against the heat of the sun, or the unfavorableness of seasons, he, also, who into a well-prepared heart, receives continual infusions of religious wisdom, is flourishing and happy amidst all the inconveniences of life.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE LILY'S TEAR.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

WRITTEN on seeing a couple of tears on the petals of an African lily, which it is said cannot elaborate the moisture it takes up from the atmosphere, without the light; consequently in the night, or in a dark place, the fluid particles gather in little tears on the outside of the leaf.

Ah, weep dear plant—thy tears are not
Unholy in a world of grief,—
Angels might love the silver drop,
That quivers on thy stainless leaf,—
For it is such an emblem sweet,
Of grief that never knew despair,
But only flows new joys to greet,
And weeps a great affection there.

They tell me that thy tears are shed,
Because of light too long withdrawn,
By which thy petal-lungs are fed,
But cannot laborate till morn;
I love to think another cause,
Within thy heart distils the tear,—
One not less true to nature's laws,
But to a feeling mind more dear.

I love to think thou art alone,
Far from thine own warm Afric's shore.—
Where days are chill and nights are long,
And balmy breezes come no more,—
That yet some thrill of memory dear,
Or nameless feeling in thy breast,
Forces a new angelic tear,
By love and sweet affection blest.

Weep thus, and thou art like the heart,
Which ne'er will find the world of bliss,
Its first young fancy oft apart,
Greeted with its new fondling kiss ;
The days are chill and nights too long,
To bless a warm light loving heart—
Whose fairy life too soon is gone.
And leaves it weeping in the dark.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE POESY OF THE BIBLE.

BY FURMAN SHEPPARD.

BUNYAN's saintly pilgrim when midway in his journey, standing on the Delectable Mountains, had a ravishing vision of the New Jerusalem. He was permitted to gaze upon its precious walls and shining palaces. The recollection of that sight gave lightness to his step, and strength to his arm, and hope to his heart, when he passed through the valley of giants and before grimly frowning castles. It is thus with ourselves. At times our souls seem elevated to heights far above the low earth. Its discord fades away from our hearing. Sweeter melodies come down from above. Its scenes vanish into dimness. Glorified prospects dawn on us from the future. The spirit swells with a rapture beyond its capacity and when it descends, like Moses from the mount of God's display, shines like the face of that holy man, because of its near approach to the burning Glory. Thence forward we journey along with refreshed cheerfulness and more adventurous

ardor. It is these better scenes and songs and visions, that make this dull life tolerable. They form the poetry of our nature. We propose now to show that the sacred Scriptures are replete with such elements of poetry, and that, regarded from this point of view, they deserve close attention as an invaluable text-book—

Homer was all in all to the ancient world, and down to the verge of our own time, he ruled the souls of men like a mighty enchanter. Whether an orator harangued in the market-place, or a philosopher discoursed amid the groves of Academus, or the populace chatted by the banks of the Ilissus, or in the ways that lead up to the capitol, it was Homer who spake through their lips. Did a pale recluse keep thoughtful vigils over an open page? That page was Homer's. Did some sparkling Atticus point a witticism with an apt quoted line? That line was Homer's. Did the army sing when it would charge a foe, or the rhapsodist when he would enliven a banquet? That song was Homer's. Homer was a universal presence. You saw him and heard him everywhere, in the camp, the forum, the hall of justice, the garden of sages, the open street, the secret chamber. It was his spirit that permeated the vast body of ancient literature and gave unity to all its parts. Subsequent poets, in orbits of less or greater distance, revolved around him as their central sun of light and warmth. It is not easy to credit or explain the influence which the blind old bard exercised among the Greek races, both in their colonies and native seats. The antiquity of his productions, among other causes, rendered them attractive. They seemed no less ancient to Pisistratus and Solon than ourselves. Far back in the centuries of time, on the twilight horizon that separates the historical from the fabulous, the Illiad and the Odyssey rise to our view. They stand alone, like pyramids amidst surrounding desolation, too massive to be borne away on its surface by the river of oblivion. Again, all the popular ideas of the people for whom he sang, or perchance wrote, the heroic character,

chivalrous romanticism, personal prowess, war, glory, and the gods, find their complete embodiment in his poems. The people loved them just as they would love a faithful image of themselves.

Now we maintain that the scriptural writings are not a whit inferior, in every poetic merit to the *Illiad*, and that they deserve to be regarded in no less degree, and with no less study as the *Epic of christendom*. We maintain that the Bible apart from its inspired origin is a work of the very highest artistic merit—that it is full of the grandest and fairest creations that ever dawned on the fancy of a poet. Even clergymen are too much disposed to regard it as a book for churches and funerals. It is taken down from the shelf on the morning of the Sabbath, relieved of seven days' gathered dust, opened on the knees, the plates admired, the print read with a countenance highly suggestive of tomb-stones and cypress, then replaced to sleep undisturbed by for a sennight. And this is called respect for the Bible. The usurping Duke of Gloster, when the Mayor of London retired from a conference, tossed his prayer book away with disdain. Had he handled it more daintily, closed and laid it down more carefully, he too, would have shown the same respect for it. Begone with your once-a-week respect. The Bible must be made to form a part of the daily life, action, literature and breath of christendom. We must go to it for scenes of sublimity and beauty as we would go to Homer or Horace or Virgil, only with a more reverential disposition. Do we love Homer for his antiquity? Lo, the Ancient of Days has written the Christian's *Illiad*. Has Homer given utterance to some of the strongest worldly feelings of our nature? Behold in the Scripture the excitements of the still stronger religious principle. Does Homer fill the mind with noble thoughts and images? You will find in Holy Writ the vast and incommunicable idea of spirit, God-head, eternity, and the picture of a great city shining like crystal, and a river of life-giving water, a new heaven and a new earth.

We have long felt assured that the same hand that arched the rainbow across the sky and gave color to the grass, odor to the rose, and beauty of form and motion to thousand objects, in order that they might minister pleasure to the senses, hath with like beneficence gathered within His written word, charms of language, style, and sentiment, that our highest intellectual tastes and most refined perceptions might be gratified. Indeed the very forms of poetry are in many instances observed. This has been remarked by Milton in one of the grandest passages of his prose works. We cannot forbear to quote a part of it. "The Scriptures also, afford us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting as Origen rightly judges, of two persons and a double chorus. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts, with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. * * Those frequent songs throughout the law and the Prophets, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable." There can scarcely be any doubt, that the Song of Solomon is in form a regular pastoral poem, although it has an unfathomable spiritual significance which the production of any uninspired "vulgar amorist" could not possibly possess. Indeed, Sir William Jones has translated from the Sanscrit several sacred songs which in mere externals, closely resemble that of the Hebrew King. In like manner the book of Job seems to be a very ancient eastern Apologue or a simple drama. The first chapter is manifestly dramatic. It opens with a brief view of Job in his prosperity, his sons and daughters, feasts and burnt offerings. Then the scene changes to the presence chamber of Heaven, and the sons of God with satan in their midst, standing about the throne : the prince of darkness challenges the prince of light to test the obedience of the worshiper in Uz. Then the scene returns to earth ; evil messengers bring

in tidings of disaster ; fire and great winds, Chaldeans and Sabeans glimmer dimly in the back ground ; then is represented another conference in Heaven ; then Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar are introduced as interlocutors ; then all is closed by the fearful voice of God himself answering Job out of a whirlwind, forgiving the penitent, renewing his wealth, and commanding the fires of burnt-offering to be kindled anew.

It is we believe, conceded by all, that the psalms of David are metrical compositions. And where in the whole compass of profane literature do we find anything to surpass the carolings of David's harp ? The royal bard passed through a long series of spiritual trials and experiences. He has poured forth into most melodious verse his inmost feelings, his triumphs and agonies of soul. His heart seemed attuned to all fair and lofty utterances and his lips touched with a hallowed coal from off the altar. When delivered from the hand of all his enemies and from the hand of Saul, how does he exult, and how does he portray the Lord his deliverer, bowing the heavens and flying to his rescue. His songs of praise and thanksgiving fill us with rapture, and we are melted to tears by the affectionate tenderness of his prayers in adversity, and by his penitential supplications. We venture to say, that in no other language can so much good poetry, to say the least of it, be found within the same compass.

We might pass on now to the Prophets and speak of their literary merits. The writings of Isaiah, for instance, are undoubtedly the sublimest production of all nations and all time. He seems to have been overborne by the "burden" of inspiration that was on him, and to have struggled in vain, for language to express his vast conceptions. He summoned heaven and earth to hear him. He saw the Lord sitting on a throne, high and lifted up and His temple-filling train. He rebuked the daughters of Zion, and proclaimed burning instead of beauty. His prophetic eye kindled with visions of Messiah's kingdom, and glowed with wrathful fire when he fore-spoke the

doom of Syria, Egypt, Tyre and Babylon. He called Cyrus by name, to subdue the nations and open the two-leaved gates of brass. Whether he laments that none had believed his report, or invokes Jerusalem to awaken and put on her strength ; whether he commands Jacob to fear not, or promises to the righteous a sight of their king in his beauty, in the land that is very far off, he speaks with a dignity, grandeur and power of eloquence, so unmatched and unapproachable, that without profanation, we may apply to his noble style the Homeric epithet, "god-like." Time would fail us, to particularize any of the remarkable passages with which he abounds. But when speaking of Scripture poetry, we cannot fail to admire the fourteenth chapter in the book of the Prophet Isaiah. We have seen nothing in the Greek poets equal to it in idea or expression. The fall of Babylon is fore-announced. Israel exults, saying "how hath the oppressor ceased, the golden city ceased." The earth awakes from the lethargic rest of slavery and breaks forth into singing. Yea the fir-trees and the cedars of Lebanon join in the acclaim of universal nature. Hell, from beneath, is moved to meet the city, at its coming. The dead are aroused and the Kings of the nations rise from their thrones and cry tauntingly "how art thou fallen from Heaven, O ! Day-star, son of the morning." There are yet other Old Testament writings which are poems not only in matter but in general method. Such are Ecclesiastes, the Proverbs, and songs of Deborah and Moses, who, says an old author, sometimes raised up their voice to the highest of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God.

It may be asked why inspiration should select the poetic form of composition as a mode of its revelations. No man can answer. We in return should ask why it should select the prosaic form. Why indeed might it make a revelation at all ? The questions are all of a sort. One thing is clear, that poetry when allied to music, as it was in the Hebrew religious rites, finds a ready entrance to the human heart and

by its "sweetly uttered knowledge" leads in delightful captivity all our passions and desires. We know too, that poetry impresses itself more quickly and forcibly on our memory and judgment than plain bald prose. Sir Philip Sidney in his rare and rich "Defence of Poesy" speaking of David, puts aside the objection we have supposed to be started. Truly, says he, "I fear, I seem to profane that holy name applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it shall find the end and working of it, such as being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God." Poetry in its nature is adapted to grand disclosures. It disdains alliance with time, flesh, and dull conventionalism. Passing away from earth it sweeps with a free wing the range of the universe. It flies forward to anticipate the transactions of eternity and infinity. It brings near to us the grand realities which the curtain of the future will fore-close from our view, until the hand of time shall have gathered up its mighty folds. It moves over the heart and stirs up its deep streams with a purifying virtue as the healing angel troubled the waters of Bethesda. All elevated emotions, all joyful aspirations, all modes of beauty, all divine conceptions for which earth has no symbol, all things that pertain to the soul, its faculties, its everlasting existence, in short all the notions with which the ancient Prophets wished to familiarize us, have ever found their natural embodiment in the language of poetry; and if spirits established in bliss do, as the seer of Patmos represents, express their abounding joy by songs that give no rest to the echos of Heaven's high dome, why should not the Prophets, who begin their heaven while yet below, utter the same feelings in the same form?

But there must be an end to such argumentation. The fact is undeniable—there are poems of regular construction in the Scripture. These poems will one day be read all over the world. The spirit of these sweet singers of the elder

time will slowly shape unto itself the taste of mankind. The poet who writes for universality must build on this foundation. "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God" must be his Castalia. "Sion hill" must be his Parnassus. His Muse must be she who dwelleth "on the secret top of Oreb or of Sinai."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SUNRISE STANZAS.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

THE first tinge of morning so faint on the air,
Is seen on the verge of the orient sky;
Like modesty's blush on the cheek of the fair,
When the rich blood is rising to brighten the eye;
 With the fire of life, and the rays of delight,
 The sunlight of feeling, so pure and so bright.

The dew drops like diamonds on flower and tree,
In the beams of the Sun, in their glory appear;
Like youth, from all care and anxiety free,
Bold, in its innocence, void of all fear;
 Youths springtime is just like this sweet morning ray,
 Which promises fully, a beautiful day.

The breath of the morning which sweetly is blown,
Upon all natures works, which so quickly revive;
The birds on the tree bough, or those which have flown,
From the grove, to the garden, seem gladly to strive,
 By the voice of their songs, mid the bland morning air,
 To offer their thanks, for the blessings they share.

And can mortals be silent, have no song to sing,
No offering of heartfelt and beautiful praise;
No song and no sacrifice, worthy to bring,
As sweet incense to Him, who thus blesses their days,
 Yea, let every heart sing, and let each song arise
 To the friend of the Earth, and the God of the skies.

HEROD THE GREAT.

A FRAGMENT.

BY REV. HERSCHEL S. PORTER.

THIS one act, in the life of Herod, of murdering the children of Bethlehem and the coasts thereof, is sufficient to cast eternal opprobrium upon his character and consign his memory to the just hatred and scorn, of all good and pious persons. This was an act unparrelled in history. It was a deed villainous, cruel, wicked. No man, but one possessed of the heart of a Moloch, delighting in the snuff of infant blood and the cries of suffering innocence, could ever have been capable of conduct so base, so dark, so bloody. This sin, was, like the sin of Saul, which disturbed the death-sleep of Samuel. The prophet calls up Rachael, the mother of the Jewish nation and church, to weep over the slaughtered children. "In Rama, was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Why did not Elijah whose spirit and power dwelt then, in the person of John the Baptist, not denounce such a bloody death on the Tyrant, as anciently had been done on the head of Ahab, who, by perfidy and extortion, had wrested from Naboth his paternal vineyard? Why did the prophet not call up from the dead, David, the valiant King of Israel, and command him to go forth into the brook and gather up seven smooth stones and smite the Iduamean, as he of old smote the Philistines the defier of the armies of Israel? But we should take heed to ourselves.

Any misplaced zeal, that we might have on this subject, should be chastened by the spirit of the gospel, which is a spirit of Love. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it saith the Lord." Just and right are thy ways, Oh Lord God Almighty!

The appearance, the strange, the unusual appearance, of that which much resembled a Star, but which, doubtless, was the divine nature of the Son of God—the long and tedious journey of the Magir the followers of Zoroaster, and their adoration and presentation of costly gifts, all ought to have wrought their due effect on the mind of Herod. The prompt answer returned by the chief priests and scribes, that Christ should be born, in Bethlehem of Judea, ought to have enlightened his mind. The prophecies, to which Herod was referred, should have taught him a lesson of the highest importance. But these things, which ought to have had a good effect on him, served but to irritate and awaken his depravity. His was a mind, that was incapable of being moved by any other, than earthly motives. This act, was of a piece, with all his other actions. He owed his first elevation to power, to Julius Cæsar. When Brutus and Cassius who had assassinated him were gathering forces to make head against the imperial army, Herod was their friend. Afterward he became the friend of Anthony. When the battle of Actium, had decided the fate of Anthony, Herod threw himself at the feet of Augustus, received the pardon and became his fast friend. The successful man was always his friend. The unfortunate one his enemy. He had no conscience, but self-interest. He knew no scale of right and wrong, but profit and loss. He had no fewer, than ten wives, many of whom he murdered, all of whom he divorced. With him, no obligation was too sacred not to be violated, no tie too holy not to be severed.

Of the number of his wives, was the celebrated Mariamne of the Asmonean family. Her brother Aristobulus, and venerable grandfather Hyreanus, fell victims to his jealousy.

He put Mariamne to death, through fear that she would take possession of the throne. Repentance and remorse, when they spring from a wrong source, instead of producing reformation, sometimes, lead to the commission of more atrocious crimes. So it was in this case. Herod in the paroxysm of his remorse and anguish, for the death of Mariamne, seized upon her mother and many of her relatives and put them to death. Great severity never fails to drive innocent persons to desperation and crime. The sons of Herod, Alexander and Aristobulus, indignant at the death of their mother, were led to intrigues against their father. He put them to death. Others of his children he also executed. Such was his brutality to his children that it was the saying of Augustus "Better be Herod's hog than his son" alluding to the fact that he would not eat swine's flesh.

If he rebuilt the temple, it was not his piety, but his craft and policy. While he was refitting that sacred edifice, he was building theatres and introducing immoral shows and exhibitions. Xerxes the great, and Cræssus the wealthiest of all the Romans, plundered temples. But Herod, scrupled not to make a procession, into the sepulchre, of King David and pillage it of its contents. Nero was the bloodiest of all the Roman tyrants. If Herod sacrificed fewer lives than he, it was because his power was less extensive. He put to death more wives, than Henry the eighth of England, the greatest of modern tyrants. In ambition, he was more reckless and heartless than Napoleon, whom he had somewhat resembled in the obscurity of his birth, and the mode of his rising to power. For mad, violent, and unrestrained passion, he was equal to Charles the twelfth of Sweden. Pharaoh cruelly enslaved Israel when young; Herod trampled upon them with an iron heel when old. Judas Iscariot sold the Saviour, for thirty pieces of silver; Herod tried to murder him in his cradle.

The Devil as described in Paradise lost, is a being far superior to Herod, as described in History.

This one man, seems to have combined in his single person all the vices, crimes and sins of his apostate and accursed nation, from the time that Esau sold his birthright to his own day. The whole prophetic denunciations, uttered against Esau and his descendants, seems to have fallen in one accumulated curse, on the head of this wicked man. Wicked was his life; terrible was his death. He lived, but a short time after the slaughter of the infants. He was afflicted with an incurable disorder. He was eaten by worms. Despised by the Jews, he knew they would rejoice at his death. He thought he would cause the nation to mourn at his death. His orders were that at the instant of his own death, persons, selected from all the eminent families of the Jews and previously shut up for that purpose, in the circus at Jerico, should be put to death. This order was not executed. He died unhonored, unpitied, unwept.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

O B E D I E N C E .

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God bade the Sun break forth in light,
And yonder paler flame,
With silver lamp to lead the night,—
And stars to beam with cressets bright,—
And heedful of his word of might,
Each to their orbit came.

God bade the Spring awake, and tread
On winter's icy reign,—
She touch'd the Snow-drops in its bed,
The iris at the brooklet's head,—
And ting'd the queenly rose with red,—
With green, the leafy plain.

God bade the Autumn yield its store,—
And bending o'er the world,—
The trees resign'd the fruits they bore,—
The berry burst its luscious core,—
While harvests to the sickle pair
Their sheaves of ripen'd gold,—

God to the heart hath said,— "*be still*,—
When sorrows o'er thee sweep?"—
And doth it, heedful of this will,
O'er rifled bower, and perish'd rill
Even when its bitterest tears distil,
In meek submission weep?—

God to the heart hath said,— "*be mine*!"
And hastes it not to bring
Its buds that blush,—its flowers that twine,—
The earliest clusters of its vine;
Its first affections to the shrine
Of its Almighty King.—

"The necessity of economising is easily impressed upon the young, when the principle itself is consistently carried out; where there is no expensive display in that which pleases individual fancy, and grudging economy where general comfort is concerned. The true principles of justice and rectitude with regard to pecuniary affairs, were never either recommended or maintained by such a mode of conduct."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE REAL, AND THE IDEAL.

CERTAINLY : we do not deny that assertion. There are works, usually classed among works of fiction, which have not only been free from evil, but have probably accomplished some good. They inculcate pure and noble principles, and lofty aims. We know that the novel reader is correct, when he tells us, very gravely, that Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is in some sense, a work of imagination. The fable of the trees' choosing a king, as we read it in the Old Testament, is, of course, wholly an imaginary narrative, and probably the oldest fable extant. It is also true that Wesley himself mentions a certain work of fiction in commendatory terms ; and that he even abridged it, and published the expurgated edition for the benefit of the reading community. We admit that the evil which novels cause, does not result directly from the simple fact that there never was any such personage as the " Princess of A—," and " Sir Everard—." And in the petty love stories, which form the only department of literature explored by the small sentimentalists of the day, it is a matter of small moment, whether the real name of the heroine was Sally Jones, or Euphemia Belmonte. Nor is it a matter worthy a learned investigation, whether or not the " rejected" swain Mr. Y——, who in the extremity of his anguish, looked unutterable things at the innocent stars, one moonless night, and pondered the dread alternative of drowning his sorrows in the *pond*, or going to Texas, ever dwelt in the town of L——; or whether it was Lady &c's brother or cousin who fought the bloodless, blank-cartridge duel with the unknown gentlemen whose

countenance was adorned with the red mustaches. Let the unwritten volume which expounds all these important particulars, be consigned to that very extensive collection, the library of lost works, and be placed beside the Comedies of Menander.

Still, we object to the great mass of fiction, and insist upon it, that romance in general, whether of ancient or modern date, should be avoided by those who wish to preserve the intellect, or the sentiments in healthy tone. A work, which has for its end the good of the reader, must be based upon correct principles: it must be predicated upon a knowledge of the nature of man, and of the real object of existence; and inculcate a true theory of human happiness. But the usual effect of novel reading shows that its teachings are erroneous. By dwelling upon scenes of imaginary bliss, the reader acquires a distaste for the sober enjoyments of life. By weeping over the sorrows of the "beautiful Exquisitina," or the "fascinating but miserable Mr. Lamar," the heart is positively hardened to the unpoetic sufferings of ordinary flesh and blood. By contemplating glowing portrayals of impossible bliss, the throne of sober reason is gradually undermined, and undue influence is given to passion.

The ladies will excuse us, if we venture an opinion that the effects of novel reading are more powerful among the gentler, than the sterner sex. Not that they are at all deficient in mental power; but from external circumstances. Dr. Johnson tell us that a lady, with whom he was personally acquainted, possessed the strongest intellect he ever knew. But woman is, from her position in society, especially in our own land, more liable to come under the influence of undue, or rather false, sentimentalism. She has not so much of the counteracting influence of the world's rude spirit, to correct, with its rough hand, the bright and glowing pictures of fancy. Their reading is usually not of the miscellaneous character of man's; and the conventional manners of the day tend to deepen her sensibilities, by care-

fully excluding from her attention much of the rough common-place of every day life.

The young man who is unwise enough to prefer fancy to history, has generally an antidote continually at hand, to repress all extra sentimentalism. His day dreams are liable to all manner of matter of fact interruptions. His romantic speculations, and the dry details of business, journey along together, though at times, *non equis passibus*. His mind is filled with a chaos of the real and the ideal. Soft words and treacle: billet doux, and bills of lading: the sweet sound of sentiment, and the vulgar clatter and din of trade, are all mingled in indescribable confusion. And even then he cannot escape all injury. But the young lady has not at hand the same amount of corrective. She reads her work of fiction at intervals during the day, carefully pondering the contents; and perhaps in the evening is blessed with the privilege of listening to the very edifying converse of divers, incipient gentlemen, nice young men, who show a wise horror of every day affairs, and avow, in soft voices, that they always preferred the music of Bethoven, to that of somebody else.

Now, be it understood, that we are not opposed to sentiment. On the contrary, we are very much in favor of it, when we are sure that it is the real article, and not some cheap imitation thereof. That most unromantic of mortals, William Cobbett, bursts out in a testy wish to be forever delivered from the society of those languid damsels, who care not whether their friends go or stay; and who, at their departure, "hold out their fingers to them, as cold and straight as candle ends." Cobbett was a sensible man.

Woman's sovereignty is over the empire of the heart; and the miss, whose eyes, perchance, are now fixed upon these indential words, need not be astonished, if "in the course of human events," as the great Declaration says, she should find herself the heir apparent to a particular dominion of that description. Now what we wish to impress upon her mind

is, that this said territory is not some blissful region of fairy land, nor some imaginary Barrataria, but a section of broad indubitable matter of fact. The deleterious effect of fiction arises from the circumstance that it generally gives distorted views of this interesting region. Novels contain fictitious principles of human life, and human happiness, as well as fictitious names and imaginary scenes. In order to be benefited by a parable, we need not be told how beings, endowed with every possible perfection, dwelt and acted in some Utopia, or El Dorado, but how those of like passions with ourselves, should live in this veritable state of New Jersey, or Pennsylvania. We must have instructions which are based upon the great principles of human nature as it is.

We may be amused, but never made stronger in good, by falsehood. If writers of fiction would describe the world as we know it to be ; if they would portray man as Inspiration portrays him, the evil and the remedy, they would be more tolerable. But do they? The very earth, this round world upon which we tread, is not the earth of fiction. Reader, did you ever see the scene of a novel laid in a region that was not transcendently beautiful, or most poetically awful? Let us make a few meteoric observations in this wonderful climate, You read of days of sunshine and gladness, when earth and sky conspire to breathe consolation into the heart of some knight of woful countenance. You read, too, of hours when the bright azure is shrouded in blackness ; when the lowering tempest gathers ; when the dread lightning darts from the inky sky, and rives the mighty oaks, while the awful voice of the thunder jars among the hills, and earth trembles to its centre ; but did you ever read of a day of genuine *fog* ? Did you ever read a fiction, when the hero and heroine were confessedly homely? The whole interest of the story is made to cluster around those things which are not left to choice, which depend not on effort, but are merely adventitious. This is not reality. Nor can it fail to have an unfavorable influence

upon those whose thoughts are absorbed in contemplating these things. Yet for a reformation of this grand principle we can hardly hope. If writers should adopt the vulgar principle of voluntary cause and common effect, all that which charms the true novel reader would be gone. Such fictions as these would be voted no better than the truth. Besides this, the writer of such realities would be perpetually coming in contract with some John Smith, who would wax indignant and insist upon it that "his history was no subject to be made public in that style."

We object, then, to works of fiction, because their tendency is to unfit the mind to encounter the very unromantic events of ordinary life. Beauty, riches, love, marriage and happiness, are described as being almost, if not quite, inseparably connected. We have, occasionally, a hero, or heroine, whose career commences upon a level with that of the great majority of every day heroes and heroines: but the lady finally discovers that she is heir to some unknown uncle who dies immensely rich, and the gentleman turns out to be lord somebody, in disguise. Moreover, they are supremely happy without their own efforts: or utterly miserable without their own agency. Can it be profitable for minds, which are now in their most pliable state, to be engrossed with tales which involve these false notions? Is marriage the great object of human life? According to the great principles of human nature, whose sway none can hope to escape, human happiness can only be found in the due regulation of the desires, and the exercise of the affections. But in the world of fictitious literature, the works which clearly teach this principle, are as few and far between as angels' visits. Through them all, with scarce an exception even among the so-called religious novels, there runs the same unsound, unphilosophic, unscriptural spirit of worldliness. Yet this literature is now at work among the youth of our land. From its pages they acquire their language: their modes of thought and feeling

are fashioned by it: its dazzling portrayals of unreal bliss are transferred to their memories, and form the material of the glorious day dreams in which all novel readers love to revel. The sober pleasures of life pall upon the taste, and a longing is created for the joys of fancy's glowing realms. But these transcendental desires must ever remain unsatisfied. Human life, after all, turns out to be rather a common-place affair. The people in whose society we must live and die, love and be loved, will not, in all respects, compare with the beau ideals of fiction. And to sum it all up, we must be happy, if at all, in what the lover of romance will consider a very quiet, hum-drum style, without the occurrence of many incidents which would figure well as scenes in a tragedy, or furnish the material for an epic; or even justify the perpetration of a copy of verses.

THEODORUS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

“Memoir of Rev. Daniel Holbrook Gillette, of Mobile, Alabama,—by his brother Rev. W. B. Gillette of Piscataway, and Rev. A. D. Gillette of Philadelphia.” With a mezzotint likeness of the subject of the memoir.

BIOGRAPHY.—The force of example is irresistible, and its influence unlimited. It has been so in all ages that have passed, and cannot but be so, in all the ages that are to come. The past is every thing, the future nothing. We turn away, instinctively, from the vague and uncertain promptings of the present, and gather instruction from the history of the past. We re-live the life which is gone, simply, adorning it with a new and lovelier beauty. The former life, with its partial developments of interests and

claims,—its faint unfoldings of mind and soul, its rude philosophy,—its ruder science,—has been reanimated, by a living-quickenig inspiration,—challenging fuller developments—cleaner unfoldings, in respect of life,—its interest and claims and aspirations,—blest with nobler philosophy—prouder science,—and kindling and glowing, under the expansiveness of religion, in its sweetest and holiest influence.

History, therefore, has been, and cannot but be, the chief study of mankind. Abandon this, and all is abandoned. The History of ages, nations, and of men, of the olden time, is our reliance for the duties and engagements of the present, and our hope for the future. The past is the blessing of the present, and in the remembrance thereof, we foregather in sure vision the unfolding of the time to come.

But above all, the history of the great and good man, whose days on earth are fled, and who lives only by his deeds in our memories, is fraught with a fulness of instruction to all, which scarcely gathers around any other history. Biography, restores the life, re-utters the eloquence,—re-acts the deeds, of the great and the true. We love, above all records, the record of a true soul, lofty spirit, unblemished life, devoted piety. Such records are all around us; by day and by night we are associated with them. We inhabit their forms,—think their thought,—glow with their ardor,—thrill with their inspiration, have sympathy with their love, and are baptised with their piety. Right glad are we, that it is so. We share their joys and sorrows,—are pained when grief o'er flows them,—weep their tears, and smile in their gladness.

The little work, mentioned at the beginning of this article, is the biography of a Servant of the Lord Jesus. Through the kindness of our much esteemed and dearly beloved brother, Rev. A. D. Gillette, we have been favored with a copy of this memoir of his lamented brother, whose short but brilliant career in the cause of his master, won for him a

circle of dear friends, who will ever remember him with gratitude, and whose name will ever be a charm to them, and under whose brief ministry, many were brought to the "knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

The work is very simply, yet affectingly dedicated—"to the churches and kind people in Rahway, N. J.; Charlottesville, Va.; Mobile, Ala.; and above all, because nearer to him than all,—to our oft stricken and ever beloved mother, we dedicate these faint outlines of their youthful Bishop, and her youngest son."

Rev. Mr. Gillette, was an eminent minister of the Baptist denomination, and though young—was much admired and beloved by the people amongst whom he was called to labor. From a hasty glance at his memoir, we judge him, one of those master spirits, who in a brief career, compress, the labor and effort of a long life, and go down to the grave with many crowns, and their gathering bliss—fully won. We do not remember of ever reading the biography of one so young—so brief too, in the important relation in which he sustained to the church,—so full of pleasing and startling incident. The development of character is ample, ennobling—the unfolding of mind is attractive and beautiful,—his piety, devotion, application and self-sacrificing spirit, in behalf of his Lord, we are called upon to admire, and emulate.

We have not time now, to enter further into the merits of this volume, but would say to all—*read it*—it is the biography of a good—faithful—eloquent minister of the cross—whose spirit, blest now with a full fruition of his fondest hopes, reaps the heavenly reward, promised to all who serve and honor the Lord Jesus. We shall, give some few extracts from the work, in illustration of the character and piety and eloquence of the lamented Gillette. Next month we will publish an Oration, delivered by him, in the chapel of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution N. Y. at the close of his Senior year. Subject "True

greatness." Our own pen had been prompted to a sketch on the same subject, and it is now lying before us,—unfinished, yet inviting to renewed effort. We however waive it, and will introduce the oration above alluded to, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the readers of the Souvenir.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS,
OR REMINISCENCES OF MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.

BY MRS. S. R. INGRAHAM.

(WITH A PORTRAIT. SEVENTH EDITION.)

WE have given the above named work a thorough perusal, and are pleased to record it, as a book of great importance in its interesting and useful connection. It records the life and doings of a most excellent Lady, whose career while on earth, was distinguished by exemplary piety and unbounded benevolence, and whose memory cannot but be cherished, by thousands, who through her instrumentality, were rescued from sorrow, shame and infamy, to lives of peace, usefulness and promise.

A few chapters in the commencement, are devoted to a review of her life, prior to her entering upon the arduous duties and laborious pleasures, which engaged her till death.

Then follows to the close of the book, extracts from her diary, setting forth clearly her devotedness to the cause of humanity and religion,—and evincing to all, that her whole life, was one continued walk of usefulness. It deserves to be read, for the glorious example, it unfolds. Besides, it is most beautifully written, and as a production of great literary merit, deserves to be read.

It is published by the American Female Moral Reform Society,—New York.



Wm. & Sons

RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.



[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

BISHOP CHASE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WE present to our readers with this number a finely executed engraving of the venerable Philander Chase D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the Diocese of Illinois, taken from an approved likeness, sent to us for the purpose, by our esteemed friend Heber Chase M. D. of this city.

Bishop Chase is highly respected and much loved, not only in his own Diocese, but throughout the church in the United States, for his eminent piety and usefulness.

The following sketch of his life, compiled from his "reminiscences" may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

He was born on the 14th day of December 1775, in his father's peaceful dwelling, on the high banks of the Connecticut river, at the south end of Cornish plain, and precisely three miles south of the place, where his mother, and seven children were landed, when they first visited the shores of America.

He was the youngest of fourteen children.

In the fall of 1791, when in his sixteenth year, he became a member of Dartmouth College, and graduated in the degree of A. B., in 1795. During which time he became enamoured of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and being

solemnly impressed with a call to the ministry, was ordained deacon, in St. George's Chapel, city of New York, by the Right Rev. Samuel Provost, Bishop of that Diocese.

The venerable Bishop, in alluding to this event, five years ago—wrote,—“This event took place more than forty years ago, and yet the writer has cause to bless God, in that he feels its importance, and values the honor and privilege conferred upon him, though so unworthy. If to be the servant of the best and most puissant of earthly potentates, be deemed honorable and much to be desired, how doth the privilege rise in magnitude and value, when a poor, undeserving worm, is admitted to the dignity of being reckoned among the lowest servants of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Nothing mars the brightness of this great honor, but the very deep consciousness, in the writer's breast, of his own unworthiness, and the remembrance of the very little he hath done to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, and the worthlessness of even that little, though protracted during the ministry of more than forty years.”

Immediately after his being admitted to deacon's orders, he was appointed an itinerant missionary, in the northern and western parts of New York, and forthwith endeavoured to enter upon the duties assigned him. He commenced his missionary labors, in the first missionary society, ever formed in the P. E. Church in the United States,—in the winter of 1798. He continued to be engaged in this work, with much success, until he removed to New Orleans, at the call of the vestry of a new, and the *first*, church established in Louisiana. The call is dated, November 20th. 1805, and offers a salary of two thousand dollars per annum. Here he entered upon the duties of rector, with all the zeal in the cause of the Redeemer, which he had manifested, when operating as a missionary for the church. Soon however, from sickness and other causes, he was compelled to leave New Orleans, for the north. The following

is the close of the last sermon, preached by the Bishop, in New Orleans

“ You will allow me to address you in behalf of your children with that sincerity and earnestness which become one who has been both their teacher and pastor. If there is one employment more eminently calculated to endear the welfare of youth to the heart of man than another, it is that which I have enjoyed here among you ; and most sincerely can I say it has been deeply appreciated. The children and youth of this congregation are doubly dear to me ; and when I look round and recognize their numerous and well-known countenance, it calls to my mind the happy, though toilsome days, that are past ; while it sheds o’er my mind a chilling sorrow that they are *so* past as, perhaps, never to be renewed in the sober connections of riper years. The only thing is now to part as we should do ;—on my part, certainly, to plead with becoming earnestness, that you do your duty towards these beloved objects of our mutual affections. Formed with imitative natures, they want something now of a commanding character to direct them in the path of life—they want your *good example*. Inexperienced as they are amid the tempting scenes of a wicked world, they want your best counsel ; and weak as they are in contending with the enemies of their salvation, they want your constant and fervent prayers. For these they look to you, and all these they require at your hands. The God of their being, their and your Father who is in heaven, demands the discharge of these duties at your hands, and for a neglect thereof he will bring you to an awful account. If you, by slighting your children’s education, be the cause of their final misery, you know the penalty—none other than unutterable woe.

I have now a few words to them, even to you my beloved pupils, and others who have been accustomed to listen to my instructions. Sweet have been the hours I have passed with you, and grateful is my remembrance of them. Many of you have waxed strong, and come from

childhood to youth, and from youth to maturity, under my care since in this place. During this period I call you to witness how often and how earnestly I have exhorted you to your duties of piety to God and good will towards men. Let the recollection of these instructions come often to your minds. So far as you find them to accord with the sacred word of God, let them be imprinted on your hearts—bear you company in your walks by day, and follow you to your pillow by night. Remember the sum and substance of your instructions, that religion is the chief thing ; that to this the acquisition of every branch of science should aim, and that without this the wisest man, in the eye of his Maker, is but a fool. Thus will you become ornaments of your day and generation—models for others to imitate and happy when your days shall have terminated. So to do and so to be rewarded, may God grant you a double portion of his spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord.

It now remains that I say to this congregation in general, what I may never have the opportunity again to say—*‘finally, my brethren, farewell.’* I go from you ; but, wherever I am, I shall remember, to my dying day, your many instances of kindness to me. May God reward you with his choicest blessings. May he build up the walls of Jerusalem which his own right hand hath planted here. May he people this city with Israelites indeed ; so that when the great day of accounts shall come, many who come from hence may go into a state of blessedness.”

“ Thus closed the last scene of the writer’s official duties in New Orleans. The chief cause of his returning to the north was the imperious duty of educating his sons left in New England : and it was not among the least of his most pleasing reflections, that the pecuniary competency to this end, had been obtained by a faithful discharge of his duty in teaching others. How the means he had acquired were afterwards employed in educating his sons, in trying to build up the Church of the Redeemer, and in seeking the

sheep of his flock in the wilderness, will, if God permit, be related in subsequent numbers of these humble Reminiscences."

Subsequently he was elected to the responsible, and honorable office of Bishop, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. He is now connected with the Diocese of Illinois, and though advanced in years, yet discharges all the duties pertaining to his office, with zeal and delight. His connection with the church, has been a blessing to the church, and did our limits permit, we might cite instances, of no ordinary character, in which the most admirable prudence and unexceptionable piety, have been exhibited by him in the exercise of the functions of his holy office.

But his time of departure is near at hand, worn by time, and blossoming for the tomb, he must ere long bid adieu to the much loved church on earth, to join with the "Church of the first born," eternally redeemed around God's Throne in Heaven. Happy indeed, will be the closing hour, if then he can say in the language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SHADOWS OF THOUGHTS.

THE heart has its voice, and language. It speaks instinctively; it is heard instinctively. Childhood understands its tones. Youth and age know their import. The gift of nature, it belongs to all. The original of art, it has numerous types. It was not corrupted at Babel. Barbarism has

never destroyed its significance. Men have listened to it every where. Poetry has sought to express it, but its words are yet unwritten. Flowers and birds have aided its utterances, but not fully revealed them. Smiles and tears—pale brows and quivering lips—have assisted thought and feeling struggling into outward life, but they have come forth in feebleness and dimness. It cannot express all its inner breathings and burnings. There is a sublime philosophy in this truth. Not worthily can these broken sentences unfold it. Not eloquently can the imagery of the universe give it representation. Why such hidden might? Why such concealed glory? Amid so many revelations, why this unrevealed beauty and power? The whole world cannot call out the fulness of the heart; and with heaven-tokens and heaven-ministry all around, it shrinks into itself and loves silent self-communion. Tell us the meaning! Great sentiments half-formed spring from its depths into the intellect and assume humbler forms for outward address, but lo, the seal of degeneracy is on them! It throbs with strong passions, and they struggle for corresponding signs, but what presents them? Who relieves the spirit, born with so much to declare and yet born to solitude? Listen to the throbblings! A low sound even in the deepest hush! Man hears it not. Nature hears it not. They regard only the spoken language and voice-melody. The other is the power. It is the heart throbbing against the portals of Eternity and asking for its pleasures. Religion answers it. Welcome to the oracle.

POPPY.

CONSOLATION OF SLEEP.

THE poppy yields a narcotic juice, in considerable quantities, which is frequently administered to procure sleep, and ease pain; on this account it has been made the symbol

of consolation. The ancients who regarded sleep, as the great physician, and the great consoler of human nature, crowned the god of sleep, with a wreath of poppies.

PAPAVERACEÆ. THE POPPY TRIBE.

GEOGRAPHY.

“Europe, in all directions, is the principle seat of Papaveraceæ ; almost two-thirds of the whole order being found in it. Two Species only, according to Decandolle, are peculiar to Siberia, three to China and Japan, one to the Cape of Good Hope, one to New Holland, and six to Tropical America. Several are found in North America, beyond the tropic ; and it is probable, that the order will yet receive many additions from that region. Most of them are annuals. The perennials are chiefly natives of the mountainous tracts.

PROPERTIES.

Every one knows, what narcotic properties are possessed by the poppy, and this character prevails generally in the order. Their seed is universally oily, and in no degree narcotic. The oil obtained from the seeds of *Papavi somniferum*, is found to be perfectly wholesome, and is in fact in some parts, consumed in considerable quantities. Its use was at one time prohibited in France, by decrees, issued in compliance with popular clamor, but it is now openly sold, and extensively used. The seeds of many sorts, are much used in places where they abound, in cases of violent disease.

The narcotic principle, of Opium is an alkaline substance, called Morphia. The same drug, contains a peculiar acid, called the Meconie. and a vegetable alkali, named Narcotine, to which the unpleasant stimulating properties are attributed by Magendie.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

DAY-BREAK IN MAY.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

CHILL April, storm laden,
No more with us dallies ;
But May, like a maiden,
Comes up the green valleys.
Where clouds over lace it
The morn hath arisen,
Like a beautiful face at
The bars of a prison.

The warder cock croweth
And calleth to labor,
The shrill summons goeth
From neighbor to neighbor.
While out from the orchard
The blue smoke is flowing,
Like things prison-tortured
Pent cattle are lowing.

Like a white torrent rushes
The flock to the meadow,
And startles the thrushes
That sing in the shadow.
Up darteth each chanter—
The wren and the sparrow,
As turneth the planter
A-field with his harrow :

Now suddenly dashing
The mill wheel in motion,
The river darts flashing
Its way to the ocean.

While here I am keeping
Watch up in the byeway —
The hamlet is sleeping
Far down on the highway.

I see soft descending
The sun on the steeple,
While strange sounds come blending
With voices of people.
The village clock flingeth
The time from the tower,
The smiths anvil ringeth
The parts of the hour.

All wakening voices—
The bee on the blossom—
The bird that rejoices—
A voice in my bosom—
The mill water falling
And flashing in beauty ;
All these are recalling
The pilgrim to duty.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

HARMONY OF TASTES.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

THERE is hardly perhaps to be found a more pliable term—one better fitted to stand as representative of ideas so very diverse, and at times diametrically opposite, than the simple word *taste*. It seems to be one of those chameleon-like expressions which take their shade of meaning alone from the objects, with which they are immediately associated—a convenient resort, applicable to almost every imaginable

disposition of the human mind. It is not our object to endeavor to fix upon it an entire definiteness—this were as gratuitous as it would be fruitless—nor yet to devise some unknown means, by which all diversities of tastes may become one. This were indeed doing violence to the nature of mind itself, as well as subverting the very harmony we strove to gain ; but to ascertain whether there is such a thing as different tastes existing harmoniously together, and if so, how that result may be secured.

De gustibus non disputandum”* has already passed into a maxim, as imperishable as the difference in the constitution of men itself. And why should we presume to question another’s right to think and act for himself? Minds, as well as countenances, were made to differ, and what distinguishingment, not to say pleasure, could there exist without ?

Moral truth is alone to be attained by reasoning and investigation, and both of these operations, in their very nature, involve the ideas of difference.

When man can succeed in stereotyping mind—in moulding into our every like and dislike, every propensity and passion ; when, in fine, he can change human nature, then may he hope to render all diversities of tastes and dispositions the same.

Cultivation may chasten, it may direct, but it can never eradicate and make anew. Nor should we strive to have it. Its legitimate object is rather to harmonize than destroy—to lead forth into appropriate action what already exists, rather than to recreate. Those propensities, over which it seeks to exert an influence, are deeply seated within the heart, and can never be removed, except at the expense of the mind’s just balance. They have been placed there for good, and it is only in their unchastened and perverted state that they spring forth into every kind of whim and irregularity of action.

Even grace, that most potent of all influences upon the

(* There is no disputing tastes).

human heart, does not here wholly subdue these workings of the "inward man." They are there still, constantly tending, when unrestrained, to vitiate every better principle of duty and of taste. And can mere cultivation succeed in what grace has left undone? All that it can do, and all that it is called upon to do, is to follow up, and aid onward to consummation that which grace has already both began, and set forth to be accomplished by its assistance, viz. to bring all into the beauty and harmony of co-operate action, and from it gather "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Instead of stamping all at once with a dreary unendurable sameness, it should seek to blend them into a sweet accordance with each other and with truth; for it is this alone that can send through society the living pulse of happiness—it is this which should ever constitute the highest aim of the philanthropist, and the noblest effort of the christian.

But in unfolding the nature and existence of harmony, let us for a moment consult the great volume of nature, and see whether its monitions accord with our desires.

The Deity, in his own operations in the external world, often shadows forth the principles of mental action and development, in order that man should read and apply the important lesson. He speaks a language, both in His word and works, adapted to the comprehension of mind, and that mind is indeed culpable, which does not open itself to receive and appropriate the impressions which are thus given.

But God has not only prescribed limits to this world and brought all beneath the control of universal order. He has, by a strange congruity of His own, united the most hostile agents in the most inseparable friendship. He has filled all nature with *harmonious opposites*.

His handiwork is but one universal illustration of beautiful and varied blending. Science, with all of its inquisitorial racks, has ever been unable to extort from it other than har-

mony, though the very combination, be of inveterate hostilities.

The earth rolls on its annual and diurnal round, nicely balanced between two directly antagonistic forces; and from them our seasons and periodic changes come and go, leaving us their varied pleasure. Sunshine and rain—decomposition and reorganization all harmoniously tend to the bringing forth and perfection of variegated vegetation. Were it all sunshine, ours would become a desert land, a wilderness of drought, fit for the habitation of none. Were all things passing to decay, with no antagonist principle of life, how soon would this fair earth become a dreary charnel house of death.

The agreeable beverage, when we remove from it its commingled opposite qualities, becomes at once insipid—an object of loathing, rather than of desire. Its very effervescence is oftentimes that which renders it so bland and cooling. Even water, man's primal drink, without its mingled saline and other ingredients is rejected as unpalatable, and vile.

The picture, or landscape, which presents no blending of shades and of colors—no objects appropriately grouped, gives but the idea of dreariness. It is a desert, and we gladly turn from its contemplation, and seek relief in a more varied scene.

What were music, now so sweet, so soothing to the soul, did it consist merely of one single sound? A monotony as painful and disgusting, as it would be inappropriate to its use. Forever thus must we have been debarred from that delightful variation of tones, that blending of different and accordant notes, which now greets us at every concert, and in every rural walk.

All nature indeed speaks in this a language unequivocal. There could exist no real unison of soul with external nature—none of that agreeable sympathy of kindred minds, did not blending, not sameness—harmony, not monotony

constitute the very life of every good, whether natural, physical, or mental. All things here must have been marred, and their pleasure turned into torment and disgust.

But here nature stops. It tells us in a voice of triumph, reiterated by all its works, the *fact*, and entire *necessity* of harmonious action, but whispers only in shadowy accents the *means* of its accomplishment. We recognize the finger of an all-pervading God, bringing harmony out of confusion; and that is the extent of human wisdom. The "how" He locks within his own omnipotence. Nature knows no self-moving agency, calling into being its own concordant beauty.

Its varied and all-harmonizing laws are the device of Him alone who "made them all." They are regulated by principles as immutable, as their very existence. And mind can never attain its true equilibrium, until like them it comes beneath the control of principles as unchangeable and pure, as its own eternity, and as all-pervading, as its very inmost thoughts.

The union of all diversities of tastes is not to be effected then by the unvivifying perversions of law which govern the lowest of human passions. Self, with all its associates of the fall, has no more inmoving power to renovate diversities and perversities of tastes, than nature, unaided by Deity, has to recreate confusion into order. Self, in supremacy must inevitably root out every vestige of harmony and happiness; just as all things earthly, with no renewing power, must crumble to decay, and earth become a desert waste.

There is but one way to harmonize tastes. One only rule, that which has gone forth from the lips of Him, who made man's highest earthly joy to consist alone 'in its conformity. Philosophers of old have sought, and sought long in vain, for this universal solvent and harmonizer. But they sought wrong. Nature never will confess to lying interpreters,

nor yield to the tyranny of brutal force. They would compel into compliance, and not adapt by a milder code.

Stoicism was but the death of better feelings. It sought to create tastes, and not to blend existing ones in unison. Epicurianism fostered all in perversion, and none but the worst in harmony. It was not chastened desire and tastes, whose gratification produced their all in all of happiness; but unlimited license. And modern Fourierism—what is it but a resurrection from the dead of modeled heathenism? We know not better how to designate it, than under a personation of both Stoicism and Epicurianism. It is violence done to nature in the restraint of lawful tastes, and non-restraint of those perverted. It is not nature's harmony.

There is need of more than human wisdom to devise the secret of universal concord. It must come forth from the same almighty voice that spake both nature and mind into being, and adapted them each to their appropriate use. It is given.

“Whatsoever ye would that men should unto you, do ye even so to them.” In this one precept alone do we discern the true unfolding of that otherwise unsolvable problem in christian ethics—entire harmony amid diversities of tastes.

It is here that all are made subservient to the happiness of man. Here each particular interest, is brought to bear upon the production of good to all. Self has but one part, and that an entirely subordinate one. It is loosing one's taste in the gain of reciprocal delight—gaining it in the joy of others' gratified desire. The joy that flows directly upon the reflex tide of benevolence—a tide which, like the returning waters of the Nile, leaves its vivifying influence wherever it has gone. It is the purest joy that can fill the human breast—the very life-blood of happiness on earth, the consummation of bliss in Heaven.

It is a joy which the penurious contemner of others' rights can never know. His soul is forever barred against its entrance.

Without some portion of this life-giving principle, respect and esteem were names of unknown realities : conceived but not realized to float upon the breath of worldly fame, or in the weak of talent. All have their feelings and they are sacred. Their tastes and inclinations are cherished by them with all the tenacity that ours are by us ; and the yielding of theirs costs them as much, as the yielding of ours does us.

The ruthless foot, that dares wantonly to tread upon another's feeling, can never long go unfettered.

It is more than what belongs to human nature tamely to cringe before the grinding tyranny of overbearing will. Wishes, when unrestrainedly asserted will be disregarded, and their impious asserter despised. The Deity has uttered against such an enormity His vindictive curse, and the voice of injured nature only reiterates its Creator's word.

It is respect alone that wins respect. It is the magnet that draws its own, and rejects at once the base alloy.

It is not a haughty overbearing, nor the assumption of even regal dignity, nor yet the exhibition of cringing effeminacy that can fully subdue the human breast, and render all its tastes attuned to its own and others' pleasure. Never until a manly gentleness—an open and tender regard towards the feelings of all, shall pervade every heart, and be exhibited in every action, can harmony of tastes exist as universal. The wolf shall never dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid ; and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together, until a *little child shall lead them*. Never shall ferocity become the joined companion of gentleness, until it feel and be sweetly subdued by innocence and love.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE BRIDE'S ADIEU,
TO HER MOTHER.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

ADEIU, my Mother dear, adieu,
The chaise, is at the door ;
'Tis very hard to part with you,
Perhaps, to meet no more !
My Father, left you long ago,
To mourn his sudden death ;
And I your only daughter know,
Our life, is but a breath !

Dear Mother, let me linger yet,
One moment on your breast ;
To shed the tears of fond regret,
And hope, tis for the best.—
Dear Mother, one, but one kiss more,
Then, I will cease to mourn,
For joys, that time cannot restore,
When from thee I am borne.—

I go with one I dearly love,
Ah, why then should I weep ;
My trust, is in the One above,
My trembling heart to keep.—
My husband waits, my Mother dear,
Adieu, once more, adieu ;
I go, without a single fear,
But, those I feel for you.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

How often the complaint is heard, even from some sensible people, "What a world we live in." "This is a strange world." "Nothing but trouble in this world." Truly, this is strange, and strong language; especially, when we remember, that our *experience* of men and things is *confined* to the present world; inasmuch as we never were inhabitants of any other, so far as our knowledge extends. Poets and Philosophers have *dreamed* of a pre-existent state; but, 'tis all a dream;—Those who complain of the world as it is, forget to discriminate between the world of nature, or matter; and the world of mind. The natural world is in *ruins*; therefore, beauties and deformities are discoverable every where; perfection is no where. Art is called in, to aid nature in constituting the nearest approach to the perfectly beautiful, or the entirely convenient. Yet, amidst all these incongruous materials, the wise, the prudent, the industrious, can collect the elements of comfort, and discover sources of real enjoyment. Man, placed by his Creator at the head of all his works of creation, makes an ill use of his powers and position; thus, causing evil to come upon his fellow mortal; and, creating evil,—real, or imaginary, for himself, with all imaginable industry! "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" This question was originally proposed by one, who was emi-

nent for wisdom, piety, and experience, of all descriptions; and the consideration thereof, should cause the croakers and complainers to pause, reflect, and be wise. Without stepping upon that most mysterious ground, "the origin of evil," it may be very profitable to enquire into the propriety of those murmurs and complaints, uttered so freely and frequently by a numerous class of human beings.

And, may we not ask first, is the natural world only evil, is there no loveliness to look upon; no good to be found, no real enjoyment to be experienced this side the Eternal World? Man asks the question, and his fallen fellow replies; "Alas, this is a strange world, there is no good under the sun, we must live hard, work hard, die hard, and then be damned; it is too hard." Troubled, fretful, unhappy mortal, he is an enemy, unreconciled to God; therefore, he views things, as an enemy; judges, and decides, as an enemy: he is not happy, in the Creator's world, therefore, vents his splenetic humours upon all creation, himself included. When a mortal is at war with his Maker, he has no peace in his own heart; his passions are sources of wretchedness; his own heart betrays him; his own conscience sternly accuses and condemns him. How can he be happy, who is in this state? To reconcile man to his condition in this life, measures must be taken, to reconcile man to his Maker; to cause him to look with delight upon the works of God; to look with love, and compassion, upon his fellow man, in his troubled, dark, and painful path. Mortals must first be rendered contented, happy in themselves. 'Tis vain to *amuse* a hungry, starving man with words. He wants bread. Grace can render mortals content with the world, as it is. The question of the Patriarch Job, referred to previously, implies that all good, temporal and spiritual, comes from the Father of the universe. Also, that He permits or sends evil, natural evil, such as loss, dissatisfaction, bereavement, disease, as means of instruction; or, for the purpose of

chastisement.—God never could send *moral evil*; for he is Holy! The christian especially, should never sin, by adopting the complaining, murmuring language, of the discontented, and unhappy sinner.—

With patient step, thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, couldst thou but see,
The end of all events, as well as He.

Let the victim of temporary privation, the subject of morbid discontent, who fancies his lot is hard; his happiness at an end; who has suffered from affliction of body, or distress of mind; let him arise and go forth, as the dreariness of Winter, is succeeded by the loveliness of Spring; see the first blades of green grass peeping upward, as tho' fearful of making the experiment of living so early in the season; see the humble snow-drop; the blue-eyed violet; breathe the mild, refreshing air; listen to the songs of the busy birds, as they flit from tree to tree, singing whilst they are working, to construct their nests.—Go to the sunlit meadows, where the young lambs are trying their tender limbs beside their watchful dams; walk to the farm-yard; hear the numerous and various sounds coming from thence; the hoarse voice of the proud turkey; the clear notes of the sprightly chanticleer; watch the parent hen, carefully catering for her little brood. Amidst these exhilarating sounds and cheering sights, can you be unhappy, and let your murmurs and complaining mingle with the glad sounds from happy birds or beasts? Perhaps you have been sick. Fever, or other disease may have brought you to *look into the very eyes of death*; now you are alive from the dead; God has saved you! He now sends you forth into his living, rejoicing creation. Can you be silent; can you still murmur; still despond? Surely, whilst you see, hear, feel, and enjoy the beauties of nature, your heart must join, in nature's universal song of joy. Or will you be the only rebel, amidst a submissive world of God's works?

Is there nothing like loveliness in the world of Mind? Let us enquire.—

You were 'sick; your fellow man came, and ministered unto you, with evident compassion, and sincerity. Woman, Heavens best gift, proved herself, man's only ministering angel, left in a visible form. She came; kindness in every tone of her voice; help in every gentle movement; pity and consolation, in every glance of her lovely eye. How friendship labored; how affection watched; how piety whispered hope; disease was driven back; death was defeated; nature triumphed. Nay, God triumphed, for he it was, saved you from death. Now have you no song to sing? no gratitude to offer, no prayer to give? Now your heart is humbled; tears of gladness flow unbidden; for sunlight salutes your eyes, and the voice of friendship and affection, sends its happy congratulations to your very heart. After a scene like the above, you are ready to cry out, "How wondrous are thy works, Lord God, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

The world as it is, whether of matter or mind, is not *all evil*. But, especially when "God, maketh the heart soft," you view the whole aspect of men, and things, as changed. How good, and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. How delightful are the social relations; sources of purest pleasure, this side the paradise of God. Are you comparatively rich? You discover a blessedness in giving; a joy unfelt before. If you are poor, beneficence will extend her hand to you, and gladden your heart, by building a fire upon your cold hearth; by giving bread to your hungry ones; and clothing your needy.

For these, and a thousand more cogent reasons, the world as it is, is not quite so bad as was supposed, before the subject was investigated, even thus superficially. To become a christian; a firm believer in God's truth; to practice the duties of religion, is to discover that the world as it is, is really *too good* for a large class; and quite good enough, for any class of human beings, all things considered.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE FUTURE HOPE.

BY A. C. M'CURDY.

THERE is a hope inherent in the breast,
Born with the life, and at it's close matured.—
An inward something tells me *I'm immortal*.

The untutor'd Indian feels it, when beyond
The snow-capp'd mountains of the far-off west,
His heaven beholds, with hunting grounds complete,
And glassy lakes with finny treasures stored ;
Where, if his *Spirit Father* be appeased,
He shall, *forever*, with his faithful squaw,
And lov'd pappoose reside. The heathen widow,
Long in the chains of superstition bound,
Who—startling sight !—herself a sacrifice
Makes on the blazing pile, whereon is stretch'd
The pallid corse of him the dearly loved,—
Feels too the *inward hope* and *strong desire*.
And thus her *faith* attests by torture hot,
And even *death*.

'Tis in our nature planted.
TWAS God's great plan at first to shadow forth
Some gleam—though faint of man's high destiny.
Like the fond father, whom his child permits
To peep but once into the box where lies
The treasure he may win.

Oh ! how I love
To roam at leisure o'er the green clad hills,
And vallies, all in nature's beauties drest ;

Where, in the feeblest flower, I behold
 The likeness of Jehovah. Oft' I've stood,
 With admiration mute have long surveyed
 The little flow'r just bursting into bloom,
 Soft to the touch, and sweet as it was soft;
 And wondered how a thing so perfect wrought
 Could spring from lifeless clods.

And at night—

With awe I've watch'd the little twinkling stars
 That in the pale blue firmament display
 Their borrowed lights—countless, and yet complete—
 Though studied oft—unsolved : like watch lights set
 By God on Heaven's high towers. And I've thought
 Of him who *formed* those worlds of light on high—
 And roll'd them forth upon their fiery tracks.
 That same Great Being, who, from nothing caused
 A world with wonders pregnant to spring forth,—
 Upon the fleshey tablets of my heart,
 Desires strange implanted. Oh ! 'tis sweet
 To think, when death these sorrowing eyes shall close,
 The soul, immortal, shall exulting fly
 To realms of bliss and beauty unalloyed—

June 1846.

“TRUE GREATNESS.”

BY THE LATE REV. D. H. GILLETTE.

“GREATNESS is the object of man's most fervent aspirations. But there is a wide difference between what the world calls greatness and that taught us by Divine inspiration. Worldly greatness exhibits evident marks of depravity. It looks with a jealous eye on the spotless form of Virtue, and has labored unceasingly to rid the earth of her glory.

“This principle is of ancient date ; it came into existence but a little subsequent to the morn on which creation

emerged from chaos, and is nearly coeval with mankind. It spread its blighting influence over Eden, and deceived its inhabitants with the expectation of possessing wisdom equal with God ; by which deception they took from their own heads the crown of honor and placed it beneath their' rebellious feet. The seeds of depravity were now sown, they struck their roots deep into the soil of human nature, and have flourished in every subsequent age. Their influence nerved the arm of the first murderer and prepared him for the horrid deed, and burning, inexpressible desires to gain entire ascendancy steeled his heart against all sympathy. Envy and revenge instigated him, and he bathed his hands in a brother's blood !

“ From the time of this scene, the same spirit with the speed of lightning, pervaded the whole family of man. It has controlled the decisions of the wise, swelled the strains of orators, and fanned the flame of an unholy ambition in the bosom of partisans ; it has ascended thrones, swayed the sceptre over empires, and made nations bow in vicious subservience to kings. It has entered the field of strife and war, influenced the hero's heart, and inspired him with a brutal daring, that has bid defiance to danger and death. Alexander imbibed this spirit when a child, and often complained lest his father's conquests would leave nothing for him to do. No sooner did he come upon the stage of action than, like a lion coming from the swellings of Jordan, he began his bold march, and anon he had crimsoned the earth with the blood of every nation. Greatness was his object, and now he beheld from an eminence the world lying vanquished at his feet. He sat upon the pinnacle of Fame's proud temple, and bore in his hand the palm of victory : yet, in despairing anguish, he wept, because he could not grasp another. He began a virtuous youth, but he died a dissipated and an abandoned wretch ; because he sought not true greatness, and acted as if he were independent of its source. All who seek it thus.

‘Seek mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Seek blooming roses on the cheek of death,
Seek substance in a world of fleeting shadows.’

“Herod sought greatness in the abject adoration of the subjects of his government, and though all proclaimed that he was no man, but a god, yet his glory faded, and he was slain by the greedy worms, for the wrath of Heaven was against him. Satan, the proud angel, sought greatness, and would have destroyed Jehovah, and ruled over all the universe himself. But, with irresistible force, he was arrested and hurled into the blackness of darkness for ever.

“This spirit of unholy ambition, however, is not confined to the soldier or to the politician, nor to those who move in the secular walks of life. It has planted its standard behind the sacred desk, and in robes of holy and well-ordered devotion it has eloquently preached the glorious gospel of the blessed God at home and to people of other lands, professing no motives but to do good to men and benefit the world. A desire for vain superiority and ephemeral distinction has entered within college walls, and almost against his will, has dragged

‘The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool
Through learning’s halls, and made him labor much
Abortively ; though sometimes not mispraised
He left the sage’s chair, and home returned,
Making his simple mother think that she
Had borne a man.’

‘The man of science to the shade retired,
And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived and dived
Again ; deeper and deeper still, to sound
The cause remote, resolved, before he died,
To make some grand discovery, by which
He should be known to all posterity.’

“Worldly greatness may flatter and charm, but it is a delusion, and has drawn thousands, whose minds were of

the nobler cast, into the vortex of misery, disappointment, and woe.

“ There is that which heaven calls greatness ; it is not found in the vanities of earth, therefore it cannot wear the sordid garments of pride, nor dwell in the heart of a tyrant. True greatness will abide the scrutiny of Him who is all eye ; and when he shall withdraw the cloud that surrounds his throne, the blaze will not consume it. The greatest man, in one sense, is least of all. He fears not the tongue of the slanderer, and he shuns the feet of the scornful. Though despised by the proud, yet the recording angel, who obeys the will of Heaven, writes his name in living characters in the book of eternal life. He may be a beggar, and lie at the rich man’s gate neglected ; but he will eventually wear garments clean and white, and be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. A great man is willingly a servant of others for their good. Abraham had a greater regard for high authority than for his own personal comfort, or even for the posterity and life of his son. Who could tear a tender offspring from its mother’s arms, and take from his own bosom also, his dearest earthly object ? Who, possessing feelings of humanity, could offer it a sacrifice, in obedience to the command of Heaven ? He, only, who could offer himself. Few have drunk deeper from the bitter cup of self-denial than did this good patriarch ; and all who would be truly great must take to their lips the same cup ; on its brim he has left a lingering fragrance, Moses was justly entitled to be the wearer of Egypt’s crown ; but he dashed it from his manly brow, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Though his foes, like prowling tigers, threatened to destroy him, yet he feared not, for the arm of Omnipotence was his strength, and he caused them to flee as did the terrified Philistines before the shepherd’s boy of Israel’s host, whose strength and confidence was also in the God of the faithful. The same arm immediately caused the

sea to part before his followers, and stand up as walls for their protection : to his famishing host, under God it unlocked a store-house in the desert, and unsealed a fountain in the thirsty wilderness. Some think themselves honored to see those who are called great by the world, but Moses talked with God on the mount, which shook by the thunder of his voice, and was enveloped in the lightning of his glory. He entered the tabernacle, the audience-place of the Most High, when it was overshadowed by his broad-spreading wings. He stood near the bush which blazed with the presence of Jehovah, and conversed with him. No tomb or sculptured marble directs the inquiring traveller to the spot where his body lies, but faith's piercing eye sees his soul in heavenly glory. When an infant, he was exposed to the fury of the elements, but now he sits in the regions of eternal day, crowned with unfading honor. The prophet despised the idolatrous king's degree, and his unholy audacity, for which Jehovah closed the mouths and paralyzed the jaws of the hungry lions. The three children of the covenant refused to worship the golden image of paganism—their holiness being from God, he quenched the violence of fire, and gave them audience with the King of kings. Elijah regarded that honor which cometh from above, and he went to heaven without tasting death. Enoch, walking with God, had this testimony, that he pleased God, and he was not, for God took him.

“A greater regard for heavenly honor has encouraged and strengthened the martyr to meet the wrath of his foe, and to feel no sting in death ; the same led the inspired apostle to say, ‘I am ready to be offered ; the time of my departure is at hand ; I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give unto me in that day.’ Paul, once sat in the halls of human learning ; but he has lifted the veil of the inner glory and heard the rustling of seraphs’ wings ; he listens to the song of angels.

Stephen was despised, and became an outcast of the earth ; yet, in death, he saw the heavens part like a cloud, and his Saviour near the throne ready to embrace him.

“ The philosopher may be called great, yet all his greatness will burn like dross. The truly great man is an angel in embryo. The disciples of Christ called him Master and Lord, and they did well, for so he was ;—yet He could wash their feet. Christ died loving his friends, pitying and praying for his enemies ; and, in view of his departing glory, the sun veiled his face, the earth quaked, and the dead awoke. He who was God became man that we who are men might become children of God.

“ The great man, says the Bible, ‘ walks with God.’

‘ Surveys far on the endless line of life—
——his soul thinks on eternity,
Both worlds considers, and provides for both
With reason’s eye his passions guard,
Abstains from evil, lives on hope—
On hope, the fruit of faith—
Looks upward, and purifies his soul,
Expands his wings, and mounts unto the skies,
Passes the sun, and gains his Father’s house,
And drinks with angels at the fount of bliss.’ ”

Education is by no means the same thing as *instruction*, which it includes as one only of its essential parts. To teach our pupils science and literature, and to store their minds with useful knowledge, is indeed an object of great importance, but education embraces a far wider scope, and aims at the improvement of the whole man, body, intellect, and heart.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

RIDICULE.

RIDICULE is the dagger-point of Satan—the most unworthy support of disappointed friends—convicted depravity's last resort. The *wicked* may employ it with some appearance of propriety ; but the *professing christian* appropriates it at his peril. For the very *existence* of it, is proof positive of the weakness of the cause avowed, or the inability of its supporter to defend it by a more worthy and true course of reasoning. As the proud oppressor, weakened in his sovereignty by his own unjust action, takes flight to the protection of his towers, and with unequaled numbers, beats back, with tenfold cruelty, his more worthy opponents—so the supporter of a weak and unjust cause, finding his strength declining—and *too proud to submit*—retreats to the battlements of ridicule, and renews the contest, though *less honorably*, yet more *successfully*.

Ridicule may be considered as threefold in operation. Its *first*, and most *cruel* tendency is to *oppress*, or *distress* the *simple minded*, or *modest* ; a number of whom compose a portion of almost every assembly. Its second, and most *wicked*, is to feed the unholy appetites of the *evil disposed*, who unfortunately, are too frequently, the greatest admirers and supporters of angry discussion : and its *third*, it is to excite the *disgust* or *contempt* of the *noble minded*. Rather than carrying conviction to the heart of an opponent, it but strengthens the opposition which we should labor to win, and sets him more distant from us. It is the re-thrusted

poignard, stirring up the already painful wound to tenfold excitement and agony.

Christ never ridiculed those who differed from him. Though overstepping the boundary of *opinion* they resorted to *violence*, and hung him mangled and bleeding upon the ignominious cross. *He* turned not, in anger upon his oppressors, nor called in indignation, the flaming legions at his command, to crush their wicked designs; but while bearing the unspeakable tortures of the flesh-piercing nails and spear, he plead their cause before Heaven, offering to his father the plea of ignorance in their behalf. Here was an example worthy of the christian professor; an example which his *very name* declares should be appreciated. Is man greater than his *Saviour* that he should set up *his* judgment against the opinion of his *fellow*? Is *mortal* superior to the *Eternal* that he should punish with *cutting ridicule* all who differ from him in thought, speech, or action?

Oh that the heart of man was more open to the promptings of *charity*, which like the new fallen snow, shuts out from our prejudiced view, the faults of others, only to nourish in the heart the vegetation of righteousness, so necessary to its immortal sustenance.

Charity is as necessary to the Christian character, as food is to the natural body. The want of it has been the ruin of many, safe, but in their own conceit: while legions, we fear, deceived in a like manner, are wending their way down the same broad road to ruin. Observe the course of professors in their personal disputes—how harsh is every utterance—how distorted their countenances—how cruel and condemnatory, their parting expressions. Separating in anger, each goes on his way complaining of the other, and too often, with a determination to seek some means of petty revenge. Mark the excitement and anger displayed in our business meetings. The smallest matter will often create disorder—words are spoken in anger—harsh allusions are made, and the more talented brethren display themselves at the cost of

the most worthy and weak. Take up any one of our sectarian periodicals, and lo ! what renown is displayed by disputing correspondents. While each endeavours to *crush* the other, the people quietly smile with admiration or contempt of the favorite champion, of their choice. The truth seems lost in the bombastic array of mere words ; and the termination of all is that *infidelity* is strengthened at the expense of *christianity*. But this is not the only extent to which the spirit of ridicule and inconsistency has reached. We have seen ministers of the Gospel indulge in it to the utmost extent of their ability, and even at the risk of the most holy interests. We have seen the very activity and devotion of the church, after long years of confidence and respect, held up before the *world*, as a laughing stock ; whose *only* alleged *crime* is difference of opinion with their pastor. This should not be. It is an error into which too many have fallen, and which calls loudly for reform. It arises we think from the want of that charity so highly commended by Christ and the Apostles, and to the illustration of which whole chapters of the Sacred Scriptures are devoted. *Charity* cannot exist in an atmosphere of *ridicule* ; and ridicule vanishes at once at the approach of charity, as escapes the morning dew from the presence of the sun.

The only *true* object of controversy, is the *advancement of truth*. And to accomplish this how many obstacles have to be overcome. *Error* deep rooted must be dislodged, and *old* and *established prejudices* are to be surmounted. Though these may be numerous, it is vain for us to hope for victory till they are substantially overcome. And what are the most effectual weapons, as well as the most consistent ? *Ridicule* will not do, for every stroke of this infernal instrument tends but to *confirm error* and *strengthen* prejudice. And *force*, though in the hands of tyrants, may effectually gain the *body*, can never win the *heart*. There is but one *rightful* and *consistent* resort left for the *Christian*, that is to the sister weapons of CHARITY and LOVE.

LOVE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THOUGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE grand conquest of infinite thought, is the lifting up of the soul's immortality, above the murky atmosphere, which here o'er clouds it, and ushering it to its future home—the fair land of its nativity,—the habitation of everlasting existence. No greater joy than this can possess the heart, for it is the life of the virtuous and the hope of all.

When life's last embers are slowly burning, and faintly gleaming over the receding landscape, scattering a gloomy glare over the lengthening shadow, that reaches our horizon—when the crisis of fate draws so nigh, as almost to withdraw aside the curtained drapery that veils the soul,—when the *beautiful*, shining from the spirit-land, begins to dawn on the raptured vision, setting off the peaceful glowing of the amber light, that is pillowed reposingly in the rays of our sun's far setting,—when every sighing breeze is music, and every zephyr is burdened with song,—when the music of the farthest spheres, that roll in unclouded sun light, comes adown the sky,—striking upon our ears, like the breathing harmony of a thousand choirs contrasting sweetly, with the almost hushed murmur of life's retiring stream, as it pours into the great ocean of Eternity—

“Then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the Phœnix Spirit burns within.”

Then it is that a pure, holy and consecrated faith, tears

from before the eye, the dark mist of futurity, while heaven beckons the soul, as if from a dream, to the realization and full enjoyment of its deathless hopes.

What if an immortal spring reign not, with its sunny skies, and balmy zephyrs, nor an eternal summer unfold the budding promise of the mind ;—what, if after this exterior of clay shall be laid beneath the flowers of the field,—this *mind*,—this embodiment of superior excellence, should become an ensanguined wreck, and racked by chaotic confusion, struggle with annihilation's fell decree,—what, if after all, the light of reason fails, and thought falls from its imperial heights, into oblivious shades—

“Then fade ye wild flowers, memorial of my doom,
And sink ye stars, which light me to the tomb.”

The grave is a world of gloom, dark and cheerless, with no ray of light, to illume its night of horrors ; but a better philosophy, teaches us, that *that* is not the end. That though a cloud of darkness, may gather round the closing scene, and the pall of death, become the winding sheet of frail mortality,—a brighter dawn, begins to break upon the souls vast empire, while imperial thought, links its fond immortality, fast to the immutability of the Eternal Throne.—

MOTHER ! mourning for the infant
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone thy house and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again rejoicing,
“Where the weary are at rest.”





Wm. & A. S.

INNOCENCE.

And the young of the Christian Saviour



Carnation Flower



[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE DIVINE INTEREST IN MIND.

BY REV. A. A. LIPSCOMB.

IF we were looking, for the first time, upon a summer-cloud, serene in its repose upon the distant horizon, and beautiful with the adornment of the sunshine, we should not imagine, that the powerful lightning slumbered amid its graceful folds. The deep hush of midnight would not lead us to anticipate the animated scenes of noontide. The quiet ocean would not indicate the swell of its waters beneath the rage of the tempest. Nature delights in concealment. It does not obtrude its mighty agencies upon our vision. The magnificent pageantry, that it moves before us, excites our profoundest admiration and receives our highest homage ; it renews the wonders of creation and momentarily re-embodies omnipotence ; but who would trust it for those full and varied impressions of hidden power, that nature, with a kind of self-reverence, seems to cherish ? A similar train of thought may be recognized in our contemplations of man. So far as his material connexions are concerned, man is no representative of the universe. The grandeur of the sun—the glory of the stars—the magnitude of near and far systems—the immensity of space—are not symbolized in him. Whatever is beyond the reach of measurement—whatever defies calculation—whatever exhausts intellect, is practically infinite : the sublime is lost in it : the eternal is typified by

Vol. I.—29.

it: and therefore, while the objects of the vast universe illustrate to us, the essential existence and inherent dignity of the Godhead, man stands among them, unable, by physical character, to reciprocate their imposing majesty. Piety and Infidelity, starting at different points, actuated by unlike sympathies, and devoted to opposite ends, have alike met man upon this ground, and assured him of his utter insignificance. If he has a curiously, complicated body, the breath of summer may derange it; the insect may live, where it would die. Had we to fix our attention upon this aspect only of humanity, we might not indeed be open to the ancient conjecture, that it sprung, like vegetable life, from the earth, or to the modern hypothesis of Darwin, that it is but an oyster in a higher state, but we should be compelled to associate him with the dust and leave him to fraternize with the lowest types of existence. It is mind, that ennobles man. It is mind that redeems him from the degradation of material relations and invests him with whatever the moral universe can confer. The scheme of creation, so wisely conceived, so perfectly executed, relies upon his spirituality, to maintain its harmony and vindicate its benevolence. All the arrangements of nature express a peculiar interest in mind and a most observant jealousy over its rights and privileges. Let the animal part of one constitution attempt to tyrannize over it—let forms of society be established, that impair its faculties or crush its spirit—let any invader enter the region, where it has been enthroned—and those consequences ensue, that always mark the violation of natural law. The principle of life may elude our researches and the study of final causes perplex us, but the adaptation of the brain to the purposes of mind is as clear as demonstration can make it. Anatomy investigates the changes of the brain—its enlargement—its gradual hardening—and discerns in its whole history from infancy to old age, the intensest concern on the side of nature, for the development and action of intellect. The peculiarities of the brain and nervous system would intimate,

a priori, offices and connexions different and distinct from the ordinary phenomena of nature. A skull cannot meet the eye in a meditative walk, without awakening ideas akin to sacredness. Materialism may seek to overthrow the divine origin of mind and exult in its comparative subjection to the laws of the animal constitution, but the instincts of nature are not silenced nor the provisions of the external world destroyed. The dust of ages may cover the antiquarian's coin—the marks of corrosion may be on it—but the image is uneffaced. A spurious Philosophy may strive to degrade intellect, but as well might the cloud endeavor to extinguish the sunlight.

The abstract tendencies of doctrines are not always realized. The philosophic mind observes nothing more frequently in the history of opinions, than the want of correspondency between their logical and practical consequences. If any thing be calculated to arrest the progress of mental and moral improvement, to weaken the energies of thought and enfeeble the inspiration of hope, it is surely the principles of materialism; and yet, we find, that so far as mere intellect is concerned, the noblest memorials of genius were raised, in despite of its malignant influence. The "precepts of Epicura could not destroy the idealities, that floated before Grecian imagination, nor scatter the glory, that rested upon the brow of Mars-Hill. The voice of genius continued to chaunt its melodies, and the hand of genius to create its monuments of taste. The age of Hobbes was the age of Bacon, Descartes and Grotius—the age of Cadworth, Clarke and Butler—the age, that constituted a new era, in metaphysics and mathematics. Nature has most kindly and carefully guarded the intellect of man, provided for its full, free development, and furnished it with capabilities of resistance to those means, that might otherwise overcome it. If such is the law of creation, it is rendered more sacred and imperative by christianity. Men may affect to doubt its divinity, but they cannot deny its

favorable operations upon the interests of human knowledge. History puts this fact beyond the cavils of skepticism. If the infidel can bring himself to the conclusion, that christianity is earthly in origin, no elaborate train of argumentation can invalidate the historical record, that it has fostered truth and cherished wisdom. The various hypotheses about the sun, have never darkened its light nor interrupted its central position in our system. The theory of vortexes has not disturbed the relations of the planets. If the facts, on which, we hold christianity to be founded, lie within the arena of discussion, it is not so with the facts, that compose the history of its progress, through nineteen centuries. There is no appeal from its authenticated decisions. The value of the historical argument in behalf of christianity was never so apparent as at the present time, and the reason is obvious, for the philosophy of history has now become a distinct branch of science. It was commenced by the great Italian statesman—advanced by Voltaire—still farther promoted by Robertson, and consummated by Schlegel and Guizot. The historic genius of Gibbon and Hume may lend a delusive dignity to the championship of infidelity, but the principles, on which they sought to enshrine error, are the principles, that associate the trophies of truth, with the mouldering Coliseum, and make the island of all-waters, a secure home for christianity. Apart from the abstract announcements, that mind is the image of God and the inheritor of immortality, Christianity has communicated an immeasurable importance to its faculties by making them the prominent consideration in the scheme of redemption, and enlisting the deepest sympathies of the universe in their regeneration. It restored the idea of humanity to its legitimate position. Heathenism presented Gods in the likeness of men: *it* exhibited man in the similitude of God. Heathenism pretended to reveal knowledge as a privilege: *it* unfolded its treasures as a right secured by divine mediation. Heathenism opened its resources to a chosen circle of

philosophers, poets and statesmen: it conferred on our whole race, the opportunity to examine its mysteries and share its benefits. Their is such a thing as the republicanism of mind. It is the earliest, purest, highest, republicanism. It claims Eden as its birth-place, the wide earth as its scope, and immensity as its final theatre of exercise. It asserts divinity in the nature of its powers, the sacredness of its connexions, and the heavenliness of its ends. Let it be invaded; it flies to the sanctuary, where the shekinah shines, for refuge. Let it be dethroned from its just supremacy; it lifts its dimming eye to the upper sphere and points its quivering hand towards the omnipotent. Let it be entombed: the sepulchral mockery will not have been completed, 'ere the angel of the Resurrection will descend and break the seal of the grave. Has not all history illustrated these sentiments—all nations confirmed them—all wonders signalized them—all Heaven vindicated them? The superstitions of Egypt cursed the spirit, that Jehovah had breathed into man, and lo, the unmatched grandeur of a divinely delivered host, marching to the music of angel-strains, and installed amid the mountain seclusions of the land of the olive and vine! The old world grew corrupt and Rome fastened its military despotism upon every interest of humanity, but northern forests pour forth their hardy Goths, bearing with them, in rude hands, but firm hearts, the elements of a new and better civilization, representing in faint miniature, that chivalry, which should refine, that heroism, which should exalt, and that principle of elective monarchy, which was destined to effect the first movement towards constitutional liberty; cherishing the germ, out of which, should spring Spain, imaging by her natural position between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Bay of Biscay and Gibraltar, that true greatness, which immortalized the reign of Isabella and thronged the mountains and vales, with those memories, which yet inspire literature and enterprise: that germ, out of which, should arise

France and England, kindling the flame, that should cast its light over India in the east, and the continent of the west, and defending the altar, around which should cluster the returning hopes of the world! The ghostly power of the dark ages tyrannized over intellect and conscience, but just in proportion, as it prescribed uniformity to its dicta, the outraged mind of its subjects rebelled—the polished Piedmontese worshipped and fell before a purer shrine—the martyred Huss and Wickliffe became spirit-warriors in the mighty contest—and from the old home-land of the Goths, there came forth, a noble monk, carrying the lost Ark, in which Deity had preserved the life and liberty of our race! The magnificent monarchy of Louis oppressed France, and Fenelon produced *Telemachus*, a classic work, full of truth and trustfulness, that afterwards gave the impetus to the most remarkable revolution, continental society has undergone. Church and state combined in England to deprive our ancestors of their best-attested rights and American freedom displayed the most christian form of civilization, that man has known. Nature will maintain its laws. Heaven will claim its proprietary interest in humanity. The splendors of the universe cannot be extinguished!

If such be the relation of Jehovah to mind, we cannot fail to see, that it is placed under solemn responsibilities. It has a sacred office to perform : it has a noble end to answer. Agreeably to this position, God has afforded the human mind full opportunities for exercise and ample means for usefulness. The wonders of science invite its investigations. The attractions of Art claim its attention. Literature especially presents urgent motives for cultivation. The literature of society will always embody its most powerful and effective forms of intellect, while, at the same time, it will represent general character and diffuse influences for the minds and hearts of men. It is its power, that amuses childhood, delights youth, cheers age, accompanying us in our retirement to the closet, occupying our thoughts in their

most serene moments, awakening passion, determining pursuits, and fixing within us, sentiments and opinions, that modify our earthly history. A literary man is a mighty agent for good or evil. You cannot compare the scientific man with him. If the latter abuses his genius and perverts his vocation, the laws of material nature are not changed by him, the facts of the senses are not affected, and the popular mind experiences no vital injury. The speculations of La Place have not diffused infidelity. The doctrines of recent French authors about final causes, are not calculated to affect public sentiment with any great degree of power. A bad man in literature is worse than the same man elsewhere. The hearts of thousands are partly in his keeping, so that if he abuse his talents, he leaves traces on them, that are rarely effaced. If religion be revealed to us, in a literary form, nothing can be more obvious, than that its spirit should be continually and impressively exhibited in the same way, while we also remember, that its most fearful antagonist is found in the very means, which most advance it. To give christianity its rightful authority over mind, morals, and manners, we must not confine its power to the usual presentations of pulpit effort, but we must associate its sublime teachings and promised triumphs with all that is forcible and attractive in literature. The dispensation of Whitfield was soon terminated ; when will Bunyan's end ?

“Every action performed without regard to God, and every day spent without a thought of heaven and hell, confirms that frame of ungodliness which precedes and bespeaks its awful result—even the eternal separation of the soul from its Creator.”

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

INNOCENCE.

BY EDWARD.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

LOVELY in the summer light—
Sparkling in thy childish sight—
Are the rivulets that lead,
Down the daisy dappled mead.
Earthly things thy fancy strike,
With a beauty Eden-like ;
As around the clear expanse
That inquiring countenance,
With a pleasant wonder turns,
While thy spirit ever learns,
Something fresh and something good,
Though but half way understood.
Why are all things round thee fair,
As the palaces of air ?
Why does every fleeting thing,
Mirth and peace around thee fling ?
'Tis because thy infant heart,
Never knew a guilty art ;
But in every thought and sense
Treasures only innocence.

There's a cavern dark and still,
In the side of yonder hill ;
Through its dim recesses stray,
Floods that shun the light of day,
In its rayless vaults and groves,
Sleeps an air that never moves,
Dead and chill and dewy cold,
As the gale o'er Iceland rolled ;

Though without the summer heat,
Bids the bird to shadows fleet,
Just above the entrance grim,
Where there lives no vine or limb,
Where no path the sunbeam cleaves—
All in azure colored leaves—
Delicately blooms and twines,
One bright flower that ever shines.
Though thy mind in coming years,
Be a cavern dark with fears,—
Never, never banish thence,
The sunny flower of innocence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

CARNATIONS AND PINKS.

WE present to our subscribers in this number, a beautiful painted picture of the *Carnation*. Through the kindness of R. Buist, Esq. flowerist of our city, we have been favored with the following facts, relative to this delightful flower.—

In order to make the *former* flower well, if the weather is dry, give them frequent waterings at the root, and tie them up neatly to their rods. *The criterion of a fine carnation is—* The stem strong and strait, from thirty to forty inches high, the corolla three inches in diameter, consisting of large, round, well formed petals, but not so many as to crowd it, nor so few as to make it appear thin or empty; the outside petals, should rise above the calyx, about half an inch, and then turn off in a horizontal direction, to support the interior petals, they forming nearly a hemispherical corolla. The interior petals should decrease in size toward the centre, all regularly disposed on every side; they should have a small

degree of concavity at the lamina or broad end, the edges perfectly entire. The calyx above one inch in length, with strong broad points, in a close and circular body. The colors must be perfectly distinct, disposed in regular, long stripes, broadest at the edge of the lamina, and gradually becoming narrower, as they approach the unguis or bare of the petal, there terminating in a fine point. Those that contain two colors upon a white ground, are esteemed the finest.

The criterion of a double pink.—The stem about twelve inches, the calyx smaller, but similar to a carnation; the flower two inches and a half in diameter; petals, rose edges; color, white and pure purple, or rich crimson; the nearer it approaches to black, the more it is esteemed; proportions equal as in the carnation. Those that are very tasteful with these flowers, are attentive to the manner of their opening. Where the calyx is deficient in regular expansion, to display the petals; that is, where there is a tendency to burst open on one side more than on the other, the opposite side in two or three different indentations, should be slit a little at several times, with the point of a small sharp knife, taking care not to cut the petals, and about the centre of the calyx, tie a thread three or four times round to prevent any further irregularity. Some florists and connoisseurs place cards on them. This is done when the calyx is small. Take a piece of thin paste board, about the size of a dollar, cut a small aperture in its centre to admit the bud to pass through. When on, tie it to the rod, to prevent the wind from blowing it about; and when the flower is expanded, draw up the card to about the middle of the calyx, and spread the petals one over the other regularly upon it. When these plants are in flower, their beauty may be prolonged, by giving them a little shade from the mid-day sun by an awning of any simple discription. Where they are in pots, they can be removed to a cool shady situation, but not directly under trees. Raise them neatly out of the earth,

with as many of the root-fibres as possible ; cut off the naked part of the stem, close to the fibrous roots, and trim away the straggling leaves. Plant the finest sorts, in four inch pots, and those more common, three plants, in five-inch pots, in the form of a triangle, which can be separated in spring to plant in the garden. Any of the principal stools should be (if in the ground) lifted, and put into seven-inch pots to be preserved: the others may be allowed to stand through the winter, covering them with a few dry leaves. Keep them in the shade a few weeks, when they may be fully exposed. Give gentle and frequent sprinklings of water, until they have taken fresh root ; or, if in want of pots, mark out a bed that can be covered with a frame, preparing the soil therein properly. Plant them from four to six inches apart, shade them from the sun until they begin to grow, give sprinklings of water over the foliage every evening.

Of Laying—This is a necessary and yearly operation, to keep a supply of plants, and likewise to have them always in perfection. As the process of laying, though simple, may not be known to all who are desirous of cultivating these plants, we will give an outline of the mode of operation. Provide first, a quantity of small hooked twigs, (pieces of *Asparagus stems* are very suitable) about three inches long for pegging the layers down in the earth. Select the outward, strongest and lowest shoots that are around the plant ; trim off a few of the under leaves, and shorten the top ones even, with the knife, and then applying it at a joint above the middle of the underside of the shoot, cut about half through in a slanting direction, making an upward slit, toward the next joint, near an inch in extent ; and loosening the earth, make a small oblong cavity, one or two inches deep, putting a little fresh, light earth therein. Lay the stem part, where the slit is made, into the earth, keeping the cut part open, and the head of the layer upright, one or two inches out of the earth, and in that position, peg down the layer

with one of the hooked twigs, and cover the inserted part to the depth of one inch, with some of the fresh earth, gently pressing it down. In this manner proceed to lay all the proper shoots of each plant. Keep the earth a little full around the plant, to retain longer the water that may be applied. Give immediately a moderate watering, with a rose watering-pot, and in dry weather give slight waterings every evening. Choose a cloudy day for the above operation. In about two months, they will be well rooted.

If laid about the end of June, and have been properly attended, will, by the end of this month, be well rooted, and fit for transplanting. Clear away the earth lightly, and cut them clean off from the parent plant, nearer the stool, than the original slit.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. WILSON.

OUR WAKING DREAMS ARE FATAL.—YOUNG.

MAN'S life is a dream from beginning to end :
Or waking, or sleeping, what visions attend !
Illusive and fleeting, they come and depart,
Forever deceiving and cheating the heart.
Like bubbles, prismatic, the sport of the boy,
Our visions are tinged with the sunbeams of joy ;
Are raised with a breath from the dark suds of care,
Amuse us awhile and then vanish in air.
The visions of childhood are sweetmeats and toys,
Of dolls for the girls, and of whips for the boys ;
And Chris-Kingle visits on good Christmas eve,
Some trifles in every stocking to leave.

In the hey-day of youth when the passions are warm,
We dream about love and are snared with its charm ;
Of angelic nymphs, and of cupids with wings,
And arrow-pierced hearts, and a thousand such things.
But manhood is favored with visions more bold,
Domestic enjoyments, and honor, and gold ;
These ravish the senses and flatter the heart,
And fondly we dream they will never depart.
The visions of age are the ghosts of the past,
Alternately cheating the soul to the last ;
Till in second childhood the dream ends, and we
Are wakened by death to *reality*.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

OUR PORT-FOLIO.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIAS.

Joy for such a scene ! There is indeed a joy in all thankfulness, and a joy too, in all deep quiet. We can see the flash of our dark eye in these passing waters. And so, nature mirrors her children. We are the better-looking for the reflector. Oh, that we could so show our matron ! Not thus can we exhibit the glory diffused around us. The fragrant air enters our bodies and escapes, but how changed ! Breathe human breath, and you languish. So of all nature, as it proceeds from us. We take in the beauty and majesty, but who knows them when they come forth ? Put your pictures beside the originals. Utter your 'Poetic-hymns' under Niagara or beneath the shadow of mount Blanc, and what notes, have you caught ? Still the fault is not in the impression. The eye is bright and the ear quick, but where does the natural become the spiritual ? We say not, but

wherever, it turns to feebleness. Taking in nature—giving out nature—homely words indeed, but words of import. What a strange contrast! The sunset glows and you feel the glowing upon your spirit, but try to paint it in language or on canvass, and the tints all die with wondrous suddenness, and the dark night covers painter and painting. To overcome this want of correspondency between thought and language, between signs and things signified, between the near senses and the remote mind, genius has toiled, until death has pitied the slave and released him. Victims of hopelessness are all such! Whisper not of the victims of the grave. The immortal liberty is born amid its shadows. What you call its gloom is only gloom because humanity needs it to hide its corruptions. The under side of the thunder-cloud is dark: pierce through; spread out your wings on the upper surface and how dazzling the brightness! And will that new language ever come? Ah, believe it. Still more, exult in it. You gather the images now. Such is your work from morn till eve. Sun-shine has been painting on your eyes and hearts for years, and yet men have just found out, that sunshine is an artist. So slow are we to learn. We are to keep the images. If we could utter them, nature would become a commodity of exchange between man and man; earth and heaven would soon be sold: but see the law! The communion is confined to yourselves. Vales, mountains, vinehills, olivegroves, prairies, oceans, stars, invite you to intercourse, but no second-party must be admitted. Dishonored are they all, if you put them into words or pictures. Is the conviction painful? Then study the import. The tokens of immortality surround you. The silent world here—the vocal world hereafter! And these are the sentiments, that greet us now under the shadows of magnolias! Would that the ideas were as beautiful as these flowers! And yet, we may without irreverence, unite you. The birds shall sing your hymn of love and the low winds breathe blessings on you. Here then is the

symbol of your love—a flower from your tree laid within our Port-Folio—and here is a circle of seals in purest wax to surround you, used only when we send far away to some cherished one, the chime-tones of fancy and feeling.

There is a reciprocal influence between nature and mind, so that sense and spirit are ever striving to compensate each other for mutual indebtedness. The parent blesses and nourishes the offspring, and the offspring seeks to return kindness to the parent. The strong passion may be downwards, but the stronger sentiment is upwards. A poetic mind receives the tribute of material objects and longs to make the acknowledgment in choice and chaste utterances, but with the will, comes not the power. How many thoughts throng our mind amid these gently-moving shadows, and through parting-branches, how many glimpses of far-off loveliness charm the vision into fixedness, and amid the low rustling of leaves, how many tones, remembered ever, but remembered tenderly here, return to the dull ears of our dust-figure, but yet, we strive vainly to convert them into eloquent musings, that shall praise their glorious source! The harp-strings break beneath our rude hands and the music escapes on the winds.

And still, the noble magnolias, with their rich adornments of flowers all ready to canopy fair Flora, wave over us! And still, the response is felt, but not breathed! We will philosophize. Flowers on strong boughs! There is criticism and rhetoric for the college-bred. Take the idea into your uppermost chamber. We admire such an union. If you speak or write beauty, give it the broad underlaying of strength, for power and loveliness ought never to be separated. Men there are who use imagination without reason, and the consequence is, we are thrust into a store of artificial-roses and smell nothing but wax and linen. The great ocean teaches a better lesson, for vast as it is, with sunlight dancing upon musical-waves or stars quivering in still coves, and with pearls paving its depths, it gives you a loud lecture on the

alliance of beauty and power. Again, we philosophize. Hidden here all this charmingness? So would the world regard it. Not so we view it. Hidden! Never. The winds bear off the fragrance to languishing sufferers. The bee comes to collect honey from the flower-burdened tree. The birds hold their merry festival among its leaves. And now and then, weary spirits come to these retreats and kneeling say, *our Father made them all!*

OUR FATHER! Press the flowers to your heart and say the Lord's prayer. Wash in the morning dew, and fold the ascending cloud around you, and repeat the sacred strain, born upon Divine lips and given to human tongues for the highest of all worship. Did Prophecy ever depict him in this position as the oracle of heart-words for the Father's ear! Or type represent him? And yet, in it, is he pre-eminently attractive. A prayer, that commences with the specific doctrine of christianity—progresses with the hopes, joys, and duties growing out of it—and terminates with the expression of profound homage to it, thus making all theology pass through the heart and ascend to the Throne and thus returning the privileges of the Throne to all mankind, for common sympathy and universal benefit, it surpasses every other utterance whether of intellect, sentiment, or passion, in the fact, that it affords simplicity and sublimity of language for childhood and age and endorses its own acceptances at the mercy-seat.

Let us satisfy our own consciences, and trouble not ourselves by looking for fame. If we deserve it, we shall attain to it; if we deserve it not, we cannot force it. The praise bad actions obtain, dies soon away; if good deeds are at first unworthily received, they are afterwards more properly appreciated.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

LINES.

BY J. BRYAN M. D.

I LOVE the sear and yellow leaf,
I love the autumnal blast ;
They speak of life as being brief,
And soon, forever, past.

I fear the winter's freezing air,
Which binds the earth in frost ;
It speaks the suffering, and despair,
Of those whose hopes are lost.

I love the balmy breeze of spring,
Its bursting buds and flowers.
Their fragrance sets my soul on wing,
To fancy's fairy bowers.

I love the joyous summer's heat,
Its yellow waving corn ;
They teach a God, both good and great,
Whose mercies have no bourn.

But that *great love* which lifts the heart,
To Christ the sinner's friend :
Absorbs my being's every part,
Oh may it never end.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE MORAL OF THE TELEGRAPH.

CALL in Dr. Christie! Ask him for a Galvanic dose! A man must have the power in him to write of such an invention as the Magnetic Telegraph. Lightning reduced to a medicinal agent! And the cloud, an apothecary shop! So that chemistry has fairly risen to the region of astronomy and claimed companionship with Heaven. Wonder o'ertopping wonder! Men often turn prophets unawares. Orators have long been talking about the "lightning-like mind," and lo! truth was enveloped in the words. It is all reality. Depend upon it, the age of type and printing-presses is terminating. The type was only typical. The press has pressed intellect beyond itself. Steam is too slow. Two hundred and thirty-two degrees are too high in the scale. Lightning can be promptly manufactured. And then, its sympathies are so quick, as to reach its object at once, asking but a wire, for the announcement of its revelations. And then, its language is so pointed! Think of that and stare at it! The human tongue is gracefully rounded off, and it must speak in rounded periods. Fire-flames are sharp. Lightning loves points. If it ever take a ball-form woe to you. See the token in the tall rods for house-defence. Give the celestial agent a point and mark the submissiveness. So much for that point and now for another. We used to fear that materialism would engross all the great inventions, and physical man be only profited. Things are otherwise ordered. Give to matter, the rail-road. Corporiety may rejoice in it. So may merchandize. So may soldiers.

See now the effect. Thought has its wire-path. Make the connexion and apply the power. Letters, words, sentences fly, fly, fly! One transmission and a city moves with the diffused excitement. New York shouts back to Washington before Washington's echoes have died away beyond the Potomac. And mark, the triumph of mind over matter. The news is made known, while your Locomotive puffs off steam. Talk no more about steam. It is but a step beyond horse-feet. Hush about the wind. It's most blustering pretensions are gone. Magnetism absorbs the stock of glory. What more O man! You have the sunshine to do your painting and the lightning your talking! Say, what more? Your path is now in the firmament. Go higher. Faith waits to perfect science. A fervent prayer can reach the Throne sooner than the Telegraph can communicate words to your heart. Religion needs no inventions. Rejoice for the one complete!

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

IS IT SO?

THE great proportion of professing Christians have exceedingly incorrect views on the subject of Religious Literature. They have not realized its power as an instrument to advance the moral interests of society. The almost entire reliance has been placed upon the Pulpit. So absorbing has this view of ministerial agency been, that it has enfeebled the energy of other valuable means of improvement. While we honor the preaching of the gospel, we are not to neglect the fact, that religious literature has a vast work to perform. The indications of Providence point out its pro-

vince and assert its sacredness. If the hand of God be admitted in providential dispensations, we are pledged to obey the call to duty. It is as much divine as any other obligation. That Providence is now directing attention to this method of intellectual usefulness and urging its solemn claims cannot be doubted. Nothing can be clearer, than that society has arrived at that stage of progression, in which, written mind is most effective. The whole course of modern events has tended to produce this condition of things. We cannot change it. We cannot resist it. The age of oratory is as definitely marked as the age of poetry. If this idea be true, it follows, that men, under different circumstances of advancement, must have specific means of sympathy and influence. The peculiarities of our times in this respect are wonderful. We have illustrated it in various ways. Bunyan is made an inmate of our homes. Milton communes with our hearts, in solemn hours, and old Puritan Divines teach Theology to our servants. Their work is just begun. The shadows of their own day have been dissipated, and they stand out, in full form, amid the light of higher intelligence. If society had not attained the point, at which literature becomes a law to thought and feeling, those noble writers would still have slumbered. We have revived their mouldered ashes because we needed them.

The religious literature of the past and the present has been either too didactic or controversial; and hence it has measurably failed to interest and inform the mass of the community. To give it appropriate efficiency, we must devote it to higher purposes. The revelations of christianity consist of general doctrines. It is thus, that it proposes to subject the human mind to God. If such be the policy of its arrangements, we should beware of violating them, by too much stress on minute points. Inspiration seems willing to trust the issues of religion on the operation of its general truths: why should not we cherish the same sublime

reliance? The value of religious literature is to be derived from its exposition of Christianity as a system of thought, sentiment, and conduct for the world. To develope it in abstractions is to confine it among philosophers. To dedicate it to sectarianism is to crush its universal adaptation. See how original christianity drew the world around it! Apostles from the Jews—Language from the Greeks—Government from the Romans! The hidden Shekinah is no longer our symbol. Not even the sun is a worthy emblem. You have the true representation in light as first formed—light every where diffused.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE BETTER LAND.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

An elegiac parody on Goethe's "Song of Mignon:" Intended as the dirge of a husband over the bier of his much-lamented wife, translated from the German,

Know'st thou the land where afflictions are o'er,
Where the breast of the mourner is heaving no more;
Where the sick heart revives in a blissful repose,
And the eye ever beaming no tearfulness knows?
Knowest thou it?

Thither O! thither away
To greet my departed O! fair would I go.

Know'st thou the house with a moss-covered dome,
And its narrow and fearful apartments of gloom?
Yet there naught can disturb the lone pilgrim's sweet rest;
There the weary and faint own the boon of the blest:
Know'st thou it?

Thither O! thither away
To that lonely home of my spouse would I go,

Know'st thou the mountain and valley below ?
There are ended all wanderings—is lost every wo ;
As the deep yawns beneath me a voice seems to say,
“I await thee, my loved one, O ! why yet delay ?”
She beckon's.

She calleth me thither away ;
Yes, to thee beloved one O ! soon shall I go.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

VALUE OF DREAMS.

WE have often reflected upon this subject. It is one of deep interest to us. If imagination invests it with mystery, reason draws a wise philosophy from its obscurity, while piety finds much therein to illustrate the truth of spiritual influence. Men are not aware of the power, that these nightly oracles exert over them. Who can tell how far, they change the current of familiar thoughts, and furnish new impulses to action? or how many new ideas, they fasten in the mind? or how many idealities, they gather before the vision, clothed with imperishable beauty and reflecting the glory of scenes veiled to mortal eyes?

A pleasant dream attends us through the day, diffusing cheerfulness over the heart, and returning us to the world as if we had enjoyed the communion of the starry firmament. If indeed angel-spirits minister to us, who can say, but that they select those slumbering hours to lead fancy forth to their bright paths and deck it with those garlands, that they cherish for immortal brows? The cares of daily life shut out the loveliness of earth and heaven, and bind man to the dust, but for all we know, the same wisdom, that provides

so much restorative energy for material nature in the night-season, may also remember the better part of our being and bless it with silent communings of surpassing sacredness! The struggles of business cause us to forget the afflictions of the heart, and so, departed friends vanish, and the low lament dies upon our tongues; but often, amid the solitude of the chamber, the sigh escapes, and the tears fall, for near us, the fair forms of other times hover and outstretched arms point as to the paradise, that has consecrated our love, and whispering voices tell us, that they have borne our pledges of abiding memory to the shadow of the Throne and the seat of the Blessed!

Have you ever dreamed of committing a dreadful act? Has sin ever enticed you in those still hours of unconsciousness and led you astray? Have you then dreamed of wounding some chosen friend? Have you felt the pang of rejecting the Redeemer? If so, you have experienced the bitterness of spiritual grief. Amid such seasons, you have seen the treasured joys of years destroyed—pleasant recollections and buoyant hopes mingled in a common ruin. You have quivered with fear as if satan brooded over you. The terrific poetry of Dante and Milton has been all reality and the honors of Bunyan's life have gathered up within your suddenly expanded bosom. A wretched culprit, sleeping in his prison-chains and tortured with visions of death, typifies your condition. And then to awake! And then, the instant-utterance, "*Thank God, it is only a dream!!*" You have gone into the world more solemn, and religious, from such strange thoughts, and prayed more earnestly to be kept free from the guilt of iniquity. Despise not these mysterious workings. Every thing in life has its spiritual office. Contemn not the spiritual teachings of the night. If faith and fear swell in you through the day, and the darkness reproduce them, in awful forms, do not drive them afar off, as spectres, for they may have a commission from God to execute.

Often have we rejoiced, that we could dream, and yet more have we exulted to welcome dream-thoughts and words into the familiar adoption of our inner house-hold. Fantastic they sometimes are—fashioned in strange ways—transcending all the emblematic figures of the Nile—but what of the grotesqueness! Know you the vast capabilities of truth? Prophecy has varied resources. It used to find many unheard of symbols. It had all the tongues, that Pentecost afterwards emblazoned in fire. And so, may the doctrines of life avail themselves of outward drapery unexpectedly fanciful, but the very wondrousness of the garb may be to arouse you to higher contemplations.

Dream-literature! only think of it. You smile—but why? We have known essays to be planned—poetry to be formed—sermons to be elaborated—in the midst of pillow-stillness and night-gloom. We could now repeat a tender song, set to music and often played in twilight hours, that grew into shape and sound, with closed eyes and dull ears. Was an angel singing to the heart then—were its tones caught? We take the poetry: you may settle the philosophy. Our honor for the fact.

Look at that sleeping girl. There is childhood with more than childhood's inheritance. Its endowment is always rich, but see its enlargement! It is dreaming. The smile paints the unuttered beauty to you, and so calmly are the bliss-tokens given, that the breathing is not disturbed. A moment more—the mother calls it. "*Oh, mama, why did you wake me; I was dreaming of Heaven!*"

Lord Bacon beautifully said—"If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

HOME.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

DEAR home, there is a charm around
Thine oft-remembered spot,
Which from my earliest youth hath bound
Me to thee as to holy ground,
And will not be forgot.

Long years have oversped since first
I left thine honored dome ;
Yet naught, that hath upon thee burst,
Hath from thy sacredness dispersed
The loveliness of home.

How bitter, when thy precincts dear
First faded from my view,
How bitter that unbidden tear,
That told me I was no more near
The home my boyhood knew !

The many hours I there had spent
Rushed like a memory-spell ;
There no discordant jar had rent
Our little band, and bade prevent
Affection's rising swell.

Bright did endearance fondly shed
A halo o'er the past,
And all the future overspread
With promised blessings on my head,
And bid them ever last.

There came a change—ere morn of days
Had merged in coming noon,
The bier, the pall, the gloomy bays,
Had whispered that our future ways
Must separate, how soon !

All are not here—one whom we loved
Is taken to her *home* ;
While yet the blessing seemed approved
There came a message, and removed
A *sister* to the tomb.

Years may advance, and with them all
That home's fond joyance gave ;
Friend after friend successive fall
Beneath the sad funeral pall,
That shrouds them for the grave.

Yet, till life's lamp shall cease to burn,
And all in death repose,
Oft shall my willing footsteps turn,
And there, where I was wont to learn
Submission, lose my woes.

And when life's evening shall have come,
And home and earth shall fade,
A star dispersing all its gloom
Shall ope a new celestial *home*,
Where sorrows ne'er invade.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

Do not start back in dismay, beloved Reader, at the ponderous title which we have prefixed to this article. We do not design to lead your unwary steps into any metaphysical slough of despond : but only to philosophize for a little

space, in a small way. Man's great aim, whether he be civilized or savage, Jew or Gentile, Christian or Infidel, is to secure happiness. The Creator, in imparting to him a capacity for pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, made this the law of his being. The word of inspiration does not seek to repress this innate principle, but to give it the proper direction, to point out the sphere in which it can labor with success. All the warnings, which hold up to our view the penalty of the violated law; all the blessed promises which unveil before us the world of light and glory, appeal directly to this natural desire of happiness, and without it, would sink down utterly powerless.

But the grand error of man is to seek for pleasure, where God has ordained, that his ardent longings shall not be satisfied. Our benevolent Creator has not given us the burning thirst for happiness, and then placed us in a desert wherein is no water. The fountain is opened where all may drink. These waters of life gush forth in a swelling flood, they burst from the mountain, they roll along the valley, and pour the tide of joy through every land. But man is prone to turn away from the running stream of pleasure, and seek for joy in the turbid pool. He leaves the fountain of living waters, and hews to himself cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water.

The sages of antiquity were fond of debating on this matter. The great problem to be solved, was, "what is the *summum bonum*?" What is the highest good attainable by the human race? What is the grand object, the great employment, upon the due prosecution of which the happiness of life depends? For an answer to this momentous question they groped amid the thick darkness of heathenism. Some decided that the "chief end of man," was to enjoy the pleasures of animal nature; some the attainment of the respect of good men; others, the enjoyments of private friendship. Their different decisions numbered nearly three hundred; and after all this mighty

labor of theorizing, the subject was veiled in as deep mystery as ever. Solomon pursued another course. He describes the career of one who abandons former belief, and plunges off into the ocean of life, without a compass or a chart, without a beacon to gleam over the dark waters and guide to the haven of repose. He resolves to find the source which would produce the most happiness; or, as he himself expresses it "*that good* for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life." This was, in substance, the same thing which the sages, with the "divine Plato" at their head, had sought to investigate. Howbeit, the king relied not upon abstract theory: but upon direct experience. Never did men make the experiment under more favorable circumstances than did Solomon. Swaying the sceptre of a prosperous people, he could bring all the wealth and power of a nation to his aid. He pursued his object with his wonted energy of character. He reared gorgeous palaces, decked with gold, and ivory and gems: he laid out magnificent pleasure grounds, where the rich fruits of Palestine ripened in the sun; the spicy groves of the East waved their boughs in the balmy air; and fountains of chrystal waters murmured along over the pebbles, soothing the ear with their rippling music. He gathered all the delights of the sons of men: and had his bands of trained musicians, that the sound of the harp and the dulcimer, might be heard at the feast. Whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them, nor withheld his heart from any joy. When he had tasted of all these enjoyments, he considered the result of his grand experiment. He took a calm survey of all the "work his hands had wrought and all the labor he had labored to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." He sought to make the world yield that happiness, which its maker never designed that it should yield; he failed; and so will all that tread in his royal steps.

But if this is not the true way of happiness, where is the

flowery path that leads to it? Reader, the *only* way to be happy is to pursue the proper object, the glory of Jehovah, by earnest obedience to his revealed will. It is perfectly absurd to separate the inquiry, and the response, into divisions and subdivisions. We need not inquire first, what will make life happy here, and secondly, what will ensure us a joyous hereafter. All the laws which Jehovah hath ordained concerning our mental, moral and physical nature, are in perfect harmony with each other, and all tend to the same result. Not even the fabled melody of the spheres, was more perfectly free from discordant note. Whatever will cause us to be rationally happy while time endues, will make us blest, when the mist shall fall back into the ocean of eternity over whose surface it is now hovering.

See yonder comet, in its blazing path. A few days ago, the eyes of those that now dwell upon the earth, had never beheld that strange visitant. It comes winging its flight down from the regions of unmeasured space, where no eye, which now sees its light, could trace it in its mysterious journeyings. It circles round the sun, and having rekindled its torch at the source of heat, points its flaming wand toward the distance, and again rushes off in its lonely journey through immensity. On it goes in its swift career; planet after planet is left behind; it grows dimmer and dimmer; it is gone, and its last gleam has been watched by a generation that shall see it no more. It came from a region beyond mortal sight, and has again sped on its journey thither. Yet the astronomer, by noting a portion of the visible path of the celestial stranger, can point out the course which it will trace through the stars, and tell when it will reach its goal in the far expanse, and again turn back from its wanderings. So with man. Mortal eyes can trace his path but a little way. He runs his short career beneath the sun, and then wings his flight where none can mark his goings. The vast orbit, through which he flies, is not shut in by the bounds of time, but rises above the stars and

sweeps on through all eternity. But trace out the path of real happiness for him, in any part of his career, and you determine the law of his whole orbit. Show him what is "that good thing he should do under the sun," and you discover the law of happiness that shall govern him when the stars shall wax dim with time ; when the sun shall pass away in the glory of his own light, and set in the blackness of darkness forever.

But gently ; when we commenced this article, we did not intend to branch off into these poetics ; but to hint at certain vulgar every-day errors, into which men are led, concerning that same "pursuit of happiness," for which the Declaration of Independence contends so stoutly. One of the most common of these is the idea that the possession of wealth is the root of all good, although the desire of it may be the root of all evil. Many would secure riches upon almost any condition. They would be Midases, even if compelled to mount the auricular adornments as a preliminary ceremonial. They would be successful, though the mental powers, should be entirely absorbed in the pursuit, and the finer feelings of the soul be left to perish from disuse. The spirit of Mammon is omnipresent, and almost omnipotent ; it poisons every fountain, and taints every gale. Even Patriotism will turn his head to listen to the dulcet sound of money ; and many, who are loudest in their professions of love for Liberty, would prove faithless to their vows, unless they could calculate the proceeds in veritable dollars and cents. Some of the very priests of the Goddess would abandon her altars forever, had they not the privilege of carrying round her sacred cap for the contributions of the worshippers. And this same spirit is infused in almost every department of society. Money, according to the well known apothegm, has long been an important motive power ; but now it seems to perform the same function in human life, that steam does in mechanics. Every thing is now worth literally "what it will fetch." This has generated the pro-

pensity to make a superficial glitter, oft times to the neglect of real worth. It has not brought back the Golden Age sung by poets, but has given rise to the age of Gilding. The earth is one vast auction room ; and all must be valued according to the " prices current." The goddess of Fortune, as depicted by the artists of olden time, was a beautiful female, attended by a winged cupid, and bearing a cornucopia, the contents whereof she scattered with liberal hand. The divinity, in our time, would be better represented as an anxious withered beldam, who presides over the stock market, with a bank note detector in her hand, and a pen behind her ear.

Perhaps the world has always been as it now is : at all events, we will not raise the hue-and-cry concerning degeneracy, till some one shall have demonstrated that " former times were better than these."

But this system is a false system. If the possession of wealth conferred perfect happiness, it would be absurd for all to pursue it : for, in the very nature of things, but few can enjoy its advantages. So it is with regard to power, the many must be governed and the few rule : so it is with regard to fame. All these things involve pre-eminence over others. But true philosophy should be able to point out the mode in which all may be happy. It must show some source of happiness that lies open to the mass ; a fountain like that which the angel moved, able to heal all, however diseased, who lave in its chrystal waters. To find this fountain is the highest, noblest, utilitarianism. What then, constitutes this desideratum, which alone can meet the requisitions of true philosophy ? Wealth, power and fame are condemned, as they presuppose superiority over others. If this universal source exists, if it be the will of Jehovah that all his rational creatures should find happiness in this life, then this source must be those pure intellectual pleasures, those joys of the soul, which never weary nor debase. A heathen philosopher advocates the idea that the highest good of men consist in

the pursuit of the beautiful; *το καλον*. This statement, taken in its widest sense, is not materially defective, when we have an infallible standard of moral beauty, and motives sufficient to urge its transcendent worth upon our attention. A mind capable of appreciating beauty, natural, moral, and intellectual, possesses an inexhaustible source of the purest enjoyment. Like the magic gift of the Genius, it is a purse which never lacks gold. Cultivate this faculty of the soul. This does not, like wealth and power, necessarily involve a monopoly; its existence does not depend upon the comparative inferiority of others; but on the contrary, it augments our pleasures to share them with all around us. But this is a faculty which often lies buried beneath the rubbish of ignoble passions: and, like a diamond mine, it is necessary to delve deep before the glitter of the gem can find its way through the base earth which covers it. But for him who has a heart fitted to receive pleasure, from the contemplation of beauty and excellence, how generously has nature spread her bounties. And if the mass could be prevailed upon to cultivate the noble portion of their nature, a rich harvest of intellectual pleasures might be gathered into the garner.

“Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than Heaven.”

There are those who would sneer at these things as puerile folly, or weak sentimentalism; yet they have as real, absolute a value as though a smile or a tear were a legal tender, in payment of debts. The seeds are scattered widely: but too frequently they fall among thorns, which spring up and choke the feeble germs, and they produce neither fruit nor blossom.



Church of St. Peter





SINGLE WHITE ROSE



[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

ELYMAS THE SORCERER STRUCK WITH
BLINDNESS.

ACTS 13 CHAP. 6. 13

BY HENRY D. MOORE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE account of the miracle performed by the Apostle Paul, on the Isle of Cypress, in the town of Paphos, in striking with blindness Elymas, the sorcerer, discovers to us with great impressiveness, the exceeding power of God, and the faithfulness of the instrumentalities employed in the propagation of christianity, in the earliest ages of the church. The performance of this miracle involves many connections which conspire to render it one of the most important incidents in the Apostle's history, certainly one of great importance in the progress of Christianity.

Saul, who in this chapter, is for the first time called Paul, had just been set apart, with Barnabas, on the authority of the Holy Ghost, to the work whereunto he had been called—the work of the sacred ministry,—to fulfil the functions of an Apostle. Being thus set apart, and sent out upon his mission, he entered into a city on the coast of Syria, and from thence he sailed unto the island of Cyprus, a well known island in the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of Syria. In the city of Salamis, the Capitol of the Island—afterwards called Constantia, and now

called Salina—he preached the word of God. In all probability, this was the first account any of the inhabitants of the island, had received of the Gospel of Christ.

Passing through the island, to its extreme western borders, he came unto the town of Paphos, in which place he performed the notable miracle. This town was next in size to Salamis, the Capitol, and is spoken of as a city of excessive wickedness and abomination. There is no doubt, but that it was the fostering-home of the religion of the island prior to the introduction of Christianity by the Apostle. Here was erected a temple of magnificence and grandeur to Venus—where the goddess was worshipped, with all her lascivious service and abandoned rites ; and from this place, she was named the Paphian Venus—the Queen of Paphos &c. Subsequently this temple and the whole city were totally destroyed by a dreadful earthquake, so that not a vestige of the “magnificent city” now remains.

Such was the city and such its religion, when the Apostle Paul, entered it with a commission from his Lord and master ; and here it was, he met with the Sorcerer !

Sorcery, had ever been an abomination in the eyes of the Lord ! It had always been arrayed against his power, in provoking mockery, and had turned the hearts of nations, with its delusiveness, away from the counsel of the Most High. It was a perfected system of jugglery—witchery—legerdemain, by which, accomplished and villainous imposters, imposed upon the senses of their spectators, who were led to believe these persons worthy of highest esteem, and in some instances, even of worship, thinking them possessed of Divine supernatural power. These persons, by their arts, had always opposed the truth. They lived by the lie ! Even now can they be found, with the most amazing impudence and effrontry, passing from city to city—playing off their pranks upon the unsuspecting, and adding to a life of miserable disgust, the guilt of imposture !

Such was Elymas, the Sorcerer, and no more ! Such was

Simon Magus, and no more! though the people declared them to be possessed of the "great power of God!"

Elymas, confronted the Apostle, as he was making proclamation of the Gospel of Christ to Sergius Paulus the pro-consul of the country. This distinguished personage had sent for Paul and Barnabas, that he might hear the word of God from their own lips. This was in opposition to the will of Elymas, between whom and the pro-consul, there appears to have been an intimacy. Finding, that he could not persuade the deputy, by his words, from listening to the truth, he doubtless enters upon the performance of the *tricks* before him, in order if possible to turn his attention from the persuasions of the Apostle. Here was the devil at his foulest work! The Holy Ghost, in his most cheering and delightful operation!

What a scene is here presented! How solemnly impressive! How awfully grand! The Holy Ghost in the Apostle, and the Apostle obedient to His promptings!

Let us gather round the scene. How soon are we enwrapped! The present no longer ours! The past we hail! See! there stands the Apostle! We gaze upon him. We behold the deputy—we turn to the train and the populace—we fix our eye upon the Sorcerer! There he stands opposing the truth,—arrayed against God and defying His power! The cause—patronage and gold. *What* is Paul preaching? The Gospel! *Who* is Paul preaching? Christ! We turn to the Apostle. He is making proclamation of salvation through Jesus Christ. How he thrills with his theme! He kindles with the radiance of truth, and glows with the warmth of the indwelling spirit! See! his clear brow, all serene, as the breeze plays about his temples,—lifting the soft, flowing hair. See! the kindling rapture of his eye, overcoming the populace, with its subduing light! See! the smile about his lip, lit up by the splendid pomp of his spirit's beauty! Listen! how eloquently, he talks of Calvary, of the suffering Lord of love. How persuasively he urges repentance—

proffering the beauties and glories of salvation and the hope of ever-lasting life !

We turn to the deputy. His head droops upon his noble breast, while his frame shakes with fearful emotion, thick and fast the tears roll down upon his cheek, while his bosom heaves with despair and hope in conflict !

We turn to the Sorcerer ! The devil lurks in his eye, and hangs upon his tongue. He whispers poison into the ear of Sergius Paulus and prates of lies. When lo ! the flash and the thunder !—the spirit and power of the Holy Ghost !—the eye and voice of the Apostle !

See ! the kindling, burning look ! Hark ! “ Oh ! full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the Devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord ! “ See how the wretch comes with shame, while his cheeks blush to burning ! ” “ and now behold the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season ! ” “ and immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand. ”

The pro-consul became a christian, and his name was enrolled by the recording angel, in the Lamb ; Book of Life ! 'Twas the triumph of truth ! of Christ ! of the Cross !—

The poet, the philosopher, the teacher, build up not for the present but the future, and the fruition of their life-hopes is beheld only by the eye of their faith. A great work is seldom appreciated until its author is no more, as it is indispensable for the growth and luxuriance of a tree that its roots should be underground.—*Duganne.*

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

PEACE.

BY HARRY HAZARD.

My peace I with you leave.—JOHN xiv. 27.

My peace I with you leave,
Thus spake "the Prince of Peace"
Oh would the guilty world receive
The precious boon and cease
Their cruel, horrid wars to wage,
Nor on the tented field engage.

Oh! not as gives the world
Did he his peace bestow ;
For its war banner still unfurled
Bids human blood to flow,
And God's green earth of beauty stain
To humor some proud tyrants' vein.

Peace! sacred gift of Heaven
Thine olive branches bring ;—
And to some gentle Dove be given
On strong and buoyant wing
O'er earth with this great gift to soar
Till war and strife be known no more.

Then shall "the Prince of Peace"
On earth supremely reign,
And truth and righteousness increase
O'er mountain, valley, plain,
Till he who made the grand bequest
Give to the world eternal rest.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

FAITH.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

WHEN the heart is torn with care,
Such as bringeth but despair,
While the heavens are clothed with fear,
Clouds and tempests hov'ring near ;
Though there seemeth no relief,
And the soul be filled with grief,
Oh, 'tis sweet to look above,
Trusting in a Father's love.

Earthly hopes may pass away,
All its pleasures soon decay,
Even poverty and wo
Sink the lofty spirit low ;
Yet, though dark the trying hour,
Faith has soul-reviving power :
Oh, 'tis sweet to look above,
Trusting in a Father's love.

Treachery foul may aim a dart,
Piercing to the very heart ;
Cherish'd friends at length may fail ;
Slander's poisonous breath assail,
Blasting fairest flowers of life ;—
And, amid this sinful strife,
Oh, 'tis sweet to look above,
Trusting in a Father's love

If the tempest be severe,—
Soon the sunlight will appear,
Bursting from the azure sky,
And his rainbow glad the eye !
All his promises are sure,
Evermore they will endure :
Oh, 'tis sweet to look above,
Trusting in a Father's love.

Far beyond our mortal sight,
High enthroned in heavenly light,
Sitteth One whose watchful care
All his children freely share,—
Him who triumph'd o'er the grave,
From its terrors us to save :
Oh, 'tis sweet to look above,
Trusting in a Father's love.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

WORDS ABOUT WORDS.

THE law of representation is as ancient as the universe. It was contemplated in the original organization of all things. The spiritual natures of angels and men were adapted to it. Every religious thought and affection commenced with its influence. If you place yourself amid the solitude of eternity 'ere the heavens and earth were made, you can have no idea of God. Without an image, you are without a thought, and without a thought, you are without a song. The annihilation is complete. You return to find the symbols. They shine in the light, tower in the mountain, and expand in the firmament. The perfect man of Eden loved

them. The first angel learned his praise from their instruction. Heaven was formed out of their choicest glories.

The dispensation of nature ceased to man. But the principle remained unchanged. It is capable of expansion and improvement. The lower the creature, the sublimer must be the display of its suitableness. Art studied natural symbols. A nation was devoted to it, and yet, Greece failed to interpret the once expressive types. It rested in the outward and forgot the inward. Religion adopted the law, and Judaism awed its chosen tribes. Living men and lifeless matter exhibited it. Vine-hills became symbolic of spiritual plenty. Sacred thoughts were shrined in light. The lamb bled, and a holy offering was thus made known. But yet, man mistook and perverted the end. The moral of Heathenism was re-enacted and another nation, elected and consecrated, terminated its religion in the external.

The law again appears. *The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person* invites the contemplations of benighted intellects and asks the sympathies of estranged hearts. Few typical institutions surround him. They are now but partially needed. All symbols live in him. Jesus Christ exemplifies every thing. We turn no more to the universe. The God of the universe stands disclosed. A spiritual system is announced, demonstrated, illustrated, and established—and all its truths are finally condensed in a single memorial—the *Cross*! Philosophy never had—a *Cross*. Heathenism never gathered its worshippers around—a *Cross*. Judaism never presented to its temple-throng—a *Cross*. Not even had Heaven seen the mystery of—a *Cross*.

Men ask for other signs. Cathedrals are filled with them. Painters and Sculptors have multiplied showy emblems for christian eyes and hearts. We cannot understand it. The past is surely the past. The morning must linger about the horizon for the meridian cannot collect its rosy clouds.

If christianity has limited the range of Art, it has enlarged

the province of literature. It has a sacred office for literature to fulfil. A written volume is its embodiment. It is not perpetuated in marble-forms, or in canvass-scenes, but in pages, where thought and language invoke communion. Such being the nature of its revelation, it aims to educate society by means, that correspond with its exhibitions.

Above all earthly instruments, do we now require a religious literature for the full and forcible manifestation of christianity. Looking at literature in the light of an intellectual influence merely, it is much more spiritual than any other representation of mind, but viewing it, in connexion with "*pure and undefiled religion*," it acquires an importance and discloses an interest of the deepest solemnity. All the Apostles spoke christianity; a few were still more honored—honored to write it.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

MOMENTARY MUSINGS.

DID we contemplate the responsibility of mind in relation to the material universe, only so far as science and art are concerned, we should fall short of those enlarged views, which it becomes us to take. A liberal intellect, refined by taste and exalted by piety, looks upon the vast structure, as a means of expanding its conceptions of God and familiarizing it with the scenes of an approaching immortality. A sympathy with its objects is a part of our constitution. The grand and terrible—the soft and beautiful, around and above us—appeal to the senses but extend their influence to the imagination and affections. Placed amid the wonderful manifestations of the visible creation, man cannot but regard

himself as destined to derive exhaustless gratification from them, and so experience in them, the everlasting sources of pure enjoyment. We are conversant with mysteries; flowers are mysteries of loveliness; ocean is a mystery of grandeur; the sky is a mystery of magnificence; but we see, that the human mind is to be educated among them for the sublimer disclosures of almighty power, and to receive its most important lessons of humility from their silent instruction. We are surrounded by symbols; a dim tracery is over the landscape and firmament; mystic figures address us on every hand: but they are only the type of other and sublimer glories, the etchings upon the outer court of the divine temple. To make an appropriate use of nature, we must view it as a means to these ends. To rest in it as the finale of thought and feeling is to rob God and dishonor ourselves. Poetry has often shown a tendency to deify matter. Philosophy has treated the laws of the universe not infrequently, as if they were inherent in the objects themselves and independent of all superior agency. The extravagancies of imagination and the follies of reason have thus met and blended with each other. Lucretius and Shelley have united to bestow homage upon a blind Deity, to restrain those aspirations, that ascend above all created things, and crush those hopes, that seek Immortal and Infinite mind. Certain forms of extraordinary genius are indeed fitted to inform nature with a sort of consciousness and hold sentimental communion with its scenery. Matter is more than matter to such elevated intellects. So full of life themselves, they make every object live around them. So fervent in sympathy, they bring all things to repay the outpourings of inner power. There is no Atheism in such operations. There is no dethronement of Deity in such sublimated exercises. Piety may flourish and humanity grow intenser under their influence. Coleridge illustrated this beautiful illusion of genius. Nature was a personal Presence to his etherialized fancy. The emanations of his spirit transfused animation

and attraction into the thousand shapes of matter around him. Platonism, with its soul of the world, had no charm for him, and yet, he could perceive in the sound of running waters, more than earthly melody, and in the golden radiance of the morning, more than material splendor. There is nothing in the mind sympathetic with chance. There is no foundation within for the doctrines of Atheism. If men become believers in such opinions, it is by labored attempts of reasoning and violent hostility to their instincts; and even after their reception, they occupy an isolated position in the intellect and show the impossibility of an easy coalescence with the principles of our nature. Like those deleterious substances, which the stomach rejects, they cannot mingle with the inward life and lose themselves in it. There is however a diffusive sentimentality—an inspiring imagination—a strong-hearted lovingness—within the higher order of gifted men, that can impart a portion of its own spirituality to material nature and invest it with attributes expressive of whatever is soul-like and God-like.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

AND MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET.

PSALM CIV. 34.

BY MARIA ISABELLE.

WHEN I gaze upon the sky
In its azure purity
When the sun-beams brightly pour
Each fair tree and bower o'er,
Let this heart still turn to thee,
Who commanded light "to be"

When the shades of eve are nigh,
When the bright stars fill the sky,
When the silver moon-beams shed
Radiance pale upon my head,
Then, my God, I'll praise thy might
For the stars that gild the night!

When within the wood I rove,
With the towering trees above,
And the little flowerets sweet,
Springing up beneath my feet
For the gift of flower and tree
Shall my thanks ascend to thee.

Let my meditation be
Ever sweet my God of thee,
When in sorrows vale I tread
When its cloud is o'er my head,
When all earthly hope hath flown,
Let me trust in thee alone.

When the hour of death is nigh
When earth's scenes fade rapidly—
When the conflict hath begun,
When this life is almost done,
Then, oh! let my thoughts of thee
Bid each doubt away to flee!

When this heart lies *still* and *cold*
When my life's last hour is told,
From my lips shall come no breath,
And mine eyes are closed in death,
Then in heaven, my thoughts shall be
Oh! how glorious! God of thee.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

FACT IN FABLE.

A YOUNG vine put forth its branches. The cold earth could not content it. If it remained there, the serpent would crawl over it and autumnal leaves would cover it. The graceful beauty of its stems and flowers was worthy of elevation above all meaner companionship. It lifted its tendrils to the tall tree near it and claimed friendship. The towering pine did not object, but told the young aspirant that it had better seek a tree with its boughs near the ground, so that it could derive support from them, in its toilsome ascent to the higher sunshine. But the vine declared, it preferred such a tree. Other vines were too dependant. Here they were all around clinging to oak and ash, and spreading out their foliage on boughs bending to the soil. It was resolved to cling to the almost branchless pine, and so to prove its own strength and self-reliance.

"*Ah*," said an old vine, "*what foolishness!*"

The young vine waved itself in the summer air and stretched forth its arms to the pine. It clasped the strong trunk and went upward. Day and night did it seek to rise, but no sooner had it grown a few feet, than it longed for a sturdy branch on which to lean. The dry breeze and the hot sunbeam so enfeebled it, that it implored help, but none came.

"*Ah, what foolishness*" exclaimed the old vine. The younger drooped. It was about to die. A woodman passed by and heard its moanings. With a gentle hand, he unwound the branches and bound them to a neighboring oak. There it grew for there nature honored it.

Pride must sooner or later learn its dependency.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE ONE EYED MAN!

THERE are in this world some personages who are a bundle of oddities and eccentricities ; eccentric in their very thoughts as well as in their manner of expressing those thoughts. They think like nobody else ; act like nobody else ; converse like nobody else. Everything with them is original, perfectly original. Such an one is the character who will figure in this article. It is almost impossible to describe him. Let us however make the effort. Suffer the eye of your imagination to gaze upon a man of perhaps sixty years, of an erect form, compactly built, and with the evidences of great strength, having stout and muscularly developed limbs :—with a face marked by deep lines of thought ; and channelled by the furrows of swift winged time. His face was like a map full of lines. He had only one eye ; that was dark-blue in its color and seemed cold and dead until he became excited in conversation and then it blazed from beneath his broad forehead like a comet in its flame-like brilliancy. I became acquainted with him in a singular manner during a short residence among the ever-green pines of New Jersey. I used to love in the fall when nature had put on her vesture of “ many colors,” to stroll off in the woods with a book in my pocket ; and there read for hours, and when tired, meditate upon the beauties of nature as displayed even there in the country that had been facetiously termed the “ Arabia” of our land.

It was late in the fall ; the forest leaves had fallen or those that remained were rainbow hued, except the pines, they

still stood with all their green freshness an emblem of the christian hope, bright and beautiful still amid the blighting influence that rests too often on every earthly prospect. I had wandered off in the pines taking with me a copy of "Herveys Meditations" to sweeten solitude ; laying down beneath a pine tree, I had read for several hours, and laying the book aside, I indulged in a train of reflections ; wandering from subject to subject with the lightning-like rapidity of thought, my thoughts dwelt chiefly upon the changes of life. I thought of my own checquered course. How strange and almost unaccountable had been its many changes and I spake aloud thinking not there was any one observing me.—"Oh life is indeed long". The one eyed man who was wandering through the woods o'erheard my observations came suddenly upon me, looked at me with an air of sadness, and then spake in a low and scarcely audible tone—So young and life wearisome—"No" said I "but the multitude of incidents that have crowded themselves into so short a space of time as my life has comprised in its limits has forced the expression—"life is indeed long."

"Have they been sad incidents?" said he sitting down beside me. "You could not have seen much trouble in life, you are too young and there are no lines of agony on "this brow" laying his hand upon my forehead and smoothing the hair ; there was so much kindness in the manner, so much love in the tone of his voice that I was irresistably, and to myself almost unconsciously drawn towards him. I already half-loved him.

"No" I answered "some of them have been joyous they seemed like angel dreams, and some have been sad, very sad ; my life has been like an april day all sunshine and shower, sir."—He then took up the volume that lay beside and turning over its leaves, gave an animated and interesting description of its contents ; and in a manner ardent in the extreme gave some of its passages comparing them with

other passages from other favorite authors, either poetical or descriptive in their character, and then remarked "that book contains the most poetical prose I ever read, indeed it is full of poetry. But the shades of night are thickening around us, you are here alone, come and abide with me during the night. It required not much effort to induce me to go, for I felt an interest in the old man, and my love toward him made me anxious to deepen and perpetuate, my new-formed acquaintance. I arose and followed him through a path in the woods into an open country, thence into one of the few roads that marked that region, the whole way made pleasant by his fund of anecdote and his trite and original remarks until we came to the old man's cottage, it stood in one of the most pleasant spots that nature had granted, seemingly by freak to this almost barren wilderness; and fall flowers were blooming around it, and the door was almost hid from view by the jassamine and honey suckles, clambering in abundant profusion over it. We entered and he introduced me to his wife a middle aged lady, matronly in her appearance, and bearing about a most lady-like manner; and having the evidences of former great personal beauty.

After we had partaken of a simple repast and I had led in the devotion of the evening, we gathered our chairs round an old country fire place with a few embers burning to ward off the cold of an autumn evening, and I listened to his bewitching conversation until the evening was far spent, he told me of his far-off home in wales; gave me an account of his early boyish days; told me of his struggle in early life, a poor unfriended orphan boy; of the cold world's scorns, "the rich man's contumely," and how here in the wilderness he had retired to spend the last hours of his life, in deeds of benevolence to the surrounding poor, and with the prospect of a better inheritance, a more glorious abode "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

When I retired to rest I mused upon this singular adven-

ture for hours, and fell asleep with sweet dreams thronging my night visions in relation to the one-eyed man, and his pleasant retreat.

This acquaintance that I had formed with the old man soon ripened into friendship, into love. Oh, how I loved him, and though years have rolled by since the last time I listened to the conversation of one, who stood alone for his intelligence and mighty intellect; who was a marked peculiarity in that deserted and lonely region,—he seems to stand before me yet, I still see his broad face lighting up into smiling brilliancy, as he points the humorous joke, I still hear that clear ringing laugh that was so beautiful to me, like sunshine on the deep deep-sea.

I still see that eye burning like fire, as thought lifted him into the regions of the Ideal; and that form dilating proudly as his love for some peculiar doctrine or theory seemed to wrap him in the fire-garment of a burning Enthalam. I still see that one eye-tear gemmed, as the sorrows of the oppressed were recounted, and the cheek burning with shame for fallen humanity as the acts of the oppressor were told o'er.

And when cold winter had come on and wrapped earth in its great winding sheet, and bound up the rill in its icy chain; and hung its hanging crystal from eave of roof, and branch of tree,—I used to love to while away hours in his cottage listening to admirable critiques upon splendid passages from the older, and the old man's much loved poets.

He was a sincere christian too, and loved, and oft quoted beautiful passages from the great book of life, that was to him a sweeter stream amid sweet streams; a more enchanting prospect amid lovely sights that were pictured upon the minds refined by the skilful touch of magic word in Poets musings.

I had visited him often—they told me he was sick—some said dying—I went to see him. His wife met me with tearful eye at the door of his cottage, and usher'd me into the

chamber of the dying. The wind was howling piteously without like the wail of a sorrowing spirit, and "There was darkness in the heavens, there was snow on sod and bough."

But in that chamber where the good man was meeting his fate, there was an atmosphere that seemed radiant with the breath of angels. I stood by his bed-side. His breath came thick and gaspingly. He was indeed dying. But there was no timidity there. He seem'd to know my very thought of wonder at the calmness with which he met the monster—for the first words he uttered were—"the sting of death is sin—the strength of sin is the law—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—"There," said he lifting his pale hand through which the light of the hearth fire shone "bright angels are beckoning me home; why should I fear, my Father has made the pale horse and the rider, but the messenger of joy to me—they come to bear me home." His voice seem'd to gain strength. There were none in the death chamber but myself, he grasped my hand in his raising himself up, cried "Oh death where is thy sting." His hand unloosed its hold of mine—and the lip quivered—he fell back upon his pillow, and I stood alone with the dead. I left the house that the inmates might indulge their grief unrestrained, for smothered grief crushes the heart.—I met a neighbor of the old man's by the door—the tears were streaming down his cheek, "is he dead sir?" said the man. "Yes he is gone"—"Ah he was good" said he "but odd"—Indeed he was odd a "rose in the wilderness" a light where all was dark—a green spot in a moral waste, was that old man to me.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

DOUBLE WHITE ROSE.

How beautiful is the colored rose ! Its delicate, half-hiding, half-developed tints ! The eye dwells upon it, and feeds the heart with sentiment, but denies the tongue an utterance of its beauty ! It is a thing of summer. It lives only in the light and glow of summer-sun, and welcomes only the gently-falling summer's dew,—its blush and bloom is the sign of its fading, and its fragrance is its lingering farewell.

But the *white rose*—What shall we say of it ? It boasts no tints. The sun paints it not—it reflects nor morn, nor evening glory. The tinted rose, talks of beauty—the white rose, is silence itself ! It symbols what it is. It is both type and substance. Like the good man, it is boastless. Its fragrance charms us, though we see it not.

The god of silence, was represented under the form of a young man, with one finger placed upon his lips, and holding a white rose in the other hand.

We are told that love gave him this rose, to secure his favor. The ancients sculptured a rose over the doors of their festive halls, to interdict the guests from repeating any thing that was spoken. Byron has rendered it sacred to the silence of the tomb. In the “Bride of Abydos” he says, that o’er the tomb of Zuleika—

A single rose is shedding
 Its lovely lustre meek and pale ;
 It looks as planted by despair—
 So white, so faint, the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high.

Frances S. Osgood, has the following sweet verse.—

Hush, sweet, hush !
Let me read in your blush,
All that you tremble and fear to tell ;—
Why should you speak,
When that eloquent cheek
And those soullit eyes can talk so well ?

The common white rose (*Rosalba* is altogether different from other roses, and may at once be distinguished by its strong upright root-shoots, its rather straight prickles, its smooth grayish shoots, its diverging serratures in the bluish-grey leaves, and its large, numerous, double, white flowers. It is a native of Europe, from Finland to Piedmont, and has been cultivated in gardens time immemorial. It is not a hardy rose, but cultured with great care by those who are fond of its modest beauty. The culture is similar to that of other roses of its class.

It is oftentimes found wild in lonely spots, and many a time has its appearance startled the muse of the poet in his wanderings. Campbell utters the following exquisite lines.—

Wandering, I found in my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
A rose of the wilderness left on its stock
To mark where a garden had been
Like a brotherless hermit the last of his race,
All wild, in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night shade and thorn had o'ershadowed the place
Where the flowers of my forefathers grew.

Opinion, and the desire of lasting fame, spurs on the ingenuous mind, and makes the greatest difficulties delightful.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE STAR OF LOVE.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

WHEN the soul, in gloom despairing,
Sees the light of hope depart,
And the midnight of our sorrows
Hangeth darkly o'er the heart ;
Then a beaming star appeareth
In the darksome sky above—
'Tis the guiding star to Heaven,
'Tis the holy Star of Love.

Shining sweetly on the spirit,
Falleth down each gentle ray,
Softly whispering of a morrow,—
Sweetly calling us to pray :—
Each bright ray, a thread of silver,
Falling gently from above,
Windeth round our softened spirit,
Chaining all our heart in Love!

To endure present evils with patience, and wait for expected good with long suffering, is equally the part of the Christian and the hero. Those evils would break a proud man's heart, that would not break an humble Christian's sleep.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SCENES UNDER PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

EURELIA.

THE sacred themes of christianity do not allow the exercise of creative intellect, so far as it respects their nature, position, and design. A wide field is opened, however, for the exhibition of mental strength in the form of presenting and applying divine truth. The lapidary cannot make a jewel, but he can receive it from the hand of nature, and so arrange it in the casket, as to render its beauty impressive. Few men feel the vast responsibility, that the above-mentioned fact devolves upon the ministerial office. Learning cannot convert the world, but it can assist in preparing the way for that object to be accomplished. Genius cannot enhance the value of Inspiration but it can increase our conviction of its importance. Eloquence has no power to originate materials to be incorporated into the great principles of Christianity, but it is authorized and required to exert its utmost ability in the announcement of all, that appertains to spiritual and eternal interests. To invest plain subjects with new attractions, to discover forcible figures for their illustration, to gain the attention and move the passions by unexpected appeals, to bring the treasures of History, Philosophy and Art into their service, to borrow beauty and grandeur from Earth and Heaven, to set forth the incomparable glory of Redemption affords the finest opportunity possible for the employment of the most gifted talents. Horace chose familiar topics, and how wondrous was his song? Addison selected every-day incidents, and how fascinatingly did he use them? Cowper immortalized the most insignificant

occurrences. Summerfield could subdue an audience by the narration of a simple anecdote.

The exhibition of the gospel if marked by sincere piety and sound discretion is always delightful to us. But we confess, it is sometimes particularly agreeable and profitable. We love to hear it, in the noblest earthly strains. We love to hear it when thought assumes its fullest majesty, and imagination gathers the brightest splendors of the universe to picture its sublime sentiments. If it be done humbly and unaffectedly, we can welcome such lofty utterances, and then listen to the thunder to perfect the sound, or look upon the lightning to complete the brilliancy, or invoke the stars to consummate the magnificence. We cherish the memory of interesting scenes witnessed under favorite ministers in all the churches; and now as we call them around us from long-gone days and nights, as the crowds press upon us, as the forest-trees wave over camp-meeting services, as tears and sobs are again seen and heard, how quickly thrill these shattered nerves, and warmly beats this quivering heart!

Give us your sympathy and we will sketch a few scenes, that we have beheld, or heard narrated by truthful friends.

A large audience was collected in the Capitol of the United States, filling the spacious Hall of the House of Representatives. A feeble man occupied the Speaker's Platform; tall and emaciated, he wore the paleness of death and addressed his hearers in tones of sepulchral hollowness. Every eye mirrored his form and gesture. Every heart seemed to be pervaded by his power.

Peter, amid the waves of the sea, was introduced to teach the effect of wavering confidence, and as the minister described and represented the sinking man, the immense congregation repeated the action and swayed to and fro, like willow-branches in a gentle wind.

A celebrated Preacher from the west was painting the deluge. Sentence succeeded sentence; image followed

image ; the waters swelled upward and the sky darkened down upon the wide and wasting scene, until the frightful picture absorbed every fancy and sent its terrors through every bosom. One of the audience rose and extended her arms, as if to swim ; others were nearly overpowered ; and either then or on a similar occasion, a learned Judge left his pew and recovered his consciousness only when he found himself standing in the pulpit.

Did you ever hear the eloquent S*****? The grave closed over him last year, and not within our day, has the earth received more honored dust. He was once preaching at a camp-meeting in Maryland. A throng was present. The fine silvery tones floated over the vast assembly and the leaves quivered beneath their music. The discourse advanced and devotion was heightened. Prayers were audible. The low sob increased into the agonizing cry. A cloud of glory appeared to descend upon the multitude. The rapture of the sacred orator grew more and more intense, until feeling and faith attained their height, and in the fulness of gracious triumph, he exclaimed, "*I have you by the heart-strings and I will draw you to the Altar!*" There was a general rush towards the rude pulpit, and for a time, nought was heard but a shout of praise to the Redeemer of man. The whole auditory was overcome, and human agency, startled by the near presence of Divine Power, suspended its work and looked wonderingly upon the blessed manifestations of the Almighty Spirit.

Actions should be the result of the good principles of the heart. Be not deceived by outward appearances! they may conceal a mass of corruption, or the emptiness of a bubble. All that shines is not gold, while the precious ore may be concealed in a shapeless mound.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

MANY things are needful, and are therefore placed within our reach, and may be innocently sought and piously enjoyed; but that of which the Saviour spake is pre-eminently "*the one thing needful!*" Indeed it must not be disguised that several able commentators have said, the meaning is, or at least may be, "One dish only is needful," as though one dish would be sufficient for many persons, or that Christ would speak so solemnly about a matter of so little importance. Let us rather say with the pious Doddridge, "this is one of the gravest and most important apophthegms that was ever uttered; and one can scarce pardon the frigid impertinence of Theophylact and Basil, who explain it as if it had only meant "one dish of meat is enough." In this, as in the other sayings of our Lord, there is a fulness and majesty of meaning infinitely transcending all earthly uses and considerations.

That which alone is worthy of being called "needful," when we take into the account our whole being, is the present and endless happiness of the soul—a gracious and heavenly change of heart and of character—a preparation to serve God on earth and to enjoy him in heaven. Without this the world, with all its pomp and show, is very vanity—light as the down upon the thistle—and the time is not far distant when the experience of every man will demonstrate that without religion, pure and undefiled, wisdom is folly, strength is weakness, riches are poverty, gain is loss, and life is death. So thought St Paul, and who was ever better

prepared to form an enlightened opinion concerning the things of earth, when compared with the things of heaven, than he? "What things were gain to me, I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord : for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ—that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death ; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

Man was formed for happiness, and happiness was ordained for man ; but he has left the paths of virtue, and each remove has carried him farther from the paths of peace. Still he retains the capacity for happiness, for high and holy enjoyments, for the happiness of sensation and reflection, of retrospect and of hope. But happiness cannot be found in the abuse of his powers, and in the transgression of the Creator's law. Can the angel leave his brightness and ally himself with dark and malignant fiends and still retain his purity? Yes, as well as man can feed alone on earthly pleasures, and satisfy his intellectual and moral nature on sensual joys.

Every creature of God is good, and all the gifts of his providence are admirably calculated to answer the end for which they are bestowed ; but when we attempt to convert them to other uses, we change them into poison ; our good becomes our bane, our blessings are converted into curses, and that designed for our happiness will enhance our misery. Every thing in nature, providence and grace is essential to some end, from which it cannot be diverted without mischief and misery ; and the attempt to do so is alike foolish and wicked. Air, light, and food are essential to human life ; but not more so than religion is to human happiness, and we may as wisely attempt to live without air, light and food, as to live without religion, and hope to

be happy, either in this world or another. Fire will warm, but will not feed us—clothing will cover us, but will not quench our thirst—medicine may restore us to health, but will not shelter us from the weather. So all God's earthly blessings will answer the end intended; but will not, and would not, even if we could carry the things of earth with us to another world, satisfy the demands of an immortal mind. Where then shall happiness be found? In a mind at peace with itself and its God—a pure conscience, a pleasing retrospect and a bright futurity. Where these are, there is heaven, and where they are absent there is hell.

The insufficiency of earthly greatness, and earth-born pleasures to constitute us truly blest is forcibly illustrated in the experience of Napoleon of France. None ever wrote his name with a firmer hand or in bolder lines on the tallest towers of fame than he. On his Ocean-bound prison he could retrospect scenes of unequalled splendor, crushed thrones, broken sceptres, and ruined dynasties; but could the splendor of the past destroy the gloom of the present—could it still the throbbings of his fiery brain, the boundings of his maddened pulse, the conflict of his indomitable passions—could it satisfy him for the absence of the green-fields, the olive-yards and the vine covered hills of his sunny France? Ah, no! He was fortunate in his rise, but he was not happy; he was great in his fall, but he was not blest. When free, as the imperial bird that looks down on the snow-clad mountains, "white as the thrones of arch-angels," he was tortured by a devouring ambition, and restless as one possessed; and when imprisoned, drooping, dying, he possessed no peace—he lacked the one thing needful.

In vain shall any one seek for true happiness in the troubled fountains and polluted streams of earthly joys. We must be like God in the temper of our minds before we can be happy, here or hereafter. He that lives a life of growing virtue, lives a life of increasing happiness; but he that

lives in the practice of any vice, is at war with himself and his God. He sows the fabled dragon's teeth, which will spring up, not an army of men, but of armed furies which will destroy his peace, it may be forever!

We are too wise to hope for the attainment of ends in this world, without the use of appropriate means; and why should we be less wise where our spiritual and eternal interests are concerned? "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." The bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet waters—the bad tree cannot bear good fruit—no one can sow tares and expect to reap wheat; why then should we hope that a bad life should produce the fruits of a virtuous one? Is there any reason to hope that happiness and heaven can be enjoyed though religion be neglected or despised?

Could we believe, directly in opposition to the Bible, that God will inflict no positive punishment on sinners, still the guilt of a wicked life must disqualify for the state and employments of heaven; and the pangs of an awakened conscience must make the wicked supremely miserable, when there shall be neither business nor pleasure to divert them. It is surely madness then, most criminal, to neglect that which is vital to our happiness in life, our peace in death, and our safety in eternity. XC.

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant, if he knew
Where was the eternal evidence
That proved his Bible true?

The terms of disputative art
Had never reached his ear—
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answered—'here.'

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

A GEM.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

PURER than stream of mountain,—
Clearer than crystal fountain,
Brighter than Sol's declining ray,
That lingers in a summer's day,
More fair and free
Than aught on earth, in air, or sea!

Dearer than hidden treasure.
The source of sweetest pleasure,
Unfading as the morning star,
Lasting, than all in earth, or air;
More fair and free
Than aught on earth, in air, or sea!

This gem wouldst thou possess
O mortal?—no—
Thou canst not purchase it,
Gold will not do;—
Yet go to Heaven's King,
Thyself at his feet fling,
No offering with thee bring
But,—“*Jesus died.*”

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

FACT IN THE FORM OF FICTION.

BY ELLA.

A HANDSOME young man sat alone in his chamber absorbed in deep thought. The night-hush of the city was not more silent than the calm of his mind. All the day, he had been anxious and restless. It had been an eventful day to him. Strange thoughts and strange feelings had occupied mind and heart. The confusion, bustle, and strife of the city seemed to have been picturing their fullest forms within him. Other men's faces appeared to represent his countenance. Wealth and poverty exalted and depressed him. The violent action had now passed, and repose had come.

It was a singular scheme. The offspring of his brain was before him. It was a terrible ideality. Fiction had no such mystery. The parent shuddered at the monster, and yet, it could not be renounced. "*That fortune!*" It must be had! Deception, crime, murder, imposition and fraud must all be employed to effect it!

Another hour and the young man had done the deed. Braden was murdered. It was accomplished by Prussic acid. Jannette left his victim and retired. The stars were out: they had no light for him. Men met him; he saluted none. Hastening back to his chamber, he took a knife and cut a singular figure in his arm, then marked his leg, then made the sign of the cross upon his breast. The representation was admirable. "If all this wo'nt convince the old

woman, I'll show the Bible and ring. There are the letters; they will be irresistible. I will call her mother."

The unfortunate Braden was buried. The news was conveyed from New Orleans, where he met his awful end to Georgia, where his mother resided. The heart of the old Lady quivered under the stroke, for wherever she went, the eye of her only son was fixed on her, and whatever she heard brought back the sound of his voice. Bitter moments followed.

A year elapsed, but still, the mother mourned for her son. A mystery hung over his death. Letters had been received in the neighborhood, stating that he was not dead. Hope took advantage of the tidings and promised comfort.

Jannette made his appearance in the vicinity. It was night, but he could not wait for anxiety to see his mother. The residence was soon reached, and when the old lady came into the drawing-room, he sprung up and met her with the once precious words, "*my mother!*" The scene was indelible. Could it be her son? Had the grave restored him? Had she been tortured by mistaken grief? There was his very face—there was his voice! "Do you doubt mother?" exclaimed the daring imposter. "Believe your senses—your instinct. Can a mother's heart err?" The wavering judgment ceased—and then came the warm embrace, the thankful utterance to God, the rapid inquiries, and the returning bliss! *it was her son!*

The death of Braden had caused the transfer of his property into other hands, and Jannette's whole effort now was to recover it. The relatives and friends doubted his claim. That he was the image of Braden, all admitted, but it could not be the man himself. A legal suit was the consequence. Jannette presented a strong case. The flesh-marks were shown. The Bible and letters were introduced. Every circumstance against his claim was explained away. Ingenuity plied every argument. Eloquence offered every plea. Day after day, the court was crowded with bewild-

ered spectators, and night after night was his identity discussed with intense interest. Suspicion at length became general. Jannette manifested fear. One of his opposing counsel asked him to write his name in full. It was done and lo! the middle name was written wrong. The examination was made more thorough, and the claim was refused. Another legal action now took place, and Jannette was sentenced to the state prison.

Such a case was never before known. The likeness of the imposter to Braden was so great that even his mother was deceived, and many a one in the South still speaks of it as one of the most remarkable things that ever happened. The last time, that we heard of the young man, he was in prison—confinement, doomed to the companionship of his conscience and memory. Man should never despair of truth and justice. Earthly law is a part of God's plan for our government. Providence will protect it sooner or later. "*Murder will out.*" So will fraud and villiany.

And yet there are times, when heaven grants us a special insight into the blessedness of christianity, and brings its moral influence into nearest contact with our hearts. The hours of affliction are measured in dark chambers and gloomy solitude, but when they terminate, and we return to the world, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the chastened spirit is better fitted to meet the claims of humanity and to attain its immortal inheritance.



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REV. A. JUDSON, D.D.

Author of "The Christian's Guide to the World's History"



ROSE, D. + S. 18

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D.

BY REV. A. D. GILLETTE A. M.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

ADONIRAM JUDSON was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9th, 1788. His Father, Adoniram Judson, Sen. was Pastor of the congregational church in that Town.

Doubtless, the character of most men is formed by their early companions, and education, their necessary or chosen pursuits, the position assigned them in domestic and social life. Yet there is proof positive in the history of men, that much of their mental and moral character originates from inherent elements, for which we are indebted to the Creator alone. The reason and the affections seem not so entirely subordinate to circumstances as to assume their entire stamp or direction. Opportunities do not create—they develope character, and essentially modify it. The “village,” or the “mute inglorious Milton,” or the “dreaming Bunyan” may exist in many a boyhood circle, or retired cottage. The call of an injured country—the inspirings of poetry, or the lifting up of Faith, are only wanting to arouse their valor—kindle their imaginations, or reveal to them the experience of a Christian fleeing from the city of destruction, to the city of the living God.

Mere circumstances could not bestow the patriotism of Cromwell or Washington, the genius of Milton or Bunyan,

any more that they could give to Massilon, to Whitfield, and Staughton their enrapturing eloquence. On this account we feel anxious to learn the early history of individuals who have become distinguished for unusual endowments, or remarkable actions. It seems as if they must have shown in childhood some of the peculiarities which marked their maturer years. No one wonders that Columbus employed his childish fancy in making and sailing mimic ships across his Father's fish pool—or that Napoleon constructed batteries, and destroyed them with his little cannon, on the school house common.

None will wonder, that Judson at an age, when most young men need the commanding force of a master to make them think, or act at all worthy of their future necessities, was planning and maturing those great ideas and achievements, which have given to the church and the perishing world, a host of Christian warriors, “of whom the world was not worthy.”

In early life (I am assured from his own lips) Dr. Judson was remarkable for active restlessness of mind, extreme gaiety of disposition,—a high relish for social life and amusements, and an ardor of purpose and pursuit that never tired. His mind was all enterprise,—fertile in expedients and plans, and indefatigable in their prosecution. It will readily be perceived by my intelligent reader, that an eager thirst and pursuit of knowledge would enter strongly into the elements which combine in the formation of such a character. This was true in Dr. Judson's case, he loved study, it alone could lure him from his gay and social habits, and having by the generosity of his excellent father, means at command, he entered at an unusually early age, well prepared, one of the classes at Brown University, Rhode Island, and graduated in 1807, being then nineteen years old.

Unhappily the subject of our sketch had imbibed doubts, concerning the truths of the Christian scripture, but being possessed of a reflecting, and investigating mind, he took

time during a journey he set out upon through the states to examine his opinions; this investigation resulted as sincere inquiries do, in doubts as to the correctness of his doubts, of the reality of the religion of Christ. So important a subject demanded a thorough search—he with a promptness, and self-denial ever since conspicuous in his career, suspended his travels—flew back to maternal embraces, and a father's counsel, and availing himself of that father's library, the holy scriptures, his scholarship, and uninterrupted application, and disingenuous research—gave himself up to the leadings of truth. She took her sincere young pupil by the hand and led him to a view of himself and O! he saw—a sinner needing forgiveness and found it only, in the surrender of his heart to entire dependence by faith in Jesus Christ, who was made unto him “righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption.” His chief study was “the evidences of christianity,” for the greater facilities of pursuing these, and he finally went to Andover, and attended Lectures in that Theological Seminary, intent upon the one great aim—but as yet professing no piety of heart. With such a mind, impelled by such high aims, and aided by such means—attended as were his convictions evidently by the Holy Spirit, our young enquirer soon became a hopeful and decided Christian, and entered by public profession upon a life of Discipleship in the school of Christ.

During his last year in the seminary he read Buchannon's sermon called “The Star in the east,” and soon his plans were formed, and his wishes communicated to Messrs. Hall, Nemell, and Natt, fellow students, and kindred spirits, and ultimate fellow missionaries, first sent from the American churches to the Heathen of Asia.

If God's providence conferred on one man more than any other, the honor of originating the mission of his love to the perishing millions of Asia, and imparting the missionary spirit, the spirit of Christ to others,—that man was Adoniram Judson. Yet his modesty, and an agreement among his

kindred spirits, ever since sacredly kept, has yielded to a sharing of the glory among this more than hero band—from their brow the generous and good would not if they could pluck a single leaf of the evergreen that bedecks them; “They alone are worthy.”

It is clearly certain, that before he knew that others had thought, said or done anything in the great enterprise, he had thought, read, prayed and consecrated himself to it, and even commenced a series of efforts which would have been likely to have resulted in his going far hence unto the Gentiles, if his early associates had been unknown.

In 1806, Baptists in America had their hearts, and hands enlisted in supplying more than \$3000 to the work of giving pure religion to India, through Carey, and others. Robert Ralston Esq., of Philadelphia, himself a liberal donor, was the medium of these remittances, and he was interested in the cause through the agency of such men as Staughton, of Philadelphia, Williams of New York, Baldwin of Boston. Little thought they, that communing in his retired study was a mere boy—with the spirit of an almost angel martyr, who would ere long kindle a light in their name and through their feeble aid, would draw many thousands of India's Gentiles, to its unlooked for rising. Yet so it was, Judson in retirement was hard working out the meaning of our Lord's last great command, and not less hard was the task which fell upon him afterwards, in persuading his Christian Fathers and countrymen to understand it as he did, and extend to him the fellowship and aid required in order for him to obey it; considering himself “devoted to this work for life whenever God in his providence shall open the way.”

A communication written by Dr. Judson, and read before an association in Bradford, Mass. stating the readiness of himself and three other kindred Martyr spirits, to be sent to India, as preachers of Christ, resulted in the formation of the “American Board, for foreign missions.”

These young aspirants for usefulness and self-sacrifice, expected a prompt appointment, but unprovided with funds, and not yet fired with zeal—their plans immature, the Board cautiously advised them to continue study, and wait for further light. These men of God had not yet so fully entered upon the possession of that enlarged view of Christian usefulness, which was expanding the desires of their young and ardent applicants for leave to go hence, and who though young, understood the saying of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, that “Religion is a singular commodity, the more we export of it, the more we have at home.” A saying originating where all good originates, “give, and it shall be given unto you.”

From this time the interest rose in behalf of missions, it indicated a wide spread under-swell in the church, individual instances of consecration were the topmost waves.

Dr. Judson had been corresponding in the mean time with distinguished English Christians for the purposes of informing them of his views, and of obtaining information. He was invited to visit England. The American Board sent him to ask help of the London Society, in case they could not sustain him. The ship he sailed in, was captured, and put into Bayonne, France, where he was put into a dungeon as a prisoner. An American gentleman after a time, obtained his release, and after great difficulty, arising from war between Brittain and America, he obtained passports, from Napoleon, and went to London, where he received information, advice and encouragement; and after a year's absence returned in safety to his home.

In 1812, the American Board embarked under their auspices, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, on board the ship Carravan, for Calcutta, with orders if practicable to establish a Christian Mission in Burmah.

During the voyage, Dr. Judson engaged in studying and translating his Greek Testament into English, and often remarked as a fact that was then new to him—that Baptist

Christians were true to the original in their views and practices regarding Baptism. Expecting to meet the kind and distinguished Baptist missionaries, Dr. Carey, Marshman, and others already in India, he resolved upon examining thoroughly, not doubting, he should discover counter proof, and be able to abide by his early education; but as has generally been the case—further research led him to further light, and convinced him, that Pedo-baptism was man's invention, believers in Christ, the only proper subjects, and immersion, in the name of the Father the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the only gospel baptism. Mrs. Judson also with himself, after protracted study during their long voyage, and some time after they arrived at Calcutta, came to the same conclusion. It is proper here to say that the above named English Baptist Missionaries, having cordially received, and most hospitably entertained them at their homes as congregational missionaries free from expense, with prudent delicacy refrained from conversing with them upon the subject, until informed by their guests of entire conversion to their views, and a request for Baptism at their hands. Dr. Carey complied with their request, and buried them in baptism, in the Baptist Church at Calcutta September 6th, 1812. Rev. Luther Rice sailed from Philadelphia the same year, by a similar appointment, and while far at sea from these beloved missionaries, arrived at the same religious facts, and was baptized soon after his arrival in India, also by Dr. Carey.

No Christian contemplates these changes in connexion with the worlds wants, and Zion's supineness, without adoring the mighty skill that wrought such results and threw into the bosom of the Baptist thousands of this country, such missionaries, that their kindling sensibilities might blaze out, and their vast strength rouse itself in behalf of suffering Heathendom.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY H. D. M.

WHEN break the clouds, o'er skies away—
We think it will be bright to morrow—
If stirs the soul with joy to-day—
We bid adieu to every sorrow.

But clouds which vanish, come again,
To-morrow's sun may hide its light,
So swift returns drear sorrow's pain,
So fades away the souls delight.

We have a thought of bliss so dear,
It clears away the spirit's gloom—
We dream not that the storm is near,
To steal the thoughts—to steal its doom,

We have a smile of spirit-gladness—
Like moon-light round a lonely spot—
But soon alas the cloud of sadness
Drooping hangs,—our smile is not.

A tear-drop gushes from the eye—
Chasing a smile from off the brow—
Within the heart there starts a sigh
That knows of nought but sorrow now.

Let clouds arise---let sorrows come,
There is beyond the tomb a Heaven---
The saint's delight---the mourner's home,
To all who patient wait, 'tis given.

SIMPLICITY.

WILD OR DOG ROSE.

THE wild or common dog rose has been made the emblem of simplicity. It forms one of the principle flowers in the rustic's bouquet.

The wild rose scents the summer air,
And woodbines weave in bowers,
To glad the swain sojourning there,
And maidens gathering flowers.

CLARE.

Clemence Isaure, who instituted the floral games, awarded a single rose as the prize for eloquence.

The standards of the houses of York and Lancaster were charged with the bearing of the wild rose. This flower was also stamped on the current coin of those days.

Thou once wast doomed
Where civil discord braved the field,
To grace the banner and the shield.

FABLE OF THE ROSE.

She clasps no golden zone of pride,
Her fair and simple robe around—
By flowing riband, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound :

And thus attired—a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild,
Proud Fashion ! match me in your ring,
New England's mountain-child !

F. S. O.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

WAR.

BY HARRY HAZARD.

HARK ! the belching cannon's roar
See ! bright sabres flash and gleam ;
Blood, like mountain torrents, o'er,
The greensward rolls a crimson stream.
Cloudy volumes dim the sun,
Hang in gloom the earth and sky ;
Rolls the heavy war-cloud on
Rises loud the battle cry.
To the furious, deadly shock
Madly brave, or bravely rash
As 'gainst some earth imbedded rock
On the eager cohorts dash.—
Now in nearer, sterner strife
Charge the clashing bayonet
Bathed in sacred human life
See ! the steel is dim and wet.—
Hear the painful piercing cry !
Hear the groan of agony !
See the fixed and glassy eye !
Cares he for the victory ?
See ! the husband, father, dies
Shorter, fainter grows his breath—
Thoughts of home—sweet memories
Crowd upon the pangs of death.
These are brethren, of one blood,
Moved by no malicious hate.
Thus to pour the life-fraught flood
And make homesteads desolate,—
But such is war, grim, ghastly, gory
And such, alas ! is human glory.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

“ALL IS WELL.”

A FEW evenings since, travelling on one of the Susquehanna packet-boats, I heard two gentlemen, who proved to be father and son, singing in a low, subdued voice, “*all is well* ;” the memorable words uttered by the sainted McKendrie, a short time before he exchanged mortality for life, and set to music, I believe, by a lady of New York. Interested in the appearance of the strangers, and a tender chord being struck by the words they sung, I was induced to commence a conversation with them ; and remarked : the words you have sung have obtained extensive circulation since they were spoken by the dying Bishop. “ Yes,” replied the elderly gentleman, with the look and sigh, which, more forcibly than words could express, spake the heart stricken mourner, “ these words are much sung in our part of the country.” “ Mother,” immediately remarked the young man, “ sung these words a few minutes before she died, last Wednesday evening.”

This at once explained the appearance and song of the strangers. The public conveyance, the company, the magnificent scenery of the Susquehanna, the glories of the summer’s sunset (and where is it more glorious than in this beautiful and luxuriant valley ?) all were forgotten by the mourners. They had neither heart nor eye, for any thing this side of heaven, but the chamber where the christian wife and mother dying with voice and words of exquisite sweetness proclaimed the triumphs of Bible truth—“ all is well, all is well.”

Surrounded by a family of ten children, who needed perhaps more than ever the guidance of her tender heart and

skilful hand, and in the presance of the man she loved, the husband of her youth and the father of her babes, what could reconcile her to leave them and enter the gloomy grave, not only with lamb-like meekness, but with the smile of happiness, and the song of triumph? What but the presence and power of him who hath ascended up on high, and hath led captivity captive, could thus disarm death of its sting and the grave of its terrors?

Nature shrinks back appalled from the awful charnel-house, and there is nothing in philosophy that can reconcile us to leave home and the friends we love, and lie down in the night of the tomb, with corruption; earth and worms.

“The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.”

But the religion of the adorable Jesus is an antidote to our fears and sorrows—it is even redeemed, the counterpart of heaven, “Christ in you the hope of glory”—and therefore possessing it, or rather being possessed by it, “to die is gain.”

How worthy then is religion of the heart’s noblest aspirations.

“Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all in sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.”

Let the butterflies of fashion sport, if they will, in the sunbeams their little hour—let the ambitious aspire to the high places of pride and power; but let all who would be wise for immortality and rich in the imperishable treasures of goodness and of God, make religion their “souls ambition, pleasure, wealth and world,” and when the soul shall stand, on the last point of time, between the extremes of infinite joy and external sorrow, all will be well. C.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THERESA, THE FATHER'S FAVORITE.

A TALE

BY HARRY HAZARD.

IN the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, and just in a gorge of the Blue Ridge there is seated a quiet little village which for the sake of "a name," as well as of "a local habitation," we shall call Port Royal.

Among the most respectable citizens was George Clifford. Although not considered wealthy, he possessed enough to enable him to support himself, his wife and three children comfortably.

His dwelling was situated upon a gentle acclivity, with the blue misty mountains in the distance, and the noble river in front, now noiselessly stealing its tranquil way through the green valley, and now chafing and fretting with feverish impatience until bursting over its rocky barrier's it rushes with mad delight to kiss her far off sister and mingle its flood at that spot of unrivalled grandeur—Harper's Ferry.

The public road ran through this village and not far from Clifford's dwelling, and frequently would the weary traveller stop to claim his ever ready hospitality. This suggested the idea of a public house, but his wife was by no means willing, among other objections urging the increased burden of domestic cares it would involve.

At length the proprietor of a line of stages which carried

the mail on this road, proposed to Clifford to make his house a stopping place.

“I shall buy,” said he, “all my horse food from you, and will pay you for the use of your stables, and the board of the driver; besides, you can make what arrangements you choose to accomodate travelers”—

Clifford assented, and his house became a respectable tavern.

Of his three children, his youngest was a daughter called Theresa, a lovely child with golden hair and flashing black eyes, and a liveliness of disposition which seemed never to flag. She was her father's especial favorite.

Yet this child as well as two noble boys George and Henry grew up in the tainting atmosphere of a bar-room.

Frequently would his customers sweeten the brandy themselves that they were drinking, and offer to his children, thus early laying the foundation of a taste which seldom fails to bring misery and ruin. But Clifford saw no harm in this. How should he when he saw no harm in an occasional drunken frolic among those who frequented his bar?

Thus for several years matters went on as smoothly as could be desired; the profits of his house had enabled him to purchase several lots in the village, and to lay by a considerable sum for the purpose of paying for an adjacent farm for which he had bargained. In the mean time his fair daughter was growing up to womanhood as beautiful as the wild flowers on her native mountains, and her hand was sought by more than one of the gay gallants who visited her father's house.

Horace Campbell was the fortunate man, he won her heart, and even while its pure, warm love was gushing up in its youthful freshness from its deep and mysterious wells, they were married.

Never could parent be better pleased than was Clifford with the selection of his daughter, Campbell was respectable,

intelligent and wealthy, and had always been, since his entrance upon life, a joyial good-natured patron of his bar.

The success of Clifford in his new vocation had brought out a rival. Jemmy Julep had been overseer for the elder Mr. Campbell, but thinking it much easier to mix gin-sling and brandy toddy, than to keep in subjection a horde of unruly slaves, he opened a house "down town."

Jemmy knew well the way to coax a bit of custom for himself, for though his establishment was not of the respectable class, yet he had a very private apartment, where a quiet game of cards or dice could be played and no one be the wiser—

And now in this apartment while Horace Campbell is indulging freely at Clifford's bar, are gathered together a party of Mr. Julep's particular friends in a deeply absorbing game of "all fours."

Among them is Clifford's son George, scarcely more than a man in years, and already a confirmed drunkard. The stakes at first were trifling, but the older and more experienced, drew on the novices, and soon George was penniless, and drunk.

"Come," said one of the stool pigeons, addressing young Clifford, "you won't flunk off."

"I have run aground," said George, "out of *tin*, but I never back out while I've got the finances."

"I'll lend you some," said one of the players.

"Then I'm your man and obliged to you," said the other.

And the play was resumed, every time Clifford would lose, the other who was a professional, would generously lend, until, the young man was Fifteen Hundred Dollars in debt.

How to raise the money was a puzzling consideration, for that was a debt which of all others, he had been led to believe must be paid—it was a debt of honor. His father had the money he knew, but would he give it, or lend it for such a purpose?

He resolved to get it by some means, fair or foul.

He staggered home not in the most pleasant mood and sought his bed, but he could not sleep ; his intense reflection and the excitement of play had sobered him.

The moon was beaming brightly through the windows and the weather sultry ; he left his chamber and cautiously approached his father's bed room, the door was open, and both father and mother, fast in the embrace of sleep. Who can tell what thoughts of blackness passed through his mind ? But the money was his object, and feeling his father's pocket, he found the key, carefully opened a desk, and bore off the treasure.

When the loss was discovered suspicion rested upon many others, but never upon George Clifford. The infatuated young man paid his gambling debt and deposited the balance with Jemmy Julep for further operations.

Great was Clifford's grief at his loss of what he called his hard earnings, but it was only the beginning of sorrows, growing out of his traffic in rum.

We have said that while the old man's money was being disposed of by the inspection of the " mystic bits of paper," in the private apartment of Julep's house, Campbell was indulging an extra cup at the more respectable house of his father-in-law.

The habit of drinking had gained strength rapidly since his marriage, and though the young wife mourned the loss of his affection, she had but a very vague idea of the danger he incurred.

She had been accustomed at her father's house to see men drunk, and silly and noisy, but she knew not of the demon-like passions rum will raise in its victims.

He had but once manifested harshness toward her, nor could she believe him capable of becoming the unfeeling brute of whom she had some times heard.

On the night to which we have adverted, he returned home late and more than usually intoxicated ; before enter-

ing he paused at the window and looked in upon his wife ; she was seated on the side of her bed in close and earnest conversation with a young man.

Campbell's soul was fired with the rage of jealousy, and hastening to a closet in a shed room at the back of the main building, he seized a loaded rifle and returned to the window ; the young man was playing with the auburn curls that shaded his fair wife's brow. "Wretch !" he muttered, "I'll give you a lesson" and ere the thought had passed his lips, the ball had passed through the brain of the unfortunate man. "My Brother !" shrieked the terrified Theresa, as he reeled and fell upon the floor, "Oh my brother ! speak to me." But his lips were sealed in death—the gentle and affectionate Henry Clifford was a ghastly mutilated corpse.

Need we stop to describe the wretchedness of that aged father, the unutterable wo of the tender mother, the phrenzy of the affectionate sister, or the agony and despair of Campbell himself ?

He gave himself up and was examined before a magistrate, and released upon bail.

Several months would elapse before his trial, and he seemed to abandon himself to dissipation to drown the heavy thoughts that weighed upon his spirit.

He spent much of his time at Julep's, dreading to face the grief stricken parents of the victim of his drunken jealousy.

Here seated in the private apartment are a card party and among them young George Clifford ; it has been but a short week since his brother was consigned to an early grave ; yet he is drunk, and ready for the gaming table. He played and lost, and then called upon Julep for more money. "You have had all" said that worthy, "at least all you gave me, if you wish I can lend you some." The young man was too much intoxicated to keep his secret, "why I gave you fifteen hundred dollars," said he.

The tavern keeper began to count up to show him how much he had lost.

"I would like to know," said Campbell, "where young men get cash so abundantly."

"Is it your business?" asked George.

"I should suppose so," replied the other, "when young men's father's lose large sums mysteriously, and these same young men find large sums to play at cards, it is a very fair presumption that other heirs may suffer."

"You need not fear in this case at least," said George, "you have taken care to provide for my brother Henry, and there is but little doubt that the Sheriff will provide for you."

This was the first allusion which Campbell had heard publicly made to the unfortunate death of his wife's brother, and being too much excited with drink to bear any thing very patiently, he aimed a blow at George with his clenched fist. Young Clifford staggered a few paces back, and recovering returned the blow, driving a long bladed knife up to the hilt in his adversary's chest.

Campbell was taken home, but died in a few hours. His wife who had lost her spirits and health, since the death of her brother, was seized with a violent fever, during which she happily unconscious of what was transpiring in the busy world.

George Clifford was tried, and found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years, and when the wretched Theresa recovered sufficiently to be conscious of all that had occurred, and recognized her gray haired father standing by her bedside, she smiled once upon him, and then relapsed into her gloomy melancholy.

Her reason was gone, and that old man's joy was gone. The cherished and loved was no more to him than the dead,—age, he could have mourned for her dead, but here was a living death that mocked at sorrow.

A few days after, the old man was missing from his family; and after a tedious and anxious search, was found reclining

in the cleft of a rock with both femoral and caroted arteries severed, and a bottle near him which had contained laudanum. A strip of paper was found around the bottle upon which were pencilled these words "They that sow to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

The beautiful Theresa became an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and the gray hairs of her mother descended with sorrow to the grave.

"'Tis strange but true, and pity 'tis that 'tis true" that the whole of that once happy family fell by the blighting influence of one rum license.

Truly "they that sow to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."—

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

EVENING PRAYER

AWAY FROM HOME. .

HUSHED is the holy hour of eve !
The busy world awhile I leave,
And my chamber still, and lone,
Bow down at the Eternal Throne !

Sweet images about me rise,
Loved forms now pass before my eyes,
Thoughts of my ever blessed home
With more than wonted rad'ance come.

A father's kind, paternal care,
A full, a more than daughter's share
Of fervent, deep maternal love,
Which sorrows but more strongly prove.

A brother's constant aim to bless,
And childhood's passionate caress,
Have cast around a thrilling spell
That language has no power to tell.

But why do tears bedim the eye ?
And why escapes the deep-drawn sigh ?
These signs of sadness plainly say
There is a shadow on joy's ray.

It is, that all the dark unknown
May thick with cares for them be strown,
And e'en now, while I quiet rest,
Anguish may on their hearts be prest !

Be still these cares, and boding fears,
I'll wipe away my anxious tears,
And in a powerful Guardian's care,
Will pour my spirit out in prayer !

A holy calm now fills my breast,
The passion waves have sunk to rest,
For all on earth I hold most dear
I've cast upon my father's care.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SILENT TEACHING.

BY ELLA.

A FEW friends were sitting in the shade of our yard-trees and enjoying the evening coolness. The conversation turned on the subject of benevolence. Disinterested love was freely discussed. The history of our philosophic literature,

bearing upon this topic, was reviewed, and the favorable change in opinion considered. Some believed: others doubted. A beautiful Robin flew up at the instant, with food in its mouth, for the tender young, that cried in its nest. But the gentlemen were just under the tree, that held the nest, and the frightened bird dared not approach its offspring. It hovered around the tree, looking anxiously to its little brood, and seemed distressed, that it could not reach them. Another nest was near at hand; the mother bird had long been out searching for food for its gentle inmates, but had not returned. Denied the opportunity to relieve her own offspring, the Robin hastened to the neighboring nest and fed the young birds. The spectators noticed it. Nature had spoken its benevolent sentiment. A new lesson was learned. If our eyes and ears were only open to the sights and sounds of this world, how many illustrations of divine truth would be seen! Jesus, our Lord, made the lilies and the birds teach his disciples. Men have forgotten these charming instructors. The ministry of sacred knowledge is as extensive as the world. The speaking voice is every where. The tones are sometimes low, sometimes loud, but always tones, that tell of the parental love above the skies.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

PRESENTIMENTS.

THE laws of thought are mysterious. If we adopt the theory of Locke, we are embarrassed to know the precise point, at which, impressions made upon the senses become

a part of our spirituality. The mind often seems to be determined to assert its independency. It will transform material things into new forms, so that the eye recognizes not the original image and every other organ of sensation startles before the phantasies, that throng the brain. Refine the precious metals as you may, they still bear the earthly qualities. Distil the elements of flowers, they lose not the essence of their field and garden-life. But thought retires from its outward birth-place, scorns the association of material objects, seeks abstraction and makes itself purely metaphysical. Numberless thoughts too have no earthly type. They seem to be kindred to inspiration. No ties bind them to the world. They are reducible to no class. Philosophy cannot trace their origin and destiny. They come and go of their own accord, so far as regular cause and effect are concerned, and yet, they blend with our highest imagining and assume a familiar aspect among our most cherished reflections. They secure prompt sympathy. The heart beats beneath them. The vision gleams with their light. The brow enthrones their sovereignty.

The doctrine of spiritual influence opens a wide range for judicious speculation. It is definite as respects its specific object, in connection with the purpose of christianity. None need mistake its philosophy. Its remoter applications have not the same distinctness of announcement. The revelation however is of sufficient fulness to warrant the belief, that such an agency is frequently employed without our recognition of its sublime nature. Such a sentiment would seem to be demanded by the principles of religion as detailed in the Scriptures. If the divine authority is exercised over us every moment, if the scheme of Providence is constantly proceeding in its wonderful developments, if action and thought be intimately and inseparably connected, it must be obvious, that the unseen spirit must often find it necessary to arrest the usual current of reflection and turn it into new channels. Reason then can have no serious difficulty in

supposing, that whenever strange thoughts press themselves upon the attention, and the inward voice assumes unwonted tones, that when singular forms move amid the scenery of imagination and charm our contemplations, there must be an interference from the world above. Let this idea be rejected and how are facts to be explained? A thought enters the mind: it was never there before, but the better nature welcomes its influence: schemes are changed and resolutions framed under its authoritative sanction: a series of unexpected actions results from it: home, business, relatives and friends are all affected by its instrumentality, and yet, mere chance has directed it! Save us from such a power as this!

We have indulged in these meditations, in view of frequent phenomena in the moral world. Amid circumstances of festive beauty and liveliness, the heart is suddenly oppressed: amid brilliant sunlight, a cloud sweeps up from the horizon and no sooner reaches us, than the winds die in its folds and leave it to hang darkness over our heads; images vary as quickly as alciescope formations: the spirit trembles at its own prophetic intimations and looks anxiously upon the approaching hours, that may give it a new destiny. Examples are abundant to illustrate these principles. A southern Lady took passage on the steamer "*Home*" to visit her friends: baggage and servants were removed to the boat: and every arrangement consummated for the comfort of the trip: but no sooner had she become settled on the steamer, than the most powerful impression was made upon her mind, that she ought not to sail in it. A calm, clear, day shone over her; the waters murmured a gentle music-welcome as their waves played against the vessel: but there was the thought in a bold position before her, and beneath its magic, the sunshine departed and the smooth ocean swelled under the terrible storm, that sent no herald to speak its approach. Overcome by the strength and vividness of the conviction, she yielded and left the steamboat, weeping at

the disappointment she had experienced. That afternoon, the vessel sailed. Its destruction happened during that trip. The melancholy history of the event is still remembered by thousands. So profoundly was the lady above mentioned affected by the occurrence, that she had her mind immediately directed to the goodness of God and the oversight of his providence ; religious truth became her daily meditation ; and soon she found rest and joy in the shadow of the Redeemer's cross.

A friend of ours was visiting a relation in one of the upper counties of Virginia, and expected to remain with her several weeks. A singular influence came over her and she declared, that she could stay no longer. Every one expostulated but without effect. Returning home, she was taken very ill. "My impression is now revealed : *I shall die from this sickness,*" exclaimed she to her friends. *She did die.*

Our newspapers presented a few months since, a most mournful account of the murder of young S—— in the state of Missouri. His parents resided in one of the Atlantic states. Prior to his awful end, the mother of young S—— had gone on a visit of pleasure to some acquaintance at a distance ; on a certain day, with every thing to keep up her usual gaiety and contribute to her pleasure, she was so depressed in spirit as to be unable to speak a cheerful word or show a cheerful look. "*I must go home,*" said she "*something awful is about to occur.*" she did so, and shortly after, the melancholy news came, that on the *same day* of her unaccountable and uncontrollable grief, her beloved son was murdered !

We have known instances of other kinds. A gentleman and lady of our acquaintance were introduced to each other some years since : both were then unmarried, but the affections of each were interested. They had never dreamed of a union of their fortunes, and yet, strangers as they were, no sooner had their eyes met, than the simultaneous impression was produced within each of them. "*That Lady will be*

my wife ; that Gentleman will be my husband !" They were afterwards married.

If these mysterious workings were felt only by the ignorant and superstitions, the philosophy of their origin and influence could be soon explained. Great men, however, have been the most surprising subjects of their power. The history of Luther, Wesley, and Whitfield shows, that there was in them, a deep conviction of Divine appointment to a momentous work. The sentiment of providential destiny seems to be necessary to call forth and sustain, the active energy of an enlarged and mighty mind, so that we may doubt, whether any thing really great and good was ever accomplished in its absence. Ambitious men have realized tokens of success, but we are not to class their suggestions and passions with pure and holy impulses. Napoleon believed in his "destiny," but it was not until after the passage of the Bridge of Lodi, an achievement, calculated to betray him into the confidence, that he so earnestly and unremittingly cherished.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

FULLER MEANINGS.

HAVE you ever studied Addison? Do not tell me, that you have read him. I mean more than this. Have you examined his genius? Have you penetrated into the spirit of his works? Beautiful is the outward form; have you realized it? If so, I will venture to say, that you have had to exert your mind and expend your efforts. The excellence of Addison is not calculated to strike you boldly, but

it has to be carefully and closely investigated. A fine painting seldom gives you a powerful impression at first sight. It has to be seen often and analyzed thoroughly to reveal its beauty.

The philosophy of this fact is still more apparent in spiritual science. Every time we peruse the Bible, in a proper frame of mind, it discloses new attraction. As our observation of society enlarges, as our knowledge of human nature increases, as our communion with the spirit of the universe becomes deeper and truer, as our own hearts are more and more examined, the illustrations of Scripture acquire fresh interest, its sublimities rise higher, its compass expands. We sometimes fancy the light, in which future ages will look upon the holy volume. Mysterious passages will probably be elucidated to them; supposed discrepancies will be harmonized: the promises will glow with new lustre and the raptures swell with greater fulness; and sincere worshippers will be gathered closer to the altar, and carry back to the world, the sweetness of its fragrance in the folds of their garments.

Do we understand Christianity? Who can answer affirmatively? We know a portion of its truths, but the system slumbers in its institutions and language. The world has not yet called it forth. The church has but feebly appreciated its spirit. A faint glimpse of its glory has been caught, but we have not girded on our sandals and hastened eastwardly to greet its diffusive splendors. Look at government, and say, if men see christianity in its benevolence of principle and awfulness of sanction. Look at commerce and trade, and say, if mammon has not driven it from their marts. Look at home, and say, if Jesus still gathers the children to his arms and talks to our Marys and Marthas. Thankful are we, that sufficient is known to rescue the spirit from ruin and exalt it to worthier friendships, than earthly love can offer; but sad are our feelings, when we remember, that we are too far from the stars of this magnificent sky to

see more than a few of the larger orbs, and too remote to hear a solitary strain of their music.

And yet there are times, when Heaven grants us a special insight into the blessedness of christianity, and brings its moral influence into nearest contact with our hearts. The hours of affliction are measured in dark chambers and gloomy solitude, but when they terminate, and we return to the world, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the chastened spirit is better fitted to meet the claims of humanity and to attain its immortal inheritance. Is Scripture ever so luminous as after we have endured severe trials? Are the arguments for an eternal existence ever so convincing as when trouble purifies the heart and crowds its contemplations with idealities, that draw their loveliness from the Throne? Does the rainbow ever paint brighter hues than when the rod is withdrawn and the precious lessons it taught us, are adopted into the code of inner and outer life? Read the holy volume with the eye of reason—read it for its imaginative attractions—read it as a doctrinal christian. Lay it aside and resume it under the influence of an experimental heart. Let grief bedew its pages with tears, let peace spread its calm over its denunciations, and hope gather the promised bliss to its embrace, let the affections of home repeat its sweetest texts, let wife and children be collected about you, whenever its comforts and communion are to be sought, and will you not have “*fuller meanings?*”

Do you take the import? If you have been afflicted, thank God, for it has given you the key of Inspiration. Did you ever hear of the *Great commentary*? Let me tell you of it. There is such a commentary. Unseen hands write it every day. Unseen eyes read it every moment. Speak out the word: *it is Life!*

Oh, how *Life* unravels mysterious passages of holy writ! Oh, how sorrow gives a voice to silent oracles! Oh, how truth elevates its form, when it has received the baptism of tears! Oh, how dying scenes and farewell words make

whole pages capable of comprehension ! The tables of the Law were engraved on stone, but the sentiments of Grace are committed neither to marble nor brass. They are written on the heart.

We have a precious friend in the ministry, who is in frail and feeble health. The animation of youth, he never knew, for sickness was then his allotment. Advancing life brought no relief. Amid the interests of mature manhood, he now stands, trembling in every passing breeze, and looking upon every summer cloud as it floats over him, as his grave-shroud. Few men have been so gifted. None have been more admired and loved. Any single faculty of his great intellect would distinguish him, but in their combination, they realize a tribute of acknowledgement, in which, the purest genius rejoices to endorse the praise of the fervent multitude. His benevolence cherishes noble schemes of thought and action, and his zeal burns for their fulfilment ; but yet, he languishes in declining health and carries the chill of the tomb about him. Whenever we have marked his wonderful career and exulted (pardon the word) in the triumphs of his intellectual and moral power, we have mourned, in bitterness of spirit, over the heavy burdens, that weighed him down to the dust. But how soon have we been reconciled, by remembering the "*Thorn in the Flesh*" and its happy uses ! If other apostles had such a "*Thorn*," it is not announced, but it would seem, that the illustrious Paul needed it in view of his special endowments. Such too is the portion of Christian genius in all ages. Such too is its consolation.

Adversity overcome, is the highest glory ; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue ; sufferings are but the trial of gallant spirits.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE DREAM OF SOUND.

BY REV. C. P. KRAUTH.

OH! what a world of thought is found
In the very simplest sound!
It must not come from hollow art,
And thou must hear it with the heart.
Then whether sweet or sad or loud,
It weans thee from the busy crowd
For from river, rock and bird,
Cometh what ear hath not heard;
It raiseth thee from earth and sin
And opes the angels' wings within,
It makes thy care-worn bosom smile,
And wins thee from thyself awhile.

O list thee when the birds rejoice,
As to a prisoned angels' voice;
A dove concealed the Holy Ghost,
And humbler birds may hide his host.

When the saint dies—a melody,
Soft trembles with the parting sigh;
And music like the morning beams
Streams through heaven in living streams,
While the angelic harping rings
A body to the mighty things;
Which not seraphic tongues can tell
Unspoken and unspeakable,
Their highest words but half applaud;
God's music only, utters God.

But even in life are given, the gleams
And broken sounds of heaven, in dreams,
We seem to float toward the sky,
Earths sweet sounds passing sweet on high,
When ether, like the drinking sand,
Softens sounds along her strand ;
Till e'en the turkling world's wide roar
Melts like foam upon a shore,
Where all the roaring surges' spite,
Scarce mists it with a veil of white.
The noise of strife, the cry of shame,
The rising storm, the roaring flame,
The quivering earth-quake's thundering fall,
The sigh, the shriek, the groan, the call,
All mingled in one mighty *One*,
Gives up the ghost. That shade alone,
Reaches the spirit land ; for riven
It wavers cloud-like up to heaven.
So may the strains which meet the ears
Of the rapt poets from the spheres,
Be distance-softened sounds of sorrow,
From bosoms darkened by *to morrow*,
The sob which bursts from hearts of grief,
From hearts which bleed without relief.

The more ye stretch the viol's strings,
The richer music from them springs ;—
So sweetest is the tone that's spoken
Just ere the strained heart's strings are broken,
Thus beautifully God, who brings
Sweet waters from the bitterest springs,
Links in one chain the dark and bright,
Or sorrow with a high delight,
Softens the bosom of despair ;
'Till infant Hope lies nestling there.

Oft may the heart surcharged with pain,
Force tear-drops like the falling rain,
But mid them shines the kindling bow
Which faiths pure beams have made to glow,
The brighter glitters from the death,
The darker frowns the cloud beneath.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SATURDAY EVENING.

BY JOHN D. FARNHAM ESQ.

OTHER than the Sabbath, there is perhaps no peculiar or intrinsic value of one day of a week over another. Certain it is that time flows on, is subject to the same flexible impressions of improvement or neglect to the mind or heart, temporal and spiritual honor or dishonor. Though one day as another may be devoted to the same purpose of acting its scenes upon the stage of human action: there may be associations perhaps partly natural or partly superinduced which had the affections or reverence, to cling more vigorously or bow more gravely to one peculiar spot of time. A pious and kindest of mothers, the heart of whose son reflected back her affections, passed the threshold of the two worlds just as the clock announced the sixth hour, and the sun had unveiled the brightness of his coming upon the borders of the eastern sky. Through the passing years from then until now, when business was not peculiarly overwhelming to the attention, the sixth tone from the clock is but the re-echo of the history of that sad morn, a trumpet to send back her dying groan. And the beams of that rising luminary, but her smiles and the memoranda of her former counsels from her mansion on high condescending to kiss and advise a lingering son in time.

Such is an association to one part of day. So at the third crowing Peter denied his Lord. When at the neglect of that duty which confesses sin—implores pardon, and acknowledges past mercies—the awful scene of that hour rises to the mind that he is again denied. Similar incidents relating

to a peculiar hour or time multiply on every hand. But those hours at the close of that period, wherein the world and all that in it are, were made, to a contemplative mind is replete with solemn and delightful thought. Let one fancy he knows nothing of the past, but as the image of God just burst forth like Jupiter from Pallas' brain in full stature, in his new estate, and told he is the *handy work* of the Creator, who with bright pomp is returning through the heavens amid ringing constellations and listening stars, through the "everlasting gates, to behold the finished work." The creature looks at the beautiful and varied aspects of the wonderful theatre of nature, the verdant lawn, the mighty forest bending to the breath of omnipotence—the extended plain—the upheaving mountain,

"That swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm."

the shoreless ocean, an index of his might to the truth of a drowned world—the thunder that shakes his quakeing limbs—the vivid glare of lightning that blinds his tender sight, awed by the mighty spectacle of the presiding Almighty,

"From his work up returned,
Up to the heaven of heavens His high abode,"

with trembling and reverent voice exclaims in the height of his wonder,

"The great Creator from his work returned,
Magnificent, his six days work, a world."

Knowing this world will terminate when God shall choose, to bring its scenes to a close, to stand upon the brink of a week just past, it forces upon the mind the solemn memento that time shall be no more. Soon we shall have paid the debt of nature, to pay the debt of an unregenerated one, or reap the reward of the Cross. This is the time as from an eminence to take an instructive retros-

pect of a week employed, or a week destroyed. Whether we have not made it subservient to vice, or the mean interest of self, whether we have not taken a seat among the scoffers, whether we have not forsaken our God, to follow our idol. Can we with conscience testing the truth of our secret knowledge claim the praise of one meritorious action in the eye of the Judge of spirits. Perhaps, ironically speaking, a little more piety has characterised our conduct under the fears of an approaching disease, perhaps been a little charitable when the objects of that virtue, were physically or spiritually a little more needy than to cast pearls before swine, or give that which is good unto dogs. But striving by the potent aid of grace to make the coming seven days reformers on the last, and looking forward into their perspective introduced and sanctified as they are by the day of days, when as hopeful and faithful candidates, of a high election, we can hold session of prayer and praise in His courts to the Judge on high. As we are at the close of that continually flitting round of time, the very sense that it is again just on the wing beyond the flood is but the precedent, how soon the next will be in the past, and life will take its flight with another, and the course here be quickly sealed for a world, which we are now below, or a world below us still.

The doctrine of spiritual influence opens a wide range for judicious speculation. It is definite as respects its specific object, in connection with the purpose of christianity. None need mistake its philosophy. Its remoter applications have not the same distinctness of announcement. The revelation however is of sufficient fulness to warrant the belief, that such an agency is frequently employed without our recognition of its sublime nature.







AMARANTH.



[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SOLID LITERATURE.

No. 2.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

ENGLISH Literature, in the course of ages, exhibited every variety of good and evil,—especially, that which tended to spread corruption through the mass of the people.—This is true, particularly of that which was termed “The Literature of the Restoration” in the days of Charles the second.

Wigcherly, Congreave, Vonbough, and others wrote Plays, Poetry,—and indeed the essayists of the period, were little better than the playwrights. In the licentiousness of the Dramatic Literature of that age, we have a picture of that which prevailed in the Government, the morals, and Literature in general. One who was well acquainted with that part of literature pronounces it “Earthly, sensual, devilish.” The literature of any age, is a picture of its morality. Those who write, whether Dramatists or Essayists, feel impelled to sustain the spirit of the age. Hence, the stern morality of the days of Cromwell, as seen in the writings of Milton and others, was but a transcript of the mind of that period. During the reign of the merry, but licentious Charles, is it any wonder that the Literature presents characteristic so degraded and degrading. Like Prince, like people, would be as wise a maxim as, like Priest, like people; for those in power may produce a Literature to suit their morals; whether their power be that

of politics, as was the case with the courtiers of Charles; or wealth that gives tone to the Literature of our country. By this we mean that those who buy with their money, the corrupting productions of a French, English, or American pen, do foster the Literature of which those are a part.

It was only after the lapse of years, indeed one writer tells us not until the Revolution, which placed William and Mary on the throne of England, that any writer had sufficient hardihood to assail the licentious Literature of the time.

Collier, a clergyman of the established church took pen to write down the evils of an evil day. He wrote as a citizen jealous of the honor of civil law; on Government as a Christian, zealous for the glory of Christianity. Even Dryden was included in the sweeping censures cast upon the writers of that period; and the whole nation it is said sustained Collier! A change was effected; a complete revolution in Literature; to which we owe the splendid poetry of Pope; the stern, but wholesome morality of the Author of *Rasselas*; and the didactic beauties of Addison in the *Spectator*, and that long list of Classic works which has placed English Literature, beside the purest productions of Greece and Rome.

What is greatness without goodness? Can all the greatness of Byron, redeem him from the curse of catering to the evils of human nature; divesting vice of its filthy garb, and enrobing it in the meretricious vestments of a corrupted fancy. What could console him in the honest, sacred hour of death, for sneering at those consolatory truths which constitute the expiring sinner's hope? Could the measured sentences of the courtly Chesterfield, redeem his more than doubtful morality? Could the polished periods of Rochester cause his licentiousness ever to appear as virtue? And how stately, verbose, or grandiloquent, the passages of Johnson, his scriptural morality is an everduring monument to his immortal honor.

Of the fashionable literature of the present day, we know about as much as the physician of his patient, and his disease : in order that we may with all humility, *propose* a remedy.

Of the dramatic Literature, we know still less, being restrained by professional principle, from witnessing such exhibitions. It has been hinted, that the books of any nation are descriptive or transcriptive of its morality ; if so what is the state of morals in an intelligent community, when the works to be found on almost every shopkeepers' counter, bookpedler's table, partake of the characteristics of those late "Mysteries," "Memoirs," "Foundlings," &c. which are there presented in so flimsy a form that the substance of two duodecimo volumes, can be purchased for the petty sum of two shilling. What a school book for the leisure hours of an American youth, or maiden, does any, or all those works alluded to form. We are not fully *educated* at school. No ! the more important process goes on at *home*, in the family circle, or during the hours of relaxation, in the society to which we are accustomed, be that evil or otherwise, polite or vulgar, religious or if opposite. Does education consolidate the Republic ; is it from the men who produce the *measures* which are to perpetuate the privileges of a free government, and to guaranty the sacred principles of the constitution, to make our people happy at home, and respected abroad ; to create a constituency that will watch with Argus eyes the movements of those holding the reins of the chariot of state, lest actuated ambition as unholy as that of Pheaton in his vain attempt to guide the sun, a catastrophe as fearful as disastrous ensue ; not setting the world on fire, but setting the torch to those combustible materials found in all Republics, which may produce a conflagration, involving beautiful fabric of our national system ; leaving the wise and the good, the feeble, and the poor, yea the high, mighty, and wealthy, involved in one common ruin ; groping among the ashes of our hopes,

in search of the lost, perished, treasure of our nation of happiness.

“ ’Tis education forms the common mind.” And it is *mind*, which governs individuals and nations. During the reign of the Protector of the English commonwealth, Cromwell, the morals of the governors, extended to the governed: the stern, rigid, and gloomy tenets of those Puritans, embodied a morality that tended to preserve the court from corruption, and the people from licentiousness; vice was decried; wickedness was punished; and virtue rewarded and encouraged. As a consequence, the religion and morality of the English nation *never* before, never since, stood so *high* before the world. Apart from the charges of cant, fanaticism, and hypocrisy. *Cromwell was not a hypocrite.* They who will read his “Letters and Speeches” compiled with scarcely a note or comment, by the eccentric Carlyle, will be *forced* to this conclusion. Here we have a picture of educational effects; of the influence of those in power; of the importance of Religion upon the individual, and national mind. Can we hesitate to believe after the survey of these evidences, that as the Prince is, so will the people be. Can any man desire a stronger proof, than that which is presented by the morality of the court, and country, under the despised Cromwell, and the licentiousness, debauchery, and abominations which characterised the court, and country under the misrule of Charles the second. We are not emulous of the morals or politics, neither ambitious of the fate of Collier; but only actuated by a desire to benefit our country if possible by so inefficient means in this day of liberty, licentiousness, and peril, we thus write. The increase of public schools, the addition of scientific works, the multiplication of teachers; the efficiency of all means for promoting and extending a liberal education to all classes, whether rich or poor, in city, or in country, will not avail for the formation of a healthy, enlightened, moral, national mind, whilst that mind is liable to be poisoned by the

corrupting publications which disgrace the Literature of this country, and the present period. No censorship of the press can be established, but that of public opinion. And none should be instituted in a free and enlightened nation, but that of the opinion of the virtuous, the wise, and the Religious. If the public will but set its face against such productions; and extend its hand towards the moral, Religious, and purely literary enterprises which now exist, what a change could be effected. A Revolution was hinted at in a former paper: effected not by the sword, but the pen; not by blood, but by ink; by the labors of truly philanthropic minds, who fearlessly risk, the consequence to themselves, sustained by an approving conscience and the goodness of the cause. What can be the effect upon the national mind, produced by printed, and pictured lessons on the "origin of life," but that the youth of both sexes will become ambitious to increase and multiply life, as early as possible, because they are now most scientifically, and publicly instructed. The books of science, every kind of science are now accessible; and a moral public, not at all fastidious, or squeamish, fully encourages them in the acquisition of knowledge.

Shade of Hymen, we invoke thy interference, in order to rescue thine altar from desecration, thy votaries from destroying themselves. We beg leave to say, that the morality is doubtful of that public opinion which sanctions the publication of such works, and the spread of the science of life; there is too much illegitimate life, already originated; too much is known, even now, of those things which belong only to maturity of age, and the sacredness of the medical profession. Have those who profess to enlighten the world yet to learn, that in reforming mankind, or attempting to remove ignorance; they may become teachers of licentiousness. The anecdote of the confessor, and his penitent, is in point here; some may retort in the language of that penitent, on being reprov'd for crime, "I never knew it, until your

Reverence taught me it." It is one thing to reprove wickedness, it is another thing, to teach it, either from the pulpit, or the press. And in our zeal to enlighten mankind let us beware we do not burn them. A learned gentleman recommended to a young man, a certain work by Eugene Sue, as a most masterly expression of the evils of Catholicism ; but he forgets that, as critics have disclosed, that same work denounces all Religion ; distilling into the unformed mind, the base, baneful, and powerful poison of a free, full, but insidious atheism ! What is the rejection of revealed and experimental religion, but practical atheism ; experimental infidelity ; discarding christianity.

How painful, how mortifying is the fact ; that the greater part of the Literature of our fashionable Magazines, is, if not decidedly immoral, at least frivolous, fanciful, and disgusting from its sameness, and tameness ; composed of love-tales, not fit for boarding school misses, by any means ; for it is hoped, those young ladies, are engaged in more profitable studies, than those afforded by fictions, the most flimsy ; a style, the most fulsome ; sentiments, and sensibility, the most sickening to a well informed, sound mind, anxious to acquire useful knowledge, and to strengthen itself with sound principles. Take up a Magazine ; you perceive a sentimental tale at the head, and interspersed, a few peices of poetry ; embodying some good thoughts, perhaps, but written to order ; or scarcely worthy to survive the month ; and a tale is at the end : with a few editorial notices of more tales, to be found in the next number, or at the publishers office ; and a stranger may conclude safely, that the Americans transcend even the long tailed Chinese for tales ! Throw into the shade the storytellers of the Eastern world ; we are a nation of storytellers. The author of the thousand and one nights of Arabian celebrity, ought to blush, in his earthy bed, if bodies can blush under the clay ; his spirit if it survives in any form, seems to have taken possession of the fashionable writers of this country ; hence we are so

well told. But even the pious soul of our own, Mrs. S—y, who sings as though she had been listening at the gates of Paradise ; and caught some of the celestial airs, some of the sublime thoughts of the wise, pure, and happy inhabitants of that most blissful region ; her poetry found in such equivocal companionship, is not as widely spread, or as highly praised as it otherwise should be : and what is that “ otherwise,” just this ; let her, and Mrs. O——d, and Mr. and Madam, all and each, who desire to see better days, a better Literature, a sound national mind, a happy, safe, prosperous people, a well governed nation, and the Almighty giver of all good, owned, honored, and adored ; let all unite in this *sacred crusade*, against licentious Literature.

Let the trumpet sound, the white flag of truth be unfurled ; the sharp pen be wielded fearlessly ! then shall victory perch upon the banner. Crowds will hail the crisis ; our nation will sustain the cause. The celebrated and worthy founder of Methodism, it is said, encouraged his followers to adapt the popular song tunes, to the most spiritual hymns sung in the churches, giving as a reason, this quaint remark, or something like it, “ ’tis a pity, that the devil should have all the best music in the world to charm his servants to their destruction.” So if it be possible to “ carry the war into Africa,” why not ? Let Religious sketches embracing facts, become fashionable ; thus superseding the fictions, foolish love stories, which are so common. Truth of events of common occurrence in real life we have proved to be more strange, more romantic, more incredible than any romance we ever perused.

The writers for periodicals of the right cast, cannot be at a loss for material ; there are painful and pleasing, wonderful and mysterious scenes, persons, things, among us ; thick as leaves upon a western forest, plenty as the stars of the sky ; wonderful as is the continued being of a soul in a body, under circumstances which none but a God, could create, or control.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SUPPLICATION.

BY REV. E. YEATES REESE.

WEARY and faint, O Lord, behold before thee
A feeble pilgrim on life's dangerous way,
With trembling heart and tearful eyes, implore thee,
His gloom to brighten, and his steps to stay—
Oh, hear me when I pray !

Darkly the clouds above, Oh Lord, are bending,—
Fiercely the lightning glares along my path—
Thunder and wind in fearful anger blending,
Startle my shrinking soul with sudden wrath !—
What gloom the tempest hath !

Leave me not, Lord, Oh, leave me not to perish
In this wild wilderness of doubt and fear,
Give me some tokens that my heart may cherish,
'Mid the thick darkness let me feel *Thee* near,
My fainting heart to cheer !

I ask thee not that skies may never darken,
I ask thee not that storms may never frown,
But Father, to my earnest pleadings hearken,
And on thy frail and erring child look down,
And with thy blessing crown.

Look down, and let me catch the gentle glances
Of thine unceasing tenderness and love ;
Give me that foretaste, which the soul entrances,
The hope of blest tranquillity above—
The witness of the Dove.

Give me some pledge, Oh Lord, on which relying,
I may with steadfast faith my path pursue,
And the stern howlings of the storm defying,
Keep heaven and endless blessedness in view,
Life's toilsome journey through.

Baltimore, Md.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE MYSTERIOUS FLOWER.

BY ELLA.

THE conversation ended. Mr. Branch left his friend, Mr. Winton, and returned home. The thoughts interchanged by them occupied their attention.

"How strange," said Mr. Branch to himself, "how very strange, that Mr. Winton can hold such opinions and be religious!"

"How singular," said Mr. Winton to himself, that my friend Branch can be so bigoted in his favorite ideas. Here he denounces me because I am fond of cultivating my taste in innocent matters, and rather questions my humility and self-denial, because I gratify my love of the beautiful in a moderate degree."

Mr. Branch had just held an argument with Mr. Winton, to convince him that any indulgence of taste was decidedly sinful.

"I will try facts," thought Mr. Winton.

A few steps brought him home. Entering his garden, he plucked a Dahlia from its bush, and after writing the annexed lines to accompany it, despatched a messenger under charge of secrecy with it, to Mr. Branch.

"If God has not confined himself to the absolutely neces-

sary but has consulted our love of beauty, why may not we indulge a taste, that he has addressed?"

"*Ha, a flower!*" exclaimed Mr. Branch. The note was read. Mr. B. raised the Dahlia to his nose. "*No smell!*" So said he,—"*This is strange, no smell. I cannot understand it.*"

Mr. Branch was plainly put to all his philosophy.

"What was it made for? not to smell as other flowers; then for what?" asked the inquiring man.

"*Then for what,*" repeating the question. Rather restless under his unavailable logic, Mr. Branch threw down the flower and walked off. A moment or two elapsed and his little daughter, Emma, a very smart and active child came running to him, exclaiming, "See father, I have such a pretty flower!"

The father said nothing. The child soon spoke again.

"What is the use of it: throw it away," answered the father.

"Use of it, father? My Sunday School teacher told me last Sabbath; that some people were like this very flower and he showed it to us."

"How, so?"

"Why he said, that they looked very finely but had no sweet fragrance in their example."

The father paused and reflected. The remark came home to him.

"Beauty can teach truth and illustrate it," thought Mr. Branch. "It's time for me to give up. Mr. Winton is right."

There are many such Mr. Branches in the world. We know several, who will not permit roses to grow around their houses, or suffer pictures to ornament their walls, or sit in a room, where the Piano is being played.

Wonder what they will do when they get to Heaven amid all the melody and flowers of Paradise!

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE COMPLAINT OF MEMORY.

BY ELLA.

MEMORY grew sad. It had exerted all possible strength and skill to retain its full authority over the mind of the aged man. So submissive had he ever been to its dictates and so happy in its long-continued communion, that he supposed its dominion to be destined to a perpetuation until the dust received him. The hope was vain. Associated as he was in every thought and feeling with the past, bereaved of his inheritance in the future, and denied the pleasures of the present, memory had cherished the idea, that he at least would continue under its sway, so long as intellect thrilled a nerve or presided over a sense. But now the gifted old man renounced its sovereignty and looked only on futurity. Dim forms hovered amid its slowly-revealing scenery. Shadows passed away in the sunlight. The vista cleared, and a Throne stood in ample proportions before the quickly-glancing eye. And then eternity encircling every thing! The life, that had fled, was forgotten and the life to come absorbed all contemplation. The orbs of Heaven forsook their time-measuring courses and rushed into its everlasting cycle.

"Gone from me, gone from me!" bitterly exclaimed memory. *He was gone!* Another power claimed him.

The agony of memory was intense. It despaired of accomplishing its desire and was ready to die, for age was constantly traitorous to its influence.

Amid its sad utterances of injustice on the part of

Jehovah, and unfaithfulness in the history of man, a voice addressed it from the secret pavilion on high, and thus it spoke : “ *It is meet that the ties, which you form to unite the human spirit to the past, should be broken as death approaches, and the undivided mind be occupied with the concerns of that momentous existence, which lies beyond the grave !*”

Memory hushed its mourning and disquietude. It thanked its Author and returned to its offices.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

TO A BIRD IN A CAGE.

BY HARRY HAZZARD.

LITTLE prisoner, dost thou pine
For thy native Liberty ;
For the joys that once were thine
When thy untaught minstrelsy,
Woke the echoes of the grove
With thy lay of early Love ?

Why should man thus ruthlessly
Tear thee from thy callow nest,
To hear thee ever mournfully
Pour the sorrows of thy breast ?
Gentle songster, surely thou
Canst not be o'er happy now.

Would that I might bid thee go
Try thy long unused wing
Then where sparkling streamlets flow,
And luxuriant wild flowers spring,
Hear thy strains of melody
Hear thy song of Jubilee.

Yet sweet captive thy sad fate
Has its human counterpart,
Men have been made desolate,
Caged in body—crush'd in heart;
Millions sympathize with thee
And long as thou dost to be free.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

HUMBLE INSTRUMENTS.

JEHOVAH seems to delight in humble instruments. Trace his operations wherever you please, the law is in exercise. The grand movements of nature proceed upon this principle, and Providence secures its highest honors by means of it. Grace conforms to the plan and ennobles it. See the success! Miracles were wrought by the Redeemer, and all were astonished at his power. The waters were calmed at his voice, and never afterwards lifted up their waves before him. Once his hearers hungered, but once only. The wonders of creation were equalled by his acts; and the splendors of Eternity brightened by his earthly glory; but yet, the multitude remained in ignorance and transgression. The simple doctrines of the cross were preached by simple-hearted men, and lo! the magnitude of the Redeemer's works among his nation was transcended by the triumphs of truth. Who would have thought, that the slight circumstances of Luther's coming in contract with an old copy of the Bible in a cloistered Library, would have renovated so large a part of Christendom? Who would have supposed, that the impression of the mind of Columbus, respecting the existence of the western continent, would have led to its discovery and the vast results of its civilization? So we might generalize in other cases. Let us come nearer home.

A minister rose in a Protracted meeting and announced the hymn, "*Hasten, sinner, to be wise*," after the sermon had concluded, remarking, "*I make these words my exhortation.*"

There were several to solicit prayers and advice. The evening was about to close, when a lady kneeling at the altar, sent for the minister above alluded to, and said, "*Sir, I wish a special hymn sung.*"

"*What hymn, Madam?*"

"The hymn, that this night convicted me. I have found peace with God and wish to utter my first praise in it—"*Hasten sinner to be wise!*"

It was done. Did not the angels welcome that song and blend their music with its words?

IMMORTALITY.

AMARANTH.

THE amaranth is one of the latest gifts of autumn, and when dead its flowers retain their rich scarlet colour. The ancients have associated it with supreme honors; choosing it to adorn the brows of their gods. Poets have sometimes mingled its bright hue with the dark and gloomy cypress, wishing to express that their sorrows were combined with everlasting recollections. Homer tells us, that, at the funeral of Achilles, the Thessalians presented themselves wearing crowns of amaranth.

Milton, in his gorgeous description of the court of heaven, mentions the amaranth as being inwoven in the diadem of angels.

Love and friendship are adorned with amaranth. In the garland of Julie, we find the four following lines :

Je suis la fleur d'amour qu'amarante on appelle,
 Et quiviens de Julie adorer les beaux yeux.
 Roses, retirez-vous ; j'ai le nom d'immortelle,
 Il n'appartient bu'a moi de couronner les dieux.

Christina, queen of Sweden, who wished to immortalize herself by renouncing the throne, to cultivate letters and philosophy, instituted the order of "knights of the amaranth." The decoration of that order is a medal of gold, enriched with a flower of the amaranth in enamel, with this motto : "Dolce nella memoria."

In the floral games at Toulouse, the prize for the best lyrical verses is a golden amaranth.

Fling, fling the wreath of Bacchus down !
 For they who wear its vine-leaves here,
 Forego the glorious amaranth-crown
 Of angels in a holier sphere.

Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian plains her amber stream ;
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks.

Nothing can impair perfect friendship, because truth is the only bond of it.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

NATHAN REPROVING DAVID.

BY H. D. MOORE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE facts and circumstances, connected with this remarkable and interesting subject, are recorded at length, in the 11th and 12th Chapters of the second Book of Samuel.

We are taught, in the record, the frailty of our common nature, even when exalted to the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur. The throne of the King—the royal vesture of the monarch—the crown-pressed brow—the sceptre-bearing hand,—the caresses and adulations of millions—are no infallible bulwarks, against temptations from without, or the secret commission of foul wrong and outrage within the soul. David was so invested with kingly state—he reclined upon a pompous throne—he robed himself in the vestments of royal majesty and grandeur—he wore aloft on his lofty brow the diademed crown, which dazzled the envious eyes of less, though aspiring kings—he swayed the sceptre of almost unlimited control—to him were offered the worship and praises of a kingdom—Prophets heralded his lofty deeds of triumph and Prophet-bards sung his glory to echoing millions—Nay more, if more can be—he was thus invested—he was thus heralded—he was thus praised, as the king of Israel—the anointed monarch of God's chosen people; the voice of God had called him, and the Prophet of the Lord had proclaimed him, with royal consecration. And

yet he leaped over God's law, violated its precepts, and prostituted his dignity and office, to the commission of wrong. The account, as recorded, is soul-sickening, spirit-depressing, and we turn away from it, to mark the ways of God.

Here was a royal offender. The robes of a high and sovereign state were polluted. The crime was great with offence and blackness. God, the Great King, from his lofty and all-seeing watch-tower, had scanned the heart and the action of David, through the whole of this foul affair until its consummation, in that master-stroke and grand accomplishment of iniquity,—the death of the noble Uriah! And God determined to reprove him awfully and effectually. Did not his conscience writhe, when he planned the murder of Uriah, to hide his other guilt? Did not the Scorpion-lash smite him bitterly when the messenger brought the news of the slaying of that injured man “in the fore-front of the battle?” Surely it must, or he must have been of adamant-hardness, which we think would be an unwarrantable assumption. He was conscience-smitten. His soul did rest in anguish. God talked with him eloquently, through his oracular soul, and he cowered beneath, and shrunk from the stirrings of his spirit. But God designed more than conscience-warnings—He designed signal and bitter reproof. How? He did not come down himself, to reveal from out the majesty of His own presence, to the ears of the guilty King, his anger and contempt. He called up to the selusive mount of vision, the lowly spirit of the Prophet Nathan. He there told him of the sin of David and its punishment, and ere He dismissed him upon his mission, invested him with dauntless courage, and uncompromising truth. See! the king reclining upon His throne of state his countenance weary with restless nights. Enclosed within his royal state-chamber, none approach him. The palace-courts echo no foot-fall—no voice is heard, no approach is feared. Hark! a slow and solemn tread—See! the doors unfold—the man

of God, in sack cloth, bending with age, and bowing beneath the weight of his mission, enters and stands with awful front before the king. He touches not the sceptre—he kisses not the robe—he kneels not to the crowned majesty. He is burdened with a message of reproof to a King, from the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!

He gazes on King David,—he lifts up his voice, he utters a solemn, yet simple parable.—

The fable is the thing,
In which he'll catch the conscience of the King.

At the recital of the simple tale, which is given with all due pathos and solemnity,—the tale of simple beauty—“There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock, and of his own herd, to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, as the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.” Now, mark! Did not David understand this? Did not his eye shift from the fixed gaze of the Prophet? Did not the simple tale of the Prophet, stir within him, feelings of remorse? Hark! “And Nathan said unto David,—“*Thou art the man.*” The fearful suspicions of the King, gave way to still more fearful assurance of the truth. It flashed upon his soul like lightning. He thought of Bathsheba—he thought of the slain Uriah—he thought

of his sin—he thought of his God—he repented sorrowing and with tears.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

Repentance! What a word! What a world of meaning hovers around it! What scenes of bliss has it inspired, what multitudes of sins has it covered! “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father—even JESUS CHRIST the Righteous.”

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

BURIED LOVE.

I WAS lately sitting alone at the close of the day and as the twilight curtained me around my thoughts were insensibly led to review the scenes of my youth. Life to me had been somewhat eventful and now all its sad and pleasant memories seemed to come up spirit-like from the silent tombs of the past. This line in one of the pretty songs of a chosen poet entered my mind, unbidden but not unwelcome—

“Sweet is the memory of buried love.”

Kind Reader (I know you are kindly disposed or you would not feel interest in my simple story) have you ever stood in the fulness of a fresh young heart by the grave-side of *buried love* and wept bitterly there? I *have* seen the grave close over the the only being save my God, I have ever worshipped on earth. I do not love tomb-stones nor

the solemn cypress or ivy darkening with its shade "many a mouldering heap," but there is one grave I revisit with each returning spring, and though I am not hugely sentimental there I shed a tear, though I am not superstitious, there I plant a rose bush.

On a sloping beach of one of the New England states, stood two quiet and cheerful homes. In one I resided. I was removed far enough from a city to escape its contaminations while a stage coach made many of its conveniences easily accessible. My neighbor had acquired a competency, by assiduous attention to business in the capital of the state, and here secluded from the Babel-confusion of the world, in sweet communion with his Maker, and in close contemplation of his Maker's great handwork, he lived like a sage, that he might die like a saint. His only daughter governed the family, for the mother, the wife, had already passed before into the inheritance of the estate incorruptible. Mary was indeed interesting. Her intercourse with the higher circles of society in the city in which her father's mercantile operations were conducted, seemed to have added a captivating polish to the natural warmth and sweetness of her disposition. Grace was in all her steps. Her unstudied artlessness, the innocence of her feelings, the mild tenderness which beamed in her every glance and smile and was manifest in her whole mien could not be coldly resisted. I was no "budge doctor of the stoic-fur," although slightly saturnine. I was shy, secluded, meditative, sufficiently charmed with female beauty when sculptured in plaster-of-paris, or drawn by the engraver's art but thought I could never be enamoured with the beauty of a real woman expressed in genuine flesh and blood. Vain thought! what does the roguish, pert, intrusive archer-boy care for the proverbs of Philosophy, and wise saws of an unsifted student. To tell the plump truth right out, I was soon brimful of love, for I suppose I must use that street-vocable to express the nature of my feelings. Often have my Mary and I gazed together for

hours on the ocean and its mountainous billows and listened with rapture to the roar of its great deep bass in nature's mighty anthem. I recalled the loves of Burns and *his* Mary by the pleasant banks of the Ayr. Could I fail to recal in the sad issue of those loves? Often very childishness have we sported with the white-plumed spray, and searched along the strand for new and fair shells. How rapidly did the moments glide over us. Each lived for the other. For the other either would have died. But we were to be startled from our wide-awake dream of bliss. Sickness prostrated me, and hurried me very near to the gates of death. Through the half-open portals I began to catch a glimpse of the spectral sights beyond. But my kind angel was ever near, ceaseless in her vigils of love, fanning the brow and moistening the parched lips. Oh, if happy visions of attendant spirits ever floated around a dying head, I could indeed say, I knew of one who had a vision. She seemed ever at my side to smooth by her charities my descent to the grave and light up its dark chambers with her radiant ministrations, as the ancients fabled that Aurora, the daughter of the dawn, with rosy fingers unbarred the gates of the morning, and opened its portals of pearl before the march of coming Day. But the fears of my friends were destined haply to be disappointed, I recovered a mere portion of my former health and to secure its entire re-establishment, after much fruitless opposition was constrained to undertake a voyage to the Mediterranean. In thus yielding inclination to duty, a separation was to be endured which seemed not less difficult to bear, than the death from which I had just escaped. Can I ever forget the parting hour? Mutually trusting hearts part not without a pang. The stoutest and most callous are often subdued by those fine sensibilities which "philosophers and fools" with a sneer call womanish. No disappointment had yet cast a shadow over the still, deep current of my affections. How much more painful then the thought of a prolonged absence. I was to leave in the

morning for the seaport whence the packet sailed. We met a few moments before the dawn. I was impressed I know not how, with a fearful presentiment that it would be our

“Last farewell on the shore
Of this rude world till all was o'er.”

We paused. Our hands were clasped. Not a word was spoken. We gazed fondly on each other for a moment. A sigh—a tear—a prayer—and I shall never meet her again until we meet to part no more. But not to anticipate, I arrived safely at a port on the Adriatic, made the tour of the southern countries of Europe, drank the fresh pure juice of the grape in many a purple vineyard, and breathed the fragrance of many a moon-lighted grove. I stood on the classical plains of Italy, where every object was historical, and every breeze redolent of mouldering antiquity. I sailed over the blue Aegean, described the circle of the Cyclades, traversed the memorable battle fields of Greece, and imbibed inspiration from the fountains of her muses. Still there was an aching void within, which these objects could never fill. I sighed to think of my happy rambles on the distant shore by my own home, and with what glee my Mary and I had many a time and oft hailed the rise of the sun, with almost Persian fervor, as he poured out his beams like fluid gold over the skipping waves. Alas that the ocean which then seemed so lovely should cruelly roll between us. At length after eighteen month's sojourn, I was bounding through the waves to my native land. I counted the tardy-footed hours, and would willingly have bribed bald-headed Time, at any price, to hurry on his wheels. To my joy, after much anxious watching I hailed the dim shore, stretching away like a black thread in the indistinct horizon. It was soon gained. I disembarked, and without delay soon reached the loveliest spot in the whole earth, the threshold of home. The grove and the meadow, the hedge, the fence and the fountain, every tree and brook was linked to some dear recollec-

tion. As I passed the secluded spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlets sleep," I observed a grave newly made. I shuddered to think what *might* have happened but buried my feelings and rushed on. I entered her dwelling, a tear trembled in the old man's eye. Oh God, my foreboding was too true. She was numbered with the early, the beautiful, the gifted dead. She had made it her custom when the expected period of my return drew near, each morning as on that of my departure, to visit the beach and look, and long and pray for my well-being. This exposure, on one occasion, induced the fatal illness. Oh, could I have ministered to her dying griefs, and felt on my cheek her warm expiring breath, I should even at this late day, recal her with less of painful sorrow. She was constant in death, and my own name was the last articulate sound that quivered upon her lips. Whenever I review this youthful union, so closely formed, so suddenly severed, I enter into the holy of holies of the poets sad sentiment

Sweet is the memory of buried love.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN.

BY H. D. MOORE.

A CONTEMPLATIVE mind—a mind whose purest, fullest blessing, is the inspiration of Truth—wanders over the scenes recorded in the first chapters of the Bible, with a fearful impression of the sublimity of mystery. Not a mystery, formed by dark, descending clouds, through which the majesty of thought cannot pierce, but ever returns, without

the least conception of the works of grandeur revealed behind the veil, in which man,—his existence, his destiny, eternity and God, are so intricately involved ; but a mystery of profoundest solemnity and splendor, which opens up its sacred folds, the nearer the soul of man approaches, revealing by slow degrees, its inner secresies, until the last curtain is withdrawn, and the mind unfettered, free and full, turns from its heaven-tower to behold in glorious simplicity and beauty, the works and ways of God.

The soul of man, thrilling with the impulses of the true Religion,—hallowed by the presence of Faith, Hope and Love, blest with the endearing fellowship of Heaven, throbbing with the assurance of immortality, and aspiring on the wings of glorious promise, enters calmly, “ where angels fear to tread,”—unlocks the secret alliances of time and eternity, and kneeling at every shrine, and worshipping at every altar, inhales the incense of welcome, and receives the investiture of approving smiles, while the embassy of elect and perfected angels, stands with folded plumage and stilled harps, in great amaze.

We turn to Paradise. The whole race of man, is involved in the scenes of the garden. Heaven is involved. If on the completion of the world in all its round and rolling beauty—if on the instant unfolding of Eden, with all its enshrined splendors—if on the embowering of the happy pair in groves of incense, all o’erhung with arching vines, whose fragrance lingered round their forms, like holy vestments, yet unseen, while they in adoration vast and sweet thanks-giving, passed the day at fountain shrines and garden altars—if on these rapturous revealings, the morning stars, enchanted, hymned their songs, and all the sons of God, with shouts of joy proclaimed their interest in the scene ;—surely the transgression and the expulsion and the loss of all, thrilled through heaven, awakening heretofore unfelt, unknown emotions.

Man is involved. His estate of bliss is forfeited.

Sorrow, toil, tears and death attend his steps like unwearied shadows. He turns his eyes upward,—the sentinel-stars by night are on their watch-towers, guarding heaven's gate. The sun performs his watch, with eye of fire, around the walls of the great city. Man cannot enter. He casts his eyes about him,—the form of decay hangs every where, while he himself is daily sinking, withered to the tomb. Why this estate of sin and sorrow and sadness? We turn to Eden. We take the Bible, and approach. The garden is enclosed. Its heaven-reared walls stand immovably sure. The tree of knowledge, towers aloft—the tree of life is guarded round, with sheltering wings. Aloft, above the gate, the angel hovers with flaming sword, forbidding entrance there. Why is it thus? Blind reason asks it—the Bible answers it and Faith triumphs.

Here we rest, amid the triumphs of Faith. It is safe to rest here.

The law of Paradise, was a perfect law. It was as simple as it was pure. The first pair were naturally and spiritually perfect. Their perfectness, was a consequence of their creation. Once created in purity, and endowed with reason and affection, they were placed under a law, which challenged perfect obedience. The law was the Creator's; obedience was the due of the created, and continued them in their blissful estate. The law knew but one fulfilment, it demanded but one punishment. The idea of rightful authority, is one whose very essence is truth. The existence of moral obligation, is honorable to God; and, in this connection, is exalting to the race of man. Obedience to the law, challenged all the blessings of the blissful estate; God was pledged by his own attributes, to the bestowment of these, and man's pleasure was to receive and enjoy them. A violation of the law, clamored for just inflictions of punishment; God was pledged by the same immutable attributes to inflict, and man's obligation to the law, demanded that he submit to the punishment. God did not withhold the bles-

sing, while obedience, like incense, ascended up to heaven. Neither did he spare the offender, when the law was violated. It is utterly impossible to imagine a reasonable creature, in an estate which interposes no moral obligation. A madman's dreams have never reached such a gross absurdity as this. Strange that a man endowed with reasoning powers, and blest with lofty aspirations, should question the certainty of moral obligation.

Man violated his moral obligation. He proved false to the Heaven and Eden compact. Of course, the punishment ensued. What was the punishment? That which was proclaimed to Adam by God himself, when He gave the law—expulsion from Paradise, and the shadow of death over all the hopes of man,

“Till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat.”

They who deny the scriptural record in respect of these transactions, found all their objections upon a supposed antagonism, between the guilt and punishment. They say the guilt was trifling, compared with the terrible punishment inflicted. 'Tis alarming to survey the aspects of theories upon this subject, and behold how eager, in thousands of instances, is the human heart to seize upon such presentations. To present such a thing and argue it successfully, impels to an abandonment of inspiration, even the volume of God! The deceitfulness of the human heart, the corruptness of the human mind, which leads men to adopt such theories, is sufficient of itself, to doom the theories to oblivion, in the estimation of all true men, and establish beyond all cavil, the immensity of the first transgression. What was man's first estate? What is man's estate now? Come to the category frankly and honorably. From whence has man fallen? Dreadful was the offence, and most dire the consequence. The consequence waited upon the offence. 'Twas just, and right. God inflicted the punishment, but only when the offence did crave it. Is it not so?—Go then, vain mortal,—

“Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.”

How fallen! Look up to thy primeval bliss, O man! Remember, it was sin, the transgression of the law, the trampling under foot of the sacredness of moral obligation, that severed man from his Creator, and hurried fast his ruin. Our first parents ate of the forbidden tree. That was the test. The holy bonds of faith between the high and lofty One, and the subject of his love, were contemned, and stripped of all his purity and happiness and grandeur, which hung about his allegiance, he stood—not erect and proud,—but sin-smitten—

“A fallen angel in a ruined paradise.—

They were driven out from Eden—their countenances marred with shame and sorrow and their forms bent in silence.

“Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps, and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.”

WHERE is Heaven? Plato points to the snowy summits of cold Olympus and says, *it is there*. Swedenborg beholds spiritual presences in all space and says *its everywhere*. Wordsworth lives again through his youth and replies. “*Heaven lies above us in our infancy.*” Sage, Theologian, and Poet. I turn from you all and ask the little blind girl. She replies, *Heaven is where God is.*

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

LIFE A TALE.

BY JOHN G. WILSON.

We spend our years as a tale.—*Psalm xc. 9.*

LIFE is a tale of sadness ;
Life is a tale of joy ;
But whether wo or gladness
Its fleeting hours employ,
It is a passing story
Soon told and soon forgot ;
A vision transitory
Just as a thing of nought.

Life is a tale of fiction ;
Life is a tale of fact ;
But true or false, its diction
Will scarce survive the act ;
For when the act is ended
The curtain shuts the scene,
And all is quickly blended
With that which has not been.

Life is a tale of glory ;
Life is a tale of shame ;
An oft unfinished story
Of folly or of fame ;
But in the lapse of ages
Its fairest lines will fail,
And o'er its darkest pages
Oblivion throws a veil.

Life is a tale of virtue ;
Life is a tale of vice ;
And in its moral purview
The hidden future lies ;
The well or evil doing
Shall meet just recompence,
The once told tale renewing
By endless consequence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

IDEALIZING.

BY EURELIA.

LET us idealize ! Sacred to virtue shall the new imagining be, and worthy too of a special enshrinement amid whatever you have gathered from pure sources or created in your happiest moments.

We heard the Sabbath call the week-days to its holy sanctuary. They obeyed. A beautiful circle formed they around the altar, to which, they had been summoned.

"Receive my spirit and reflect my glory," uttered the voice of the Sabbath.

The willing and ready response was given.

"I present you with censers ; bear the incense into every home and seat of business.

The censer was accepted.

"I teach you my song of praise : sing it wherever you perform your courses."

The song trembled upon their breath and quivered upon their tongues.

"I bestow my anointment."

The consecration was experienced.

"Go forth and bless the world: arrest the strife of blood, calm the angry passions, lift up struggling hearts from earthly dust, and spread the light of Heaven."

They entered upon their task, but the days soon grew feeble in hope and effort. Closed temples and forsaken altars met them. The noise of business and pleasure hushed their voices. Christians knew them not. A loud cry went up from every part of Earth: *"The millenium must not dawn yet."*

The days resigned their work.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

SONNETS.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

I.

THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, departing, fading year!

Go swell the volume of the mighty Past:

Thy deeds are done, and thou hast breathed thy last;

And yet shall they and you again appear:

Each act of kindness and each work of love—

The humble prayer that went to Heaven above;

And duties well performed to God and man,

Although to mortal eyes unseen, unknown;

And sinful acts along thy pathway strown—

How oft they rise as we thy circuit scan!

Yet they—the broken vow the right deferred,

Each unrepented wrong, and idle word,

Though 'neath thy gloomy veil concealed they lie,

Shall in the Judgment rise before the Eternal Eye!

II.

THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL happy year ! Praise to our Father, God !
That thy rejoicing morn salutes our eyes :
How many hoped to see thy sun arise,
Who now are sleeping 'neath the peaceful sod !
And ere thine exit comes, what voice can tell
For whom shall sound the death-declaring knell ?
And who would wish thy mysteries to scan ?
Or now thy unrevealed events behold ?
Enough does every passing day unfold,—
Enough for the infirmities of man :
Whate'er the future be, of wish, or fear
Would all enjoy a new and happy year ?
To God, be every day and moment given ;
Living or dying, then, we live or die for Heaven !

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE.

BY VIRGINIA.

INSPIRATION has uttered its truths in the sacred scriptures. Do not think, that it is satisfied to be confined to them. It seeks to bring every thing into the same blessed service. If you have an open ear and a listening heart, you will hear its tones in every thing. Go thus through life, and such will be your experience.

“*Come up hither!*” A voice from Heaven spoke it over Patmos, and John heard it. No longer is the voice limited to Heaven. It is constant and universal. The pleasures of youth die and their last words are, “*Come up hither!*” The hopes of earth are crushed, and as they breathe out their exposing sweetness, the invocation is, “*Come up hither!*” Affliction comes and home is darkened; friends leave us; they take the shroud and we the sackcloth: then sounds the exhortation, “*Come up hither!*” Jesus adds his entreaty: “*Come up hither!*”

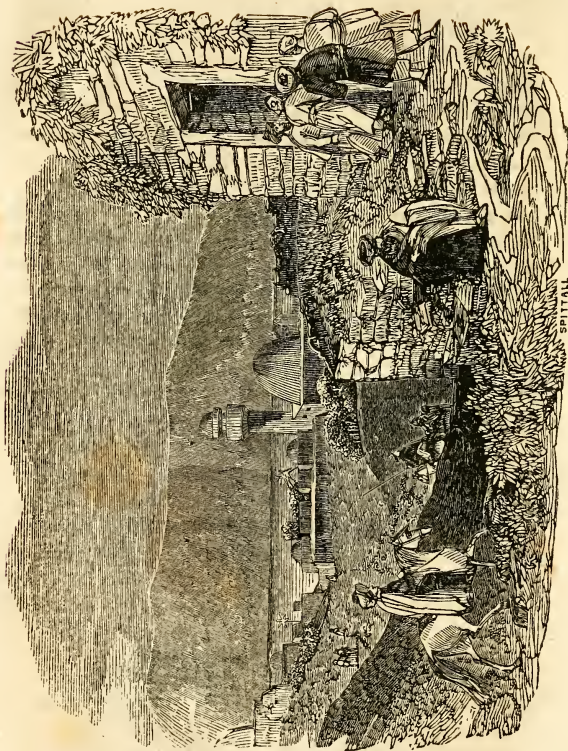
Heaven employs every holy art to gain an interest in our affections. However feeble its abstract promises may be, who can resist its influence, when our dearest companions are withdrawn from earth and gathered into its rest? A new era is created in the history of every heart, the moment, that an object of long-cherished love passes into its blessed circle. Heaven then becomes something distinct and definite. It is a part of us. No more can its rewards be despised. No more can its invitations be disregarded. The inner and better life adopts its spirit, rejoices in its raptures, and triumphs in its everlasting duration.

The spark flies upward, but soon grows cold and returns to earth. The beautiful dew exhales in the morning sun, but blends with the cloud and descends again. Christian love, like its Lord, dwells above; like him, it has a permanent possession.

—There is a peace

The world can never give, nor take away.
'Tis not of earth. It comes from Heaven alone—
And like a stream of beauty, flows through all
The consecrated soul,—wat'ring the roots
Of Heaven-implanted flowers, and still rolls on,
Bearing the fragrant incense of the heart
Away, to sweeten still the Heaven
From whence it came.





SPITTALL

BETHANY.

BETHANY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

WHAT hallowed associations arise in the mind when contemplating the scenes and circumstances that took place in this town, in connection with the history of the blessed Saviour! It was here that Mary and Martha resided, whom it is said Jesus loved, as also their brother Lazarus. It was here also, that Jesus manifested his divine power by raising Lazarus from the dead. The history of that incident is so affecting that we are constrained to give a synopsis of it. It seems that the two sisters and Lazarus, their brother, were on intimate terms with the Saviour, and that they were in the habit of conversing with, and asking favors of him. When Lazarus was taken sick, therefore, they sent word to him, saying, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick," thinking no doubt that he would come and heal him. Jesus, however, had occasion at that time to go into another part of the country, and in his absence Lazarus died; "and many Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother." On the return of Jesus, both Martha and Mary seem to have had the utmost confidence in his kindness, wisdom, and power, and they both say unto him, "Lord, if thou had'st been here, my brother had not died." And when Jesus saw Mary "weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, 'Where have ye laid him?' They said unto him, 'Lord, come and see.' Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, 'Behold how he loved him?'"

Yes! truly, he *did* love him, and in the exercise of this love, he showed the *humanity* of his nature; and unadulterated *humanity* is generous and sympathetic; therefore Jesus, notwithstanding his amazing dignity and excellence, did not feel it beneath him to sympathize with the distressed, and to weep

with those who wept. After this example, who shall say that it is weakness, folly and sin to weep for the loss of relatives? In the deep, heart-felt trouble, and the flowing tears of Jesus, behold the *man*! but when he says—"Lazarus, come forth," and is obeyed, beheld the God! * * * *

Bethany was "nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off," (about two miles.) The place is not mentioned, at least under this name, in the Old Testament; but it occurs several times in the Talmudical writings. It is situated to the east of the Mount of Olives, on the road to Jericho. Its situation is pleasant and somewhat romantic, being sheltered by the Mount of Olives on the north, and abounding with trees and long grass. It is now a very poor village, inhabited by Arabs; and the cultivation of the adjacent soil is much neglected.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE IMAGE AND THE SIGN ARE NOT THE ESSENCE.

A PARABLE.—FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

BY THE REV. C. F. KRAUTH, JR.

WHEN Alexander, the son of Philip, was at Babylon, he obliged a priest to come from every land, which he had overthrown, and assembled them together in his palace. He then seated himself upon his throne, and addressed them—there was no small number of them—and said: "*Tell me, I pray, do you recognize and adore a supreme invisible Being?*" They all bowed themselves at once and replied: "*Yes.*" And the king asked farther: "*By what name do you call him?*" Hereupon the priest from India answered: "*We call him Brama, that is, the Great;*" the priest from Persia: "*We call him Ormus, that is, the Primitive Light;*" the priest from Judea: "*Jehovah, Adonai, the Lord who is, and who was, and who is to come.*" And so every priest had

a distinctive word, by which he designated the Supreme Being. Then was the king angry in his heart, and said : *"Ye have only one ruler and King. So also ye shall have henceforth, only one God. Jupiter is his name."* Then were the priests exceedingly troubled because of the speech of the king, and said : *"By the word, which we have named, our people have known him from youth up. How then can we change it?"* But the king was enraged yet more. Then drew near before him an old sage, with grey head, a Bramin, who had attended him to Babylon ; and he began, and said : *"Will the King, my Lord, permit me to address the assemblage?"* Thereupon, he turned himself to the priests, and asked : *"Does the heavenly orb of day, the source of light to the world, shine also upon you?"* The priests all bowed themselves at once and replied : *"Yes."* Then enquired the Bramin of one after another : *"What name, do you give it?"* And each one named a different word, and the name proper to his land and people. Then said the Bramin to the King : *"Shall they not henceforth name the orb of day by the same word? Helios is its name."* At these words the King was full of shame and said : *"Let each one employ his own word. I see well that the image and the sign are not the essence :"*

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

A VISIT TO AN ENDEARED SPOT.

BY H. D. M.

THE summer now is past. I saw its last sun set ; it was a scene of impressive beauty. Lingerin awhile upon the verge of the horizon, he smiled upon the fading flowers, already gemmed with dewy tears ; then gathering around

him his robes of pomp, he disappeared, leaving far up the sky, visions of slow-retiring glory. That hour I can never forget. 'Twas one of bliss, and yet 'twas not. Pleasing memories thronged upon me, and yet they awakened thoughts of sadness. Fond recollections of other days were kindling my spirit with joy serene, yet still, the tear-drops trembled on my eyelids. Strange commingling of feeling, impulse, sentiment! I lifted my eyes heavenward. Star after star, came forth like gems new set upon the brow of eve, until the deep and deepening blue, revealed the fairest beauty of a nocturnal sky.

'Twas a sweet night. Unconsciously I wandered on, communing with my own spirit; and forgetful of all things around me, until my eyes reposed upon a towering spire, which like a spirit, hovered in the distant gloom, a thing scarce known, not seen distinctly. I still moved on. Nearer and nearer appeared the spire—clearer and clearer seemed its form. I stood under it. It was erected upon an arch; a gate of iron swung beneath; I entered, and lo! I stood among the dead!

The star-light fell around me. The breeze moaned through the long branches of bending willows, whose formless shadows, fell over sod and stone, inspiring thoughts I cannot utter now. I wandered down the gravel walk, overhung with boughs, whose coolest foliage whispered to the soft wind, which haunted here, like a spirit-breath. The flowers, affection's hand had planted above the forms of loved departed ones, were flinging to the latest wind of summer, their latest fragrance, which sweetly welcomed me, as I passed along. Hush!—'twas but a falling leaf. Already falling? I wandered on. The place grew lovelier to me for its silence and its solitude, and yet methought it was the place, where I had shed full many a tear, and heaved most mournful sighs. Soft! here is the spot, where oft I've wept—where now I'll weep—where oft I'll weep again. Chide not ye stars,—'tis Rachel's grave!

“ Ah ! how the old time comes over me.” I’ll commune with the dead—I’ll speak with the departed.

In this deep solitude and silence, far from the haunts of men, where no unwelcome foot-fall comes—beside thy grass-grown mound, I sit me down. No eye now sees me, save the eye of Him who watches over all ; no ear can hear my voice but His, who ever hears the lowest, humblest moan. I clasp the sod, all wet with holiest dew, and think of thee. How well do I remember form and feature—thine eye of beauty, thy voice of gladness. Even now I see thee, now I hear thee. Didst ever chide, when fond pursuits, and meditative walks, and studies long and deep, o’er page of holy writ, and rambles sweet o’er classic ground, and dear repose by classic fountain, and wanderings through the poet’s dream, and minglings with the poet’s raptures, kept me lingering long away ? Even now I hear thy voice.

Didst ever stand beside me, when my midnight lamp burned dimly, and lay thy hand upon my aching, fevered brow, and close the book, and talk to me in tones of sadness, of health—of life ? That voice I hear even now, and on my brow, I feel thy gentle pressure. Or ever smile upon me when my task was done, and I with pride did read it o’er and o’er again ? That smile, which blessed me then, doth bless me now. Or ever check me, when ambition fired my youthful soul, and filled me with desire, and tell me “ venture not ? ” I still remember all. And when my heart o’er-run with grief, and sorrow flowed apace—when friends proved false, and those whom I should brethren call, the tongue and hand of violence did use against me, until my heart bowed down, and tears flowed fast at midnight hour—didst then some sound of consolation and promise of a brighter day, utter to my spirit in tones of harmony ? ’Twas even so, I now remember all. But now thou art gone. Far beyond this scene of life, in heaven thou dwellest—

“ Sweeping a harp of wond’rous song,
With glory on thy brow.”

Sing on—shine on. Thy song and brightness, shall wax louder and clearer, as eternal ages roll away. This life will soon be spent. Half weary of its cares, I sigh for that land

“By the sunset sky,
Where tears are not, and we’ll no more die.

Till then adieu.

“Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o’ershade,
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.”

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

PRAISE—HYMN.

PRAISE HIM.

O THOU, who dost in darkness dwell,
By mortal unexplored
We own thee, though invisible,
Our universal Lord.

In token of our love sincere,
Receive an humble prayer,
If prompted by devotion here,
’Twill be accepted there.

Draw not aside the awful screen,
That falls before thy face,
For if thy countenance be seen,
’Twill deepen our disgrace,

Then look in mercy, mildly down,
And dissipate our guile,
Low lie we, wasting in thy frown,—
Restore us to Thy smile.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

HOPE.

BY REV. W. T. EVA.

IN its simplest acceptation, hope is the desire of some good, accompanied with the possibility and expectation of obtaining it.

The present is a world of hope. There seems to be no affection more natural to man. Never satisfied with the enjoyment of present good we are constantly looking forward to something in the future. I suppose moreover that this is the case with all the inhabitants of the earth—no matter in what condition they may be found—whether refined or rude, civilized or barbarous, intelligent or unenlightened. Deprive man of this precious boon, and you deprive him of the greater part of his happiness. Draw a circle of darkness around the objects of his present enjoyment, and prevent him from penetrating the future, and you make him a miserable being. But let him have this bright light within, and happiness is the result. So thought the poet when he sung the following sweet sentiment ;—

“Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow,
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Now by their sweets, in nature’s languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim, seeks thy summer bower.

There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams, thy hand-maid spirits bring ;
What viewless forms, the Æolian organs play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away !"

But the hope of the christian—how blessed ! The man of God has a hope—a thrilling and inspiring hope—a heart-rejoicing hope—a hope, flowing from a principle, pure and good, love to God—a hope which directs him to a world, beautiful, glorious, everlasting, and bids him spread his plumes for heaven-ward flight ! The hopes indulged by the men of this world, are vain and deceiving. They promise, but never perform. They allure to bowers of fragrant beauty, which alas ! too often are found to be infested with the most venomous reptiles ! Oh, 'tis not so with the Christian's hope ! No—

"There are times when her music, like the songs of the blest,
Revealeth in sweetness the language of truth ;
When she sings to the christian, who seeks his sweet rest,
That his body shall wake in unperishing youth :
And his spirit, though seeming to venture alone,
With beautiful angels shall fly to the Throne !"

Let the heart of the man of God, glow with gratitude for such a hope !

But look at the magnificence of its object. In this respect, the hope of the christian is infinitely superior, to every other. It quits terrestrial things—soars on high with eagle-flight—approaches the throne of the Eternal and there fixes on the "glory of God" as its object. What speaks the language of Inspiration, in the mouth of the Apostle ? "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God !" This then, is the object of the Christian hope.

The term glory is frequently associated with the idea of conquest. In this respect it applies to the hope of the Christian. He looks around him—enemies rise on every hand. Fierce, cruel, and hellish—they seem determined, if possible to drive him from the cross of his Redeemer.

The world, with its bewitching charms, endeavours to allure him; the desires of his own wicked heart, combat him with dreadful obstinacy—and the Arch-Fiend, with all his infernal host rushes upon him, with rage and malice, and determination to overwhelm, and crush him to the earth! But the humble Christian fears not. He looks to Jesus for aid, in this trying hour. The son of God gives it. The spirit of Power comes upon the man, and with a Samson-like strength, in the name of God, he battles with, and overcomes every foe! And is there no “glory” in such a conquest as this? Why, when the conquerors of this world, restless, daring, devilish as they are sometimes—overcome their foes, and are successful in war—are they not glorified? Are they not crowned with laurels? sung by Poets? and received with every demonstration of joy by their fellow countrymen, amid the gaudy pomp and glittering splendor, of the “Triumphal procession?” And shall not the faithful soldier of God, whose conquests true, are not of a carnal, but spiritual nature—shall not he be received to the city of the Redeemed, with circumstances of “glory”—perhaps somewhat similar, but far more glorious than these? Oh yes! The shining gates of heaven, thrown wide open, will be crowded with beautiful angels, in readiness to welcome him to their house of joy! I see the Christian victor entering through those gates into the city—hailed with acclamation of rejoicing! His triumphal car rolls over the golden streets of the New Jerusalem—while songs of praise and music of gratulations ascend from the glorious throng, crowding him on every hand! He waves his palm of victory—his crown glitters amid the brilliancy of that bright world—while his resplendent habiliments shine with a radiance, which would eclipse the noon-day sun. He comes to the throne of his Redeemer, who with smiles of benignancy welcomes him to the enjoyment of the bliss of his kingdom. Then he blesses the victorious company—they falling before that throne, and giving vent to the feelings of gratitude

which swells their bosom, sing this song of triumph—
“Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Such “glory” as this, is the object of the Christian hope.

But the true “glory” is also descriptive of grandeur—and where the glory of God is spoken of, as the object of the Christian hope, it may be in application to those sublime scenes, illustrative of the grandeur of God’s character, upon which he shall be permitted to gaze in that better land.

The employment of heaven will be of the most noble and exalted character. Eternity will be spent by the Redeemed, in contemplating the manifestations of God’s inconceivable glory—in acquainting themselves with the mysteries of Redemption, as they shall be unfolded to their vision—and in singing with thrilling rapture the praises of Jehovah! wherever they turn their eyes, they shall discover the evidences of the pure benevolence of the Infinite One! The beautiful mountains skirting the horizon—the fertile plains stretching on every hand, teeming with the most delicious productions—the cooling fountain gurgling up from marble rocks—the sparkling clearness of the stream of Life, meandering through scenes of bloom and beauty—the resplendent brilliancy of the City, whose streets are gold, and whose Temples are of the most precious stones; the grand appearance of the Great White Throne, surrounded with a “sea of glass mingled with fire,” where Jesus sits crowned “Lord of all;” and the thundering music of the countless millions prostrate before that Throne, pealing forth from their harps, and swelling out with their voices, the praises of their King! Such objects as these, will be the means of inspiring the Redeemed with the most thrilling rapture and heavenly joy? and these are they which constitute the object of the christian hope!

Let him then rejoice—for with reason he may be glad!

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE gems—little-flowers—little girls! How valuable—how sweet—how pure! See that little cherub, all artlessness, simplicity, natural grace and teachableness. Is there a lovelier sight in the wide world? We have the record of Eternal Power smiling on childhood—the Ancient of days enfolding the being of a year or two—the ear accustomed to the chorus of Thrones and Dominions, turned complacently attentive to a child's gleesome prattle—the eye that at one sweep surveys all worlds, gazing with deep delight upon the rose on the cheek, and the glad soul in the eye of a child. It is the Saviour blessing children—God nurturing young humanity. He hath ascended on high but we have the dear privilege of loving that which he loved, blessing that which he blessed. And when I see a little girl, methinks I behold the Saviour's blessing lingering around her like a shining glory. I catch the echo of his loving benediction. There is no sin there. All is pure and fresh. That fair brow is yet unfurrowed by calamity or care—yet uneclipsed by an over-passing cloud. Thank God there are some that have not yet essayed the fearful ordeal given the sons of men, to be exercised therewith, the knowledge of good by evil. The sheen that is poured round the soul of a child, and reflects its brilliant hues from a thousand playful objects, is almost all of the Eden-state of our nature that was left unshattered by the fall. Little scions from Paradise-plants—how they contrast with the general dreariness of humanity, like ever-greens, guarding with the “might of weakness” the crumbling pillars of Palmyra in the desert, safe from despoiling time.

Look across the street at those romping girls. The imaginary loves of the flowers were not more attractive to the fond enthusiasm of the poet than are the sports of those girls to me. Even the happy tones of their voices, when they chime together in a nurse's epic, be it only, "give me a pin to see a sight"—stretching their narrow throats like larks at sun-rise, because their gush of joy needs a more capacious outlet, seem to me the only strain we can mingle in the sinless song which all nature raises to the great Creator. Mysterious link which binds husband to wife—the third person of the household trinity. A child seems to be a kind of spontaneous efflorescence—an odorous wild flower unknowing of hot-house discipline. How solemn is Nature! The short cradle is the type of the narrow grave.

There is in our favorite little folks that natural ability to reason and jump to conclusions, without an apprehension of the intermediate premises, which is the chief charm of female intellect. With wonderful dexterity they at times perceive the moral iniquity of an act through all its glosing disguises.

They have not yet learned deceit. Their hearts are not yet turned to bone or stone, but remain as they were made, tender, and confiding, all alive with quick impulsive life. They throw their arms around some trusted object, as naturally as the vine curls around the supporting oak. Here we may see why we should become as little children before we are admitted to companionship with the Father of all. For according to a quaint old legend recorded by Bacon, the first place or degree in the celestial hierarchy is given to the angels of love. After them come the angels of light and power. The affections discover as many truths as the intellect. The subtle David Hume is reported to have declared, that he never was affrighted in his perilous career of speculation, but once. The successful combatant of the mighty dialectician, was a dear little girl.

He visited her parents and coaxed the child to come to him and receive his caresses. She refused and stood gazing at him with full-opened eyes in utter wonder. Upon asking the cause of her unsocial conduct, she replied---*mother says you are an infidel*. Was not this the free out-going of unsophisticated nature---the heart's inbred aversion to the robbery of its faith? Think of a child's faithfulness, even blind at times---of a child's affection, without alloy of guile. Mrs. Hemans has immortalized Cassabianca. He would not remove from his station on the battle-ship, until ordered to do so by his father. This was the command imposed on him. But the father's lips had been sealed with the seal of death. Firm stood the lad. Burned was the ship.

“And the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young hero's heart.”

Parents, love your children, educate them. They are sweet buds of promise. They will unfold in beauty and bloom, and continue your honors and name when you shall have been cut down by the wide sweeping scythe of the “reaper whose name is death.” Now hear Miss Barrett, whose “maiden meditations” are redolent of philosophic thought if not of real maternity.

’Tis aye, a solemn thing to see,
To look upon a babe that sleeps,
Wearing in its spirit-deeps,
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which when they revealed be,
Will not let it slumber so!
Lying new in life, beneath
The shadow of the coming death,
With that soft, low, quiet breath,
As if it felt the sun!
Knowing all things by their blooms
Not their roots! Yea, the sun and sky
Only by the warmth that comes,

Out of each !—earth and sky,
By the pleasant hues that o'er it run,
And human love by drops of sweet
White nourishment still hanging round
The little mouth in slumber bound !
All which broken sentiency,
Will gather and unite and climb
To an immortality,
Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death to live again.
O little lids now closed fast,
Must ye learn to droop at last,
Over large and burning tears ;
O warm quick body, must thou lie
When is done the round of years,
Bare of all the joy and pain,
Dust in dust, thy place up-giving
To creeping worms in sentient living ?
O small frail being ! wilt thou stand
At God's right hand
Lifting up those sleeping eyes
Dilated by sublimest destinies,
In endless waking ?

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

BOOKS vs. ORATORY.

IF any man will read Whitfield's or Summerfield's sermons, he will probably be disposed to think, that the merits of these distinguished men have been greatly exaggerated. The popular ideas of their wonderful eloquence will recur to him, and he will feel, that they are not corroborated by the exhibition of talent and genius in them. No picturesque scenes are spread out in their pages. No finely-executed passages thrill their spirits. The blood does not

burn, the eyes do not weep, the frame does not quiver, beneath their words. The dissatisfaction is painful. Could multitudes be so mistaken? What is the reason?

So have you thought. So have I thought. A brief figure will explain the cause. The other day, I walked into a splendid Cathedral. Every one had been praising its richly-colored windows. The stained glass was so gorgeous, and the light so diversified! I went to see the splendor. It was a gloomy evening. There was no sunshine to penetrate the windows. There were consequently no varied hues. The impression was feeble. Did I think every body had erred in the description of the rich tints, that adorned the Temple? I knew that the rays of Heaven were wanting.

So here. Whitfield and Summerfield were not designed for Books. Their eloquence was of another kind. It was powerful in looks, tones, gestures, imagery, things one and all, that Books cannot represent.

Look upon that dead Eagle! Cold, stiff, motionless! How much is he like the noble bird sweeping through the air in perfect gracefulness and strength? Your answer will honor the departed.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO JEHOVAH,
ALL YE LANDS. (PSALM, c. 1.)

BY EXUL.

THEN he would have no sorrow to exist! Just so. *Jehovah* is the origin of life, light, and love: sorrow, the bitter stream, flows from that poisoned fountain, *man*. Had there been no sin, then there had been no sadness.

VOL I.—47.

How extensive are the lands! The brilliant Asia; splendid cradle of our race; home of Adam and of Jesus; how immense its lustrous area! Glowing Africa; more temperate Europe; measureless America; countless Islands of the sea; what mind but God's can adequately conceive of the mensuration of such vast! And yet, from all these lands; from their vales, plains, knolls, hills, ridges, mountains; would Jehovah have the ceaseless sounds of living, swelling, irrepressible joy to rise, like sweetest incense, on the burdened air!

For these lands are never silent. Nor in the populous city, the awful forrest, nor o'er the sterile desert, does silence ever reign. The voice of man, of beast, of bird, of insect, of air, of water, of earth, is ever heard. There is no silence. Noise prevails. But, it is not a joyful noise. The sounds are the sounds of woe. They are wailing, lamentation, and anguish. For man's sake, all below him is cursed. The bird, the beast, the insect, the creeping thing, the vegetable, the mineral, the springs of water, the earth, and the atmosphere that enwraps them all, all have been cursed with blighting and change, because of the delinquency of their monarch; the sin of the once godlike, but ungrateful, revolted man! How large a vase of sweet, delicious water, has one acrid ingredient embittered! How has one rude foot fouled all the translucent rivulet! One jarring string has spoiled the harmony of Jehovah's harp!

Indeed, the sounds are not joyful. Sinful as man is, steeled as is his heart, can he rejoice, when the melancholy turtle, on

—Some withered bough,
Its mate, that's never to be found again,
Laments?—

Who is mirthful, when the motherless lamb bleats in the wintry blast? What joy is excited by the mournful waterfall, as it murmurs its endless moan, in the gloom of the decaying forest? Who is happier while the winds sigh amid

the ruins of ancient, and once populous cities, whose fallen palaces picture the vanity and brevity of human grandeur? When the lone one weeps and grieves over the dishonor or the death of husband or child, no one mistakes these for mirthful sounds. No! 'tis the deep wail of distress, for that poor heart writhes in its anguish, and the bosom, the eye, the ashy pale lip, like sympathizing friends, of whom there are so few, are endeavoring to lighten the insuperable sorrow, sending part of it away in the sigh; some, in the tear; some in the plaintive wail, but, alas! 'tis a slow process: for great is the grief of that solitary burdened heart; and the sigh, the tear, and the wail will be weary enough ere they bear it away!

O, all ye lands! so filled with sin and sorrow; and whose sounds of woe, none but the omniscient can number; why will ye not have your mourning turned into joy! Meek and faithful lips have spoken of a *change*: a *great change*! a *New Birth*! Ye lands; ye dreary, deluded, sorrowful lands, why take ye no interest in these tidings of great joy? Behold your Prince! the True Messiah! under whose banners Sin, Death, and Hell must be overcome. And then "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away!"

FEW know that elegance of soul refined,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

HUMILITY IS HONORABLE.

“The bliss of man, could Pride that blessing find,
Is not to act or think beyond mankind.”

IN this pithy couplet the moralizing poet has revealed the cause of much error and exerted himself to teach a useful lesson. Extravagant declamation concerning the dignity of human nature will always meet with an applauded reception, because our vanity and self-esteem are thereby ministered unto. But if we have overrated notions of our true position in the ranks of existence, our passions will look with envy on the superior intelligences, and our breasts become the dwelling place of that intellectual pride, that “reasoning pride,” which in elder time, before the birth of the great globe, caused war in Heaven, and at the dawn of time, lost Paradise to our first parents, by the seductive hope that they should be as gods.

What really is man? In suffering is he born. By ten thousand miracles is he kept alive, for life amid so many perils, is a constant miracle. After a brief interval is he snatched away to the land of the departed, where Death sits, enthroned amid darkness and solemn shadows, waiting to receive him. It was not a christian, who more keenly than others realizes this, and from whom men expect such homilies, but a heathen, who declared that man is a bubble descending a *Jove pluvio*, from God and the dew of heaven, upon the vexed ocean of existence, floating about for a turn or two upon its troubled surface, then pierced by calamity—broken—dissipated.

This is the end of us all, whether prince or peasant. We must come down from the thrones we would fain erect against the sides of the north and amid the stars of God, and become a scanty handful of dry dust. This frailty of our lives should teach us humility, and this humility should be increased when we survey the permanence and immutability of nature. Her great forces are perpetual; they exhibit no shadow of turning—no token of decay. The laws of matter which were impressed upon the earth when she was bowled forth into space from the hands of her Maker, blooming with a beauty and freshness which ravished the angels themselves to celebrate her birth—those self same laws yet “operate unspent,” with a precision and power that the lapse of two hundred generations has not diminished. Look not only at the immutability of those laws, but at their stupenduous efficacy.

Let a man go forth when the quiet stars are all up in the sky, and the moon glides in mildness along her ordained path, with the harmonious planets around her throne. The heavenly orbs appear to that man like luminous specks strewn at random over a cloth of azure. But when with powerful glasses he has fathomed that depth of blue, gauged the celestial space like Herschell, confusion instantly becomes mathematical order, and the mighty maze is changed into wonderful unity. The diminutive bulk swells into an inconceivable mass. The array of worlds that meets the naked eye, is transcended by the vistas which are opened beyond into other systems. We behold only the vestibule, the mere outer court of the universe-temple, whose size expands, and whose long-drawn, star-fretted aisles recede, beyond all limits which present knowledge can assign. For, said one of our most learned astronomers to us once, I do not know that science of itself furnishes any data from which I could draw an induction that the celestial system is finite. What masses velocities—distances! What accuracy of movement! A chronometer is less accurate. What

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cycles of revolution! Amid this expanse of world-scenery, what is man? Can he comprehend the forces and their nice adjustments, requisite to guide each planet in its trajectory? If he cannot, let him learn humility from the weakness of his powers. Let him walk very humbly. Let him learn that great Nature has set up walls of separation, and said to his proud intellect—thus far and no farther. Let him own that there are mysteries which he cannot solve—secrets hidden, by a thicker than Isean veil, from his impertinent curiosity—beings greater than himself, who by successive degrees of wisdom overarch the vast chasm of spiritual life between man and his Maker. With the spleen of Mephistopheles or Voltaire, we feel almost tempted to rail cuttingly against man—six feet in stature—daring to boast and exult of life, health, and strength, when

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever,
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

Not only by such a comprehensive survey of the universe is man taught his inadequacy to comprehend every thing, but he learns the humiliating fact, that the forces of nature continually set him at naught, and revolve in their fated rounds as if there were no such being in existence. When gravitation drew to the ground the tower of Siloam, did the universal law stop to enquire whether any men, women, or children were periled? Will a rifle ball depart from the motion in a straight line impressed by its inertia, to spare a President or a Pope? Will prussic-acid become harmless, if a lovely queen drink of it—or a cup of hemlock if drained by a Socrates? How obedient must we be to unseen influences. How limited is our knowledge. With as much truth as bitterness, has Pope told us of angels who would

Show a Newton as we show an ape.

How little of what we may know is yet unattained and how much is altogether unattainable. Yet man is vain!

Often do his thoughts say, nature ought to have been thus and so. Has not La Place said that he did not need the hypothesis of a God?

“Go wondrous creature, mount where science guides,
Go measure earth, weigh air and state the tides,
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time and regulate the sun,
Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule
Then drop into thyself and be a fool!”

And they are not only the *great* things of nature which pass beyond our comprehension—but her minutiae, baffle our most inquisitorial examinations.

Not only does subtle spirit elude our grasp of enquiry, but gross matter which the “rude peasant treads on with his clouted shoon,” is in its essence no less difficult to be understood. We bear about with us by day and by night, subjected to our hourly inspection, the great mystery of mind united with matter. The acorn, the spire of grass, the moss-rose, ‘the simplest flower of the dale,’ are the depositories of secrets which have for six thousand years baffled the sages of mankind. Strange that the fragile petals of a tiny pink should enfold more marvels than Linnæus could explain. Such reflections as these have ever led me to view with doubting, yea, with very loathing, the rash solutions of the high questions of fore-knowledge and free-will, spirit and death, life and immortality, which certain over-wise of the world have rendered unto us. Let them unfold the mysteries that lie at their feet, before they aspire to tear open the secrets of eternity and other worlds. Let them bow their heads with low reverence in presence of the awful powers above them, around them, and throughout creation, ordained by Him whose regulating voice is heard in the harmony of the worlds. How may false systems of physics and metaphysics have perplexed simple-minded christians, because they were erected on presumptions gathered from beyond the limit of human intellect, experi

ence, and experiment. That limit must exist somewhere, or else man would possess all the knowledge of a god. Clearly to distinguish between what can be known and what cannot be known, between the certain, and the uncertain, would at once free us from the wiles of many a deceitful and foolish theorist. Success in our investigations and accuracy in philosophising can only be attained by exercising ourselves upon the legitimate subjects of human inquiry; they are sufficient to tax our entire ability until all-ruling death commands our attendance at his ghostly court. We must, although it is humiliating, postpone full satisfaction on many subjects until we shall have been graduated from this pupilage state. Then as we mount upward in the mystical scale of being, we will look back on all the problems which perplexed us here, and see clearly through them with the piercing light of a higher life. Then still ascend to gaze upon loftier disclosures. So the eagle pauses for a moment in its towering pride of place, to cast a glance of disdain on the sinking earth, then soars away to its eyrie in the sun.

But while we are yet 'in the body,' we should acknowledge with the spirit of christians and philosophers, that the revelation of these hidden things is reserved to that wiser state and should reverently listen to the voice of wisdom charging us:

The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find,
Is not to act or think beyond mankind.

WHAT though the sky, the earth—should fade away,
And suns and stars and systems all decay;
Ever sure, forever firm shall stand
The earth, and guarded by the Almighty's hand.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.]

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

'Tis wisdom's voice that cries,—
Come, learn of Truth the way ;
She points beyond the skies,
To bright and glorious day ;
She'll lead you safe, her paths are bright,
Pleasant, and yielding pure delight.

'Tis painful to resign
The golden dreams of life ;
But those who fairest shine,
Have toiled through bloody strife ;
Have nobly fought against the foe,
And laid the mighty tyrant low.

Renounce the "tempting sweets,"
The idols that allure ;
For earthly hope but cheats,
While heavenly hope is sure :
The cherished good of earth is vain,
It fills with grievous care and pain.

Learn of the simple child,
Who listens to love's voice,
Receives instruction mild,
And doth in heart rejoice ;—
'Tis love would have you break the spell
And bid earth's golden dreams farewell.

There is no lasting joy,
There is no bliss on earth,
For time will soon destroy
The things that seem of worth ;
Then seek in heaven "the better part,"
Fix there thy treasure and thy heart.

So shall the peace divine,
Of heavenly love descend,
And sweetly on you shine,—
While God will be your friend ;
And welcome you to joys above,
Where all is happiness and love.

Philadelphia, Nov. 21, 1846.

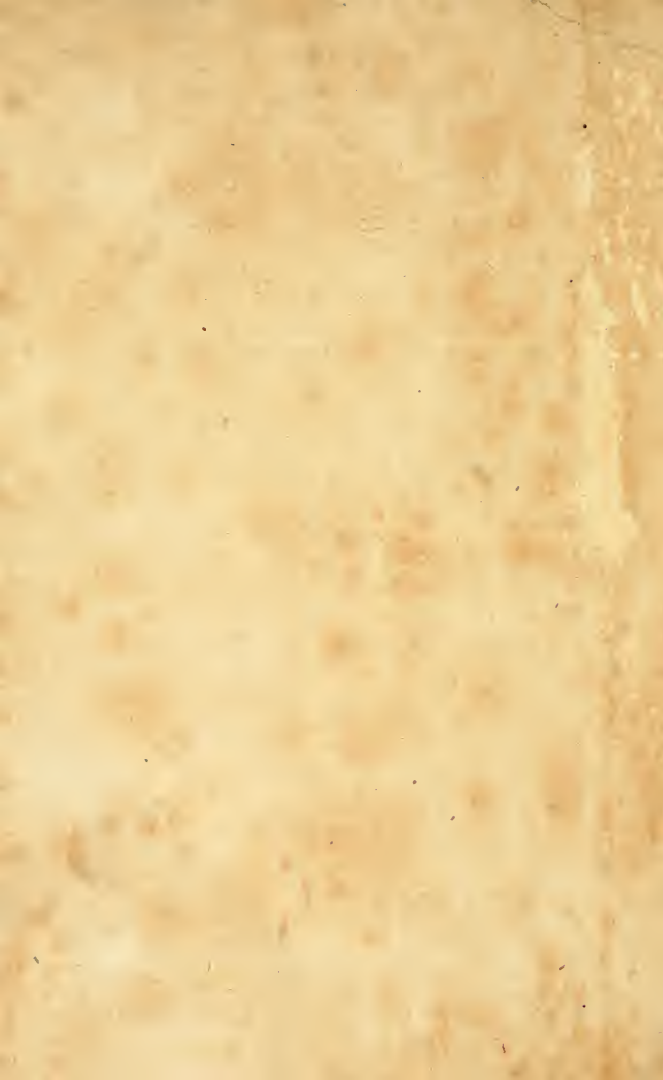
I never loved a tree nor flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

It was a sad case indeed. Likely the sentimental poet did not water his flower and place it in the genial sunshine. It would be decidedly rude to suggest that a bug had any thing to do with its fading away. I had a rose-bush once, I loved it as if its parent stock had grown in Paradise. It thrived with prodigal luxuriance. One morning I neglected to supply it with moisture. The noon-heat withered it. Its leaves fell—there they lay, slowly crisping up like the half closing eyes of a dying maiden. If flower—growth needs the constant outporing of the waters of earth, does not spirit-growth require a constant effusion from the water of the river of life? Prayer will bring down the desirable shower.









Wm. L. Huntington
Gaysport.

Day after cousin
Bessie's wedding

Major Thomas J. Gregg, U.S. A.
to his Base, Danny McKnight.

Wm. L. Huntington
all day - Pa

